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822.3 Shakespeare

Shakespeare's Plays:
with his life. Vol. 1

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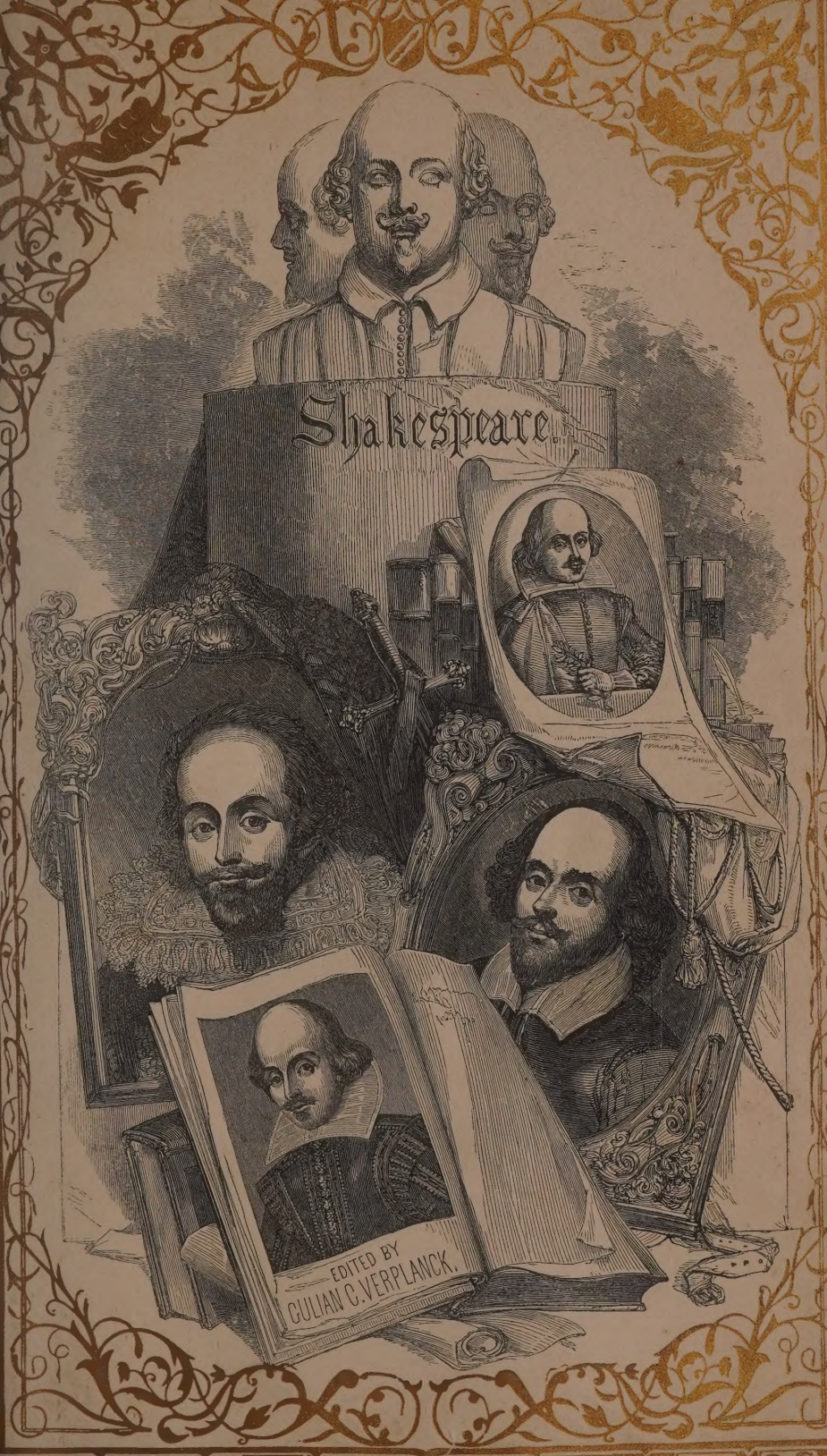
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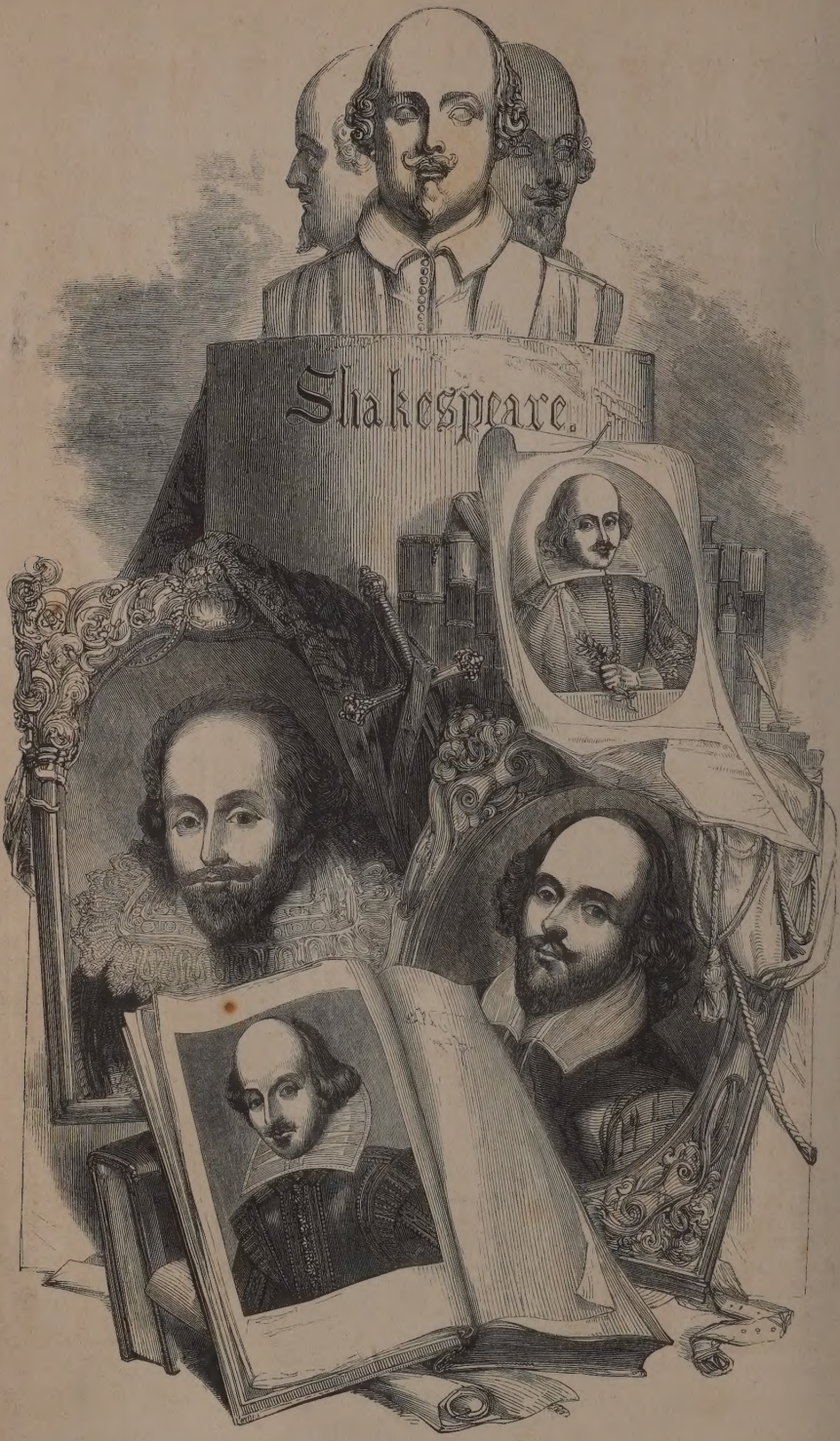
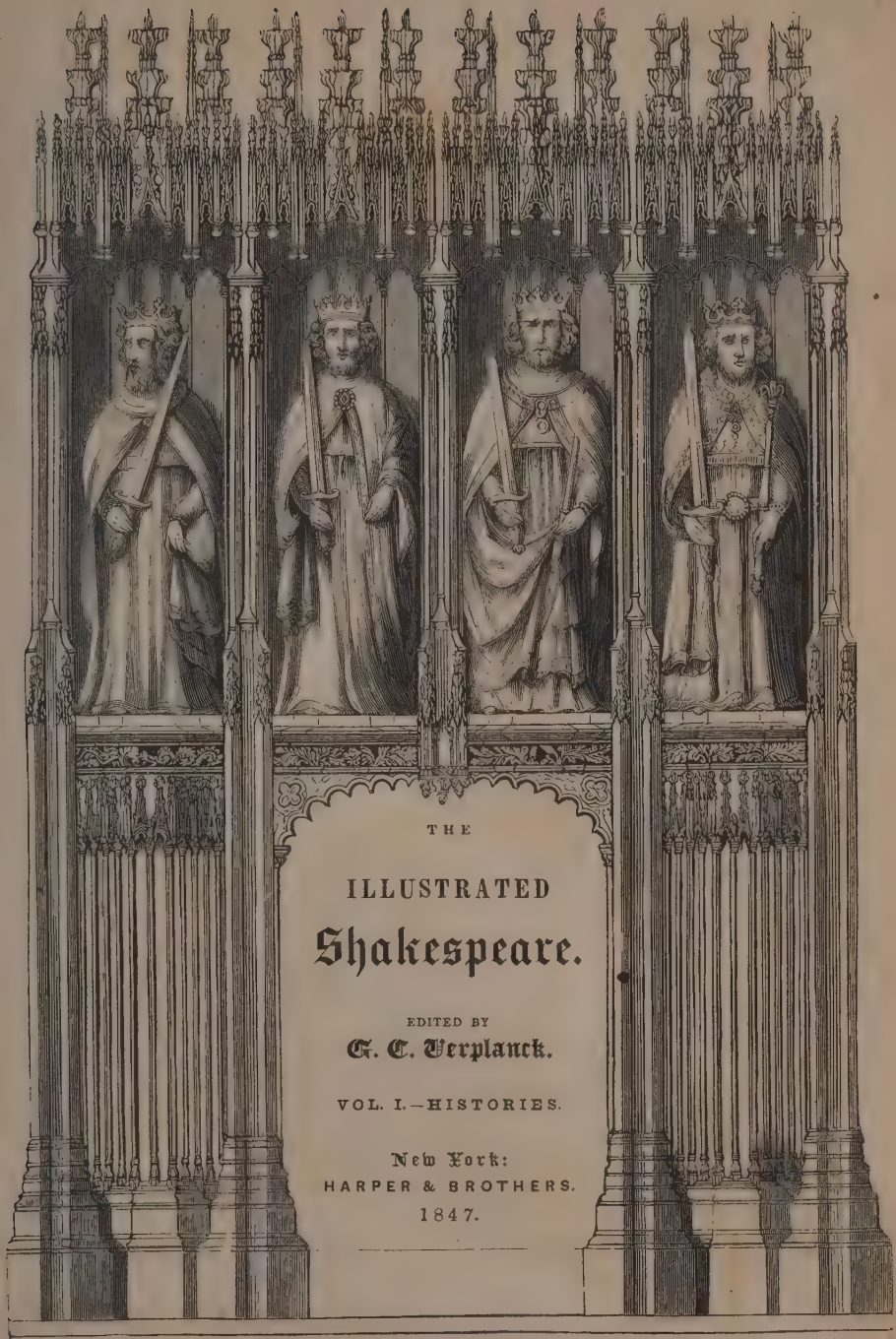

Shakespeare.



THE

ILLUSTRATED
Shakespeare.

EDITED BY

G. C. Verplanck.

VOL. I.—HISTORIES.

New York:
HARPER & BROTHERS.
1847.

R. Bosherman

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS:

WITH HIS LIFE.

82

Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts,

VOL. I

EXECUTED BY

H. W. HEWET, AFTER DESIGNS BY KENNY MEADOWS, HARVEY, AND OTHERS.

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EDITED

BY GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, LL.D.

WITH

CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, NOTES, ETC., ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.—HISTORIES.

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Order of this Edition.

VOLUME I.

PREFACE.
ORDER OF THE PLAYS.
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. BY ROWE.
LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. ABRIDGED FROM COLLIER.
SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.
FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.
COMMENDATORY VERSES.
SHAKESPEARE'S NAME AND AUTOGRAPHS.

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NG HENRY THE FOURTH.—PART II.
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KING HENRY THE SIXTH.—PART II.
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.—PART III.
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RRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.
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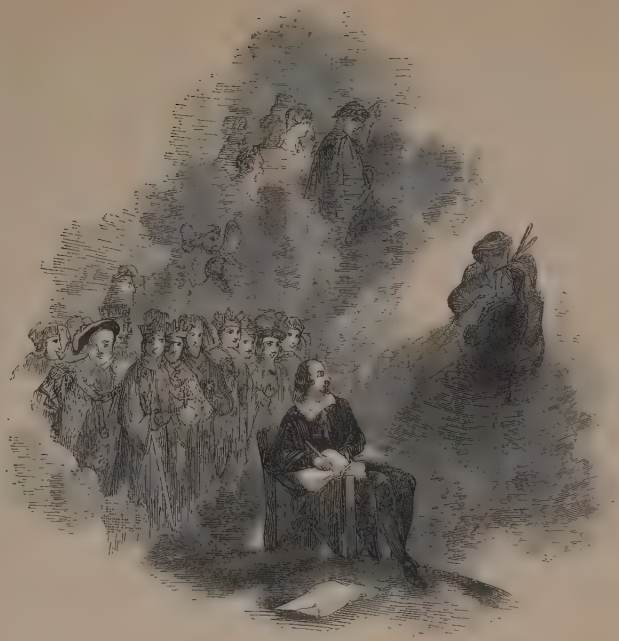
JULIUS CÆSAR.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.



SHAKESPEARE'S VISIONS OF MATURITY.

PREFACE.

THIS edition of SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, besides containing numerous pictorial embellishments and illustrations, and a large selection of the best notes of former commentators, in full or bridged, presents a careful revision of the Poet's text by the American editor, with many riginal notes, and a new critical and historical introduction to each play.

The inquiry will naturally suggest itself to most readers at all conversant with Shakespearian riticism, "What can be the use of any more editorial labour upon Shakespeare, and especially y an American editor?" "After the immense labours of a long succession of critics, most of iem learned, industrious, and acute,—some of them among the greatest literary names of the ast or the present century,—what can be contributed now and here, either to the purity of the 'oet's text, or the illustration of his thoughts?" In short, it may be asked, "Why would not ie wants of the American public be better supplied by a reprint of some one or other of the ater and more perfect English editions, than by any attempt at a new one?" These, or similar nquiries, would have occurred to no one sooner than to the present editor himself, had he found is own task undertaken by another. The reply can be best given by stating the manner in 'hich he was led to engage in a labour which he would never have undertaken, voluntarily, rom the first, though it has since proved to him one of those "labours we delight in."

The publication of this edition was originally undertaken by Mr. Hewet, by whom, or under hose direction, all its wood-engravings, and other embellishments of art, have been executed. Iis primary object was to embody, in an American edition, a large and choice selection of those ictorial decorations and illustrations,—many of them exquisite in taste and spirit, and others qually valuable in the way of historical or antiquarian illustration,—which have given such

interest, popularity, and real value, to the later European editions of SHAKESPEARE, and espe cially to those edited by Mr. Knight, and that more lately published by Mr. Tyas. The pub lisher was naturally desirous that these embellishments of art should accompany an editio which, in typographical accuracy and general literary character, would not be unworthy of it external decorations. With this view, he applied to the present editor to undertake the editoria care and responsibility of the literary department of this edition. Within the last few years, an since the publication of the editions of SHAKESPEARE containing, or founded on, the text and com ments of Johnson, Stevens, and Malone, the labours of Mr. Knight, and his coadjutors, in his Pic torial and Library editions, as well as of Gifford, Dyce, Halliwell, and other English critics, ha thrown new light on many passages and scenes of the great dramatist; and it happened tha just before this application of Mr. Hewet, a new edition of Shakespeare's Works, by Joh Payne Collier, was received in this country. That edition contained, together with muc recently discovered antiquarian matter bearing on the disputed or dark points of Shakespearia controversy, a thorough revision of the Poet's text, the errors and variances of which hav been so long the subject of contention among the commentators, and of perplexity to their readers Mr. Collier's revision was founded upon a laborious and minutely accurate collation of all th old editions, and particularly of all the plays separately published in quarto during the author' lifetime, or within a few years after his death, some of which, from their extreme rarity, ha never been collated by any former editor. It, therefore, appeared highly desirable, and at th same time not at all difficult, to combine many of the merits of the several best and latest Englis editions in an American edition,—compressing all the results of modern Shakespearian criticism into such a compass as would render them accessible and convenient to numerous readers, whos want of leisure, of inclination, or of means, might prevent them from consulting the voluminou labours of the European commentators. As the study of Shakespeare and his critics had fo years been a favourite occupation with me, as that taste had gradually led me to collect muc of the necessary editorial materials, and as the proposed edition was to be published irregularly in numbers, and might be easily transferred at any time to another hand, should anything occu to interrupt my attention to it, I had no hesitation in undertaking the task.

My first intention was simply to adopt the revised text of Mr. Collier, with most of his critica and explanatory notes, various readings, etc., adding such a selection from the other commenta tors and critics, and especially from the curious and interesting comments and collections of Mr Knight, as would, without much labour of transcription or abridgment, and with some few original additions, enable me to present to the reader all that was necessary or useful for the eluci dation of the Poet's meaning, and the decision of the more interesting questions of verbal criticism as to his text, together with a satisfactory though brief view of critical opinions upon his severa plays, including much of the higher and more philosophical criticism of the present century But in the very first play which was prepared for the press—it happened to be HAMLET, and intended for a specimen number—I found that I could not satisfy myself without varying widely from my original plan. Mr. Collier's researches I found had brought together many new mate rials, of unquestionable value, for the correction and elucidation of the great Poet's text; but i frequently happened that I could not acquiesce in that editor's conclusions, and much preferred the decision of some one of his editorial predecessors on doubtful readings, or debated points of interpretation. But as he often presented new evidence on these questions, and especially on the contested readings, I was led to examine, weigh, and decide for myself, on many of these curious and interesting, though often minute difficulties. Thus, without any ambition of novelty, I was gradually led to adopt a revised text, not exactly corresponding with that of any preceding

on. Each play, again, presented a new and, to me, most interesting subject of inquiry, as he probable date of its authorship, the changes it had received from its author's hand, in rent editions, and the indications thus afforded of the great Poet's mental and moral history, variations of temper and disposition, and of tone of thought, and his progressive formation for self of his own style and versification, and almost of his own language. Thus here, also, I was much beyond my original expectation, and induced, after weighing the ample and curious ence collected within the last few years, to express my own conclusions in brief introductory ces.

gain, as to the notes;—though much of the necessary commentary could be extracted with- any other labour than that of selection, either directly from the larger Variorum editions, in language of the original authors, (as has been my plan in respect to the most important notes istinguished critics,) or as condensed in the foot-notes of Knight, of Collier, or the judicious dged commentary of Mr. Singer, yet there was much additional matter, critical, antiquarian, hilological, scattered about in later publications, too valuable to be overlooked in any new otated edition of SHAKESPEARE; besides, I was, much oftener than I had anticipated, tempted he examples of so many learned and ingenious writers, or by the thoughts they suggested, to ress my own opinion on the points under discussion, in my own language. Thus I was led o a work of much more labour and duration than was originally intended. The results of labour are presented in these volumes, and may be thus recapitulated:—

The first and greatest, though humblest labour of the Shakespearian editor, arises from the ous readings of the Poet's text, and the alterations, conjectures, and controversies of critics, elation to them. These difficulties, as all students of Shakespeare are well aware, spring the following causes: 1. Partly from the differences between the several editions of many he plays, originally printed separately, in quarto pamphlets, during the author's life, or not after his death, and the text of the complete collection of his "Comedies, Histories, and gedies," published by his associates and first editors, Heminge and Condell, in 1623. 2. y from obvious errors of the press, or of the copyist of the manuscript used by the first ers, where it often happens that, while some error is manifest, the precise correction of it be conjectural. 3. From the efforts of editors and annotators to amend, according to their comprehension, or the taste of their age, what the Poet had written perhaps in another taste and , perhaps hastily and carelessly. The critics of the last century have all vied with each in attempts to substitute more intelligible language for phrases or words which they did not rstand, some of which were obscure from allusion to incidents now forgotten, or modes of ow obsolete, and some because they were (as Milton calls them) "Delphic lines," "dark excess of light," from the bold and unaccustomed use of language in new senses, or the tion of new terms, compressing or suggesting a crowd of ideas in a single word, or a tran- or broken phrase.

he text of this edition has been very carefully, and it is hoped very accurately printed, taking he copy the late edition of J. P. Collier,—first minutely read by myself, with such alterations ords, of punctuation, and of rhythmical regulation, as commended themselves to my judg- , as being preferable to the readings given by Mr. Collier. None of these variations, of any equence, were made without full examination of the whole evidence, and frequent reference e first folio edition, (1623,) and to Stevens's excellent and accurate reprint of the text of the nal quarto editions of the several plays first printed separately. In the choice among the ing readings, I have endeavoured to depart as little as might be from the older text, and

generally to preserve that of the first folio; so that, except in cases of unquestionable misprints, have preferred retaining in the text even difficult readings, where any reasonable interpretation c the author's meaning could be given. Of course, very many of the alterations of language, c punctuation, and of arrangement of versification, introduced by Stevens and Malone, and followe in most of the popular editions, have been rejected, as indeed they have frequently been by M Collier, and generally by Mr. Knight. Agreement with Mr. Knight, in the principle of adhe rence to the authority of the first folio, except where the reasons for departing from it seeme irresistible, has led, of course, to a closer resemblance of the readings of this edition, in the di puted passages, to those of his Pictorial and Library editions, than to those of any other edition but as my adherence to that authority has been far less scrupulous than his, I have often profite by the new light thrown on these points by the minute researches of Mr. Collier, as well as, sti more recently, by the acute and learned criticisms of Mr. Dyce. In some few instances I hav differed both from Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight; but in the main the text will be found to corr spond much more nearly with that of either of those editors, than with the more commonl received text of Stevens and Malone, and the numerous editions formed upon their authority. B the choice between not a few of those variances is exceedingly doubtful, and many of the old various readings are, in my judgment, unquestionably alterations by the author himself, in rev sions and enlargements of several of his plays. Many of these various readings, and it is hope all of any interest or curiosity, are detailed in the notes, with a summary, as brief and as litt controversial as might be, of the authority or reasons adduced in support of each of them. T the use of Mr. Collier's text by the printer, after it had been thus varied and corrected, this ed tion is indebted for another great advantage over very many of the most popular, and some of th most splendid English editions; as the text has been thus kept free from many accidental mode typographical errors of mere carelessness,—some of them being omissions of words, others alter tions which, having accidentally crept into some one or other of the best editions of the last centur were transferred by the printers to succeeding ones, escaping the observation even of laborio editors, whose attention was directed mainly to points of doubtful discussion. These, having bee carefully corrected and pointed out by Mr. Collier, are avoided here.

II. The notes of exposition and interpretation, in this edition, have been prepared with th view and the hope of giving, in the briefest form, with the rejection of much useless controver and digression, the substance of all the annotations valuable either for the elucidation of obscure expressed thoughts, of obsolete words and phrases, or of antiquated allusions. Much of th labour of selection and abridgment has been saved (as already intimated) by the previo labours, in the same way, of Messrs. Knight and Collier, and by the excellent condensation of th Variorum commentary, by Mr. Singer. All of these have been freely used, as one or anoth seemed preferable; but as the selection was never made without reference to the fuller origin commentaries, as well as to other later authorities, critical or philological, the notes thus select have been very frequently altered, enlarged with new matter, or abridged in language, as t case seemed to demand. Such of the notes of the former commentators as seemed of peculi value or excellence have also been extracted, at large, in their own words. Wherever any the selected notes contained original views, or were remarkable for peculiarity of thought, li Warburton's, or power of expression, like those of Johnson, due credit has been given (with t possible exception of some accidental oversights) to the original annotator. In other cases, su as in many of the notes extracted from the editions of Knight, Singer, or Collier, where the lat editor has merely summed up the learning of his predecessors, or referred to and extracted fro

e other well-known authority, it is presumed that the present general acknowledgment is all
is strictly due to the claims of annotating authorship. The editor has also attempted to
orporate with the mere verbal and antiquarian commentary, the substance of much of that
ner Shakespearian criticism, in which this century has been so prolific. This is done some-
es by extracts from the authors themselves, as from Coleridge, Ulrici, Schlegel, Mrs. Jameson,
lam, etc., and frequently in an abridged statement of the various and often clashing critical
ions or theories, at the end of each body of notes. To all this the editor has added, in many
es, such original critical observations or suggestions as occurred to him. Some of these, it
oped, may contain views or suggestions new to the reader, and either tend to the elucidation
he great Poet's thoughts or design, or contribute somewhat to general critical inquiry.
ese are sometimes incorporated with the remarks of preceding critics, and sometimes given in
arate notes; but I have not felt enough of the pride of authorship in any of them to designate
n by my name, or any other peculiar mark.

II. As an appropriate accompaniment to an edition enriched with numerous pictorial decora-
s and antiquarian illustrations of art, many of the more curious notices of costume, arms,
itecture, etc., contributed to the English Pictorial edition by Mr. Planché, have been selected
bridged, and prefixed to each play, with the addition of such original remarks, or information
n other sources, as seemed likely to throw light either on the scenes of the dramatist, or the
ory of medæval art, taste, manners, or opinion. Those illustrations, whether literary or
phic, have a great and peculiar value in relation to the dramas of English History, and to
e plays where the scene and date approach most nearly to the author's own time and country;
hey there always (and sometimes, with less historic accuracy, elsewhere) enable us to call
before our own "mind's eye" the personages and adjuncts of the scenes, in shapes and colours
embling those in which they rose before the Poet's own mental vision. It is true that many
ers of those illustrations of antiquarian accuracy contain matter, or present pictures, of which
kespeare never dreamed; yet these, too, may have their use and value, in an age like ours,
en art finds so many of its subjects in Shakespeare's scenes, and when, from the diffusion of
ular knowledge, many a violation of costume, in dress, or architecture, such as the author
ld not have himself perceived, on the stage or on the canvass, would now shock a school-boy.
e notices of the sources of the plot, and the historical or romantic materials of the several plays,
prefixed to them, are generally drawn (as always acknowledged) from Mr. Knight's Intro-
tions, but with constant use of Mr. Collier's valuable republication on the same subject, enti-
"Shakespeare's Library, or a Collection of the Romances, Poems, or Histories used by
kespeare, as the Foundation of his Dramas," (two volumes, octavo: London, 1843.) These
ces have been frequently enlarged by prefatory observations, or other matter, suggested by
editor's general reading and recollections.

V. An Introduction has been prepared to each play, containing some brief critical notices of
ir several characteristics of style, versification, design, and of tone and colour of thought,
ether with a detailed bibliographical account of each, as to the probable date of its composi-
, the state of the text, and the variations between the several old editions. The merely biblio-
phical material herein contained is drawn, of course, from preceding editors, and much of it
y be found in the "Introductions" to the several plays, by J. P. Collier, in his edition.
t the whole has been re-cast for this purpose,—partly because I often dissented from the con-
sions of the editors (Mr. Collier, for instance) to whom I was most indebted for my facts, but

chiefly because I wished to present the separate evidence, as to each play, in the same point
view and with the same object, as parts of a single inquiry, and that not one of purely antiqu
rian curiosity, but as tracing out Shakespeare's intellectual history and character, by gatheri
from various and sometimes slight and circumstantial or collateral points of testimony, the ord
and succession of his works, assigning, so far as possible, each one to its probable epoch, noti
the variations or differences of style and of versification between them, and in some cases (as
Romeo and Juliet, Henry V., and Hamlet) the alterations and improvements of the same pl
by the author himself, in the progress of his taste and experience; thus following out, throu
each successive change, the luxuriant growth of his poetic faculty and his comic power, an
finally, the still nobler expansion of the moral wisdom, the majestic contemplation, the terri
energy, the matchless fusion of the impassioned with the philosophical, that distinguished t
matured mind of the author of Hamlet, of Lear, and of Macbeth. As this part of the work
that which has most interested the editor, and on which he has bestowed most study and thoug
it is of course that part of his own contribution to Shakespearian Literature which he regar
as of chief value. Better judges than himself may perhaps decide that his inquiries have add
no satisfactory results beyond those formerly attained. Be this as it may, these investigatio
and statements have at least the merit of directing the attention of the American student to
inquiry which must be curious and interesting, as to the progress of any great and original mi
but full of instruction as it relates to the greatest and most original mind in our literature,—wh
the editor's conclusions, whether correct or otherwise, have been formed, if without much defe
ence to critical authority, still as certainly without any ambition of novelty or originality,
attachment to any preconceived theory.

Ruins of Kenilworth. Seventeenth Century.

CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.

ORDER OF THE PLAYS.

N the first collection of Shakespeare's plays, the well-known folio of 1623, published after the Poet's death, by his friends and theatrical associates, Heminge and Condell, "he" (to use eir quaint phrase) "not having the fate to be the exequutor to his own writings," the plays are rmally divided on the title-page into "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," and are severally inted, with reference to that distribution, in three distinct parts, separately paged.

The first 303 pages contain those classed as "Comedies," after which the paging re-com-ences, but without any new title, and goes on to page 232, containing the "Histories;"—by nich, in the dramatic nomenclature of that age, dramas drawn from the chronicle history of ngland, or "Chronicle Histories," were alone meant, and the tragedies of Roman history are, erefore, not included in this series. After HENRY VIII. follows TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, with-t any regular pagination, as if accidentally omitted and inserted subsequently to the printing the rest of the volume, or as though the editors were in doubt (as well they might be) how to ass so anomalous a drama. The "Tragedies," including CORIOLANUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, and NTONY AND CLEOPATRA, fill the third part—the paging again beginning and going on to ge 398.

The several parts and plays follow each other in the order given in a "Catalogue" prefixed to e volume, a fac-simile of which, as it appears in its original typography, is here given.

A CATALOGVE

of the ſeuerall Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

COMEDIES.

THe Tempeſt.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.
The Merry Wiues of Windsor.
Measure for Measure.
The Comedy of Errours.
Much adoo about Nothing.
Loues Labour lost.
Midsommer Nights Dreame.
The Merchant of Venice.
As you Like it.
The Taming of the Shrew.
All is well, that Ends well.
Twelfe-Night, or what you will.
The Winters Tale.

HISTORIES.

The Life and Death of King John.
The Life & death of Richard the second.
The First part of King Henry the fourth.
The Second part of K. Henry the fourth.
The Life of Henry the Fift.
The First part of King Henry the Sixt.
The Second part of King Hen. the Sixt.
The Third part of King Henry the Sixt.
The Life & Death of Richard the Third.
The Life of King Henry the Eight.

TRAGEDIES.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus.
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and Juliet.
Timon of Athens.
The Life and death of Julius Cæſar.
The Tragedy of Macbeth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet.
King Lear.
Othello, the Moore of Venice.
Anthony and Cleopatra.
Cymbeline King of Britaine.

Pericles, though printed separately during Shakespeare's life, was not included in this first lection, and was first added to it in the second reprint of it, in 1684.

It is obvious, on the slightest examination, that, with the exception of the distribution into three sses, and placing the English historical dramas in their order of historical succession, this angement is entirely arbitrary or accidental. There is no regard to the probable order of mposition, or the variations of the author's taste and manner; several of the comedies and gedies, which bear their own evidence, confirmed by external proof, of being among the hor's youthful works, being placed after or between others as certainly known, and as ongly marked, as being the fruits of his disciplined and matured judgment,—while it is ossible to trace any other arrangement.

The order of the modern editions is founded mainly upon the folios, but with various changes, fering in different editions,—such as transferring Macbeth from the tragedies to the com- ncement of the histories, and others not indicating any regular plan of arrangement. Mr. llier is, I believe, the only modern editor who adheres to the order of the folio editions. This ange confusion in all editions, from the very first, may possibly have at first suggested the ion of Rowe, and the critics of the last century, that "we are not to look for Shakespeare's ginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings," and that "the per- mances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of agination in them, were the best;" and so, too, it is still likely to keep up the vague popular nion, that he wrote under an irregular inspiration, of which he had no control,—gaining hing for himself from the progressive study of nature, of men, or of books, or from that self- cipline by which every great mind evolves and perfects its own natural gifts.

The present edition having been first issued in numbers, several circumstances, connected h the convenience of the artists, the printer, or the editor, led to a total disregard of any sys- natic order of publication, and each play was separately paged, so as to leave the whole series be re-arranged in volumes, when the publication was completed. The precise order of rangement is certainly not a matter of the highest importance; but, in considering the st mode of disposing the plays in volumes, it seemed that some advantage might be attained the reader, by a more methodical distribution than those of former editions. It is, on all counts, desirable to preserve the original division into Comedies, Histories, (or dramas of glish history,) and Tragedies, as these were the familiar distinctions of the Poet's age, and re doubtless in his own mind when he wrote. Therefore, although the distinction between ne of the dramas may now not be very obvious,—as, for instance, it is not clear why Cymbe- ne should be classed as a tragedy, and the Winter's Tale as a comedy,—it is still proper to low the old distribution of the folio editions in this respect.

After preserving that classification, no more appropriate arrangement of the several pieces can well made than to distribute them according to the several progressive stages of their author's le, taste, and general cast of thought.

In this way, the growth of the author's mind, the ripening of his taste, his formation of diction d of versification for himself, may all be made more prominent, so as to be perceptible even to e careless reader; while, on the other hand, we avoid the incongruity which must strike the ader of former editions, when he finds a drama of such majestic intellect as the Tempest, or riolanus, suddenly succeeded by the feebler elegance of the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the crude horrors of Titus Andronicus. But the inter-dependence of the plots, and the suc- ssion of events, in the English histories, require that this order should be followed in respect to em, in preference to that of the probable dates of their production. This, however, may be done th little discrepancy from the other principle; because, though the two orders do not precisely rrespond, (the three Parts of Henry VI. and Richard III. having certainly been written and ted before Henry IV. and Henry V.,) yet, with the exception of Henry VIII., they all belong the same epoch or period of their author's genius.

The particular evidence of the respective dates when each play was first published or acted, probably written, is stated, in full, in the Introductory Remarks prefixed to each drama. The ader will there perceive how much uncertainty and darkness there is as to the precise dates

of most of them; while these difficulties as to the chronological order are increased by the fact known as to some plays, and highly probable as to others, that the same piece sometimes contain a ground-work and many scenes in some one or other of the Poet's earlier manners, by the sid of subsequent corrections and enlargements, in a different style. Still, the evidence of the earlie editions, of the entries in the Stationers' Register, of the notices of contemporary writers, an other minute indications gleaned from all quarters by the zealous industry of the later Shake spearian antiquaries, combined with the strong testimony of style and versification, now shed ligh enough on the inquiry to enable us to trace quite satisfactorily the progress of the dramatist' mind, and to assign, with reasonable confidence, most of his works to their respective successiv stages of his genius and taste. That evidence, as separately detailed in the Introductor Remarks to each play, leads to the following general conclusions:—

The later investigations have quite dissipated the old traditionary notion, that Shakespear was a wholly uneducated adventurer, who did not suspect his own latent powers, nor essay them for the stage or the press, until his twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth year. On the contrary, i is unquestionable that, with some opportunities of irregular and imperfect education, his literary talent and ambition began to develop themselves at an early age, and probably even before h had left his native village to try his fortunes in London.

To the period of the Poet's early manhood, and first trial of his unpractised strength, now i one direction and now in another, we may ascribe his poems of Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece the tragedy of Titus Andronicus, and probably the legendary tale of Pericles, afterward improved by additions in a far higher mood. It has also been thought likely that, while yet very young, he produced the rude and imperfect sketches of other dramas; such as Cymbeline,— re-modelled and re-written by him, in later years, but where some of the original materials an unskilful forms may still be traced out, in the stately structures into which they were subse quently incorporated. Among his more successful and, doubtless, the later labours of this perio of his self-training, must be enumerated the Two Gentlemen of Verona, the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labour's Lost, in its original form, before it was "corrected and augmented," as stated in the title-page of the first edition, in 1598. To this period, also, there is good reason t assign the "Love's Labour Won," mentioned by Shakespeare's friend Meares, in his list of the Poet's works before 1598, and which seems to have been revised and enlarged, long after, in quite another mood of thought and cast of diction, and re-produced as All's Well that Ends Well. If we consider this period of Shakespeare's apprentice labours,—of this first stage of the self formation of his genius,—as extending to his twenty-eighth year, I do not hesitate to assign t his hand, at or about the close of this period, as an early essay in historical delineation and varied heroic characterization, the old plays of the "Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," some years after re-modelled by him into the successive Parts of Henry VI. (See Introductory Remarks to Henry VI., Parts I. and III.) There is, too, some reason to think (though the evidence is but faint or conjectural) that he had also, even at this early period, produced a tragedy of "Hamlet," with the plot, and incidents, and characters of the tragedy we now have, but brought into its latest form by repeated revisals and enlargements, at long intervals.

In the succeeding eight or nine years, ending with the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the Poet's thirty-seventh year, we are able to trace his progress with great certainty. It was a period of amazing fertility of invention, and of the most rapid development of poetic and of comic, as well as of purely dramatic power. It probably commenced with the first out line of Romeo and Juliet, as we have it in the first quarto edition, which was enlarged and changed to its present form not very long before it was thus reprinted, in 1599,—the original draft being full of wit, fancy, spirit, and dramatic effect; but it is in the after additions that we mark the near approach to the deep passion and fiery splendour of Othello. During the same few years were produced the series of his English Histories, except Henry VIII., and most probably, in the following order: Henry VI., (the three Parts, as revised and enlarged,) Richard III., King John, Richard II., the two Parts of Henry IV., Henry V.; these three last belong ing to the latter end of the century, and they approximate, in style and versification, and in their

of thought, to the productions of the author during the next and most magnificent period genius. These same few years, from 1593 to 1601, were also distinguished for a rapid ssion of brilliant and joyous comedies, all of them (except the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR) kable for the perpetual and graceful blending and contrasting of broad humour with poetic

Besides, the TAMING OF THE SHREW, (a popular piece of some brother dramatist, re-writ- th the decoration of poetry added to its original farcical extravagance,) the MIDSUMMER- 'S DREAM, the MERCHANT OF VENICE, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, AS YOU LIKE IT, FTH NIGHT, and the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, successively appeared during these years. MERCHANT OF VENICE, (1597,) and AS YOU LIKE IT, (about 1600,) we may again observe me approximation as in the later English Histories, to that bolder use of language, and that ng of the intellectual with the poetical, which were soon to become the Poet's predominant teristics.

ppears certain that the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, (1600,) and the TWELFTH NIGHT,) were the latest of the comic series,—a circumstance worthy of notice, from their being the most gay and joyous of the whole, and immediately preceding a long period distin- ed by productions of austere thought and darker views of life. Falstaff and his companions, n the comedy and the Histories, and Malvolio and his tormentors, were the immediate pre- ors of Othello, Iago, Angelo, Lear, and Macbeth. During the next eight or nine years, he first year of the sixteenth century to about 1609 or 1610—from the Poet's thirty-seventh ut his forty-sixth year—his genius rose at once to its highest point of culmination. It was a of his tragic power, of his resistless control over the emotions of terror and of pity, of epest and most gloomy philosophy. This was the period so well noted by Mr. Hallam, he appeared "as the stern censurer of man,"—when his deeper insight into the human led him to dark and sad views of human nature; sometimes prompting the melancholy ophy of HAMLET—sometimes bursting forth in the fiery indignation of TIMON and LEAR. It uring this period that he most impressed upon his style that character which we now recog- s peculiarly Shakespearian, by crowding into his words a weight of thought, until (in the nt phrase of some critic) "the language bent under it." His versification becomes, like ction, bolder, freer, careless of elegance, of regularity, and even of melody,—a sterner fitted to sterner themes. OTHELLO may be considered as commencing this series, in the of time; it having appeared in 1602. Soon after, (in 1604,) appeared the revised HAMLET, ed (as the title-page of the edition of 1604 states) "to almost as much again as it was," nen first filled with its "meditative philosophy," its alternation of the bitter and the ,—of the pensive with the impassioned.

ASURE FOR MEASURE is also ascertained, by recent investigations, to have been produced this same remarkable date of the Poet's life,—between 1601 and 1604. This comedy, as it ed, severe, sarcastic, bitter, indignant in spirit, and harsh in rhythm and diction, marks the adowing of the same dark influence, and the constant excitement of the same intense and, vere, tumultuous energy of thought. Then followed LEAR and MACBETH, as we know positive proofs, and TIMON, as its own internal evidence indicates. To this, or to some date, we must assign ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, with its sententious morals and versification, worked into the web of the juvenile comedy of "Love's Labour Won," and ng much of the original materials, quite different in taste and spirit from the rest. TROI- ND CRESSIDA was first published in 1609, having then never been acted, (see Introductory rks to TROILUS AND CRESSIDA;) and here, too, there are indications that much of the ue and story might be the spared remnants of a juvenile work,—while the nobler passages ch it abounds are in the tone and spirit of the later works. To this same period, which at of the author's personal management of theatrical concerns, we may, with much proba- assign the *rifaciamento* of PERICLES, whether the original sketch was Shakespeare's own ful work, or by some other hand. It may be, also, that CYMBELINE was worked up, about ose of this period, from some other youthful drama of his own, on the same old English though, to my mind, the spirit and taste of its higher poetry are more assimilated to those very latest works.

The tradition that Shakespeare,* during the last six or seven years of his life, after he retired from London to his native village, continued to supply the stage with new dramas, is firmed by positive evidence, as to the first representation of some of them, (the TEMPEST, WINTER'S TALE,) and by the strong probability as to others, such as the Roman Tragedies, ha been written during these years, to be inferred from our finding no mention or trace of them, at earlier period, and from their being first printed in the folio collection, after the author's de as well as by the internal evidence and mutual congruity of style and spirit, in all the dr not assigned to one or the other of the preceding periods. These are the WINTER'S TALE, tainly produced about 1610; the TEMPEST, 1611, (and perhaps enlarged in 1613;) HENRY V about 1613; probably CYMBELINE, unless it was put into its present form a year or two b 1609; and, I doubt not, the three noble Roman Tragedies of CORIOLANUS, JULIUS CÆSAR ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. These are all of them such works as could only have been wr by the author of OTHELLO, HAMLET, LEAR, and MACBETH, after he had formed and made hab to his own mind the peculiar cast of language and style, which characterizes these noblest tions of his genius; and, without their intensity of thought and expression, their sadness o terness of spirit, or their fiery excitement, they are scarcely less majestic in intellect,—whil style, some of them (as the TEMPEST) combine the severer strength of those great tragedies the mild beauties of his most perfect comedies.

In the present edition, the convenience of dividing the publication into three equal volu induces the placing the English Histories first after the Preface, Life, etc. The Histories n of course, be arranged according to their historical succession: but the reader will be remin in the Introductory Remarks, that KING JOHN, RICHARD II., HENRY IV., and HENRY V., all written after HENRY VI. and RICHARD III.

The Comedies and the Tragedies would be best arranged in the precise order of their orig composition, if it were possible to do so with any confidence of accuracy. But the real un tainty which exists as to the respective dates of many of the plays, and the ascertained fact several of them, (as LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST and HAMLET,) that they were altered or lar augmented long after they were first written, must necessarily render such arrangement ope some objection or other. All, then, that can be of much value in any innovation upon the c accidental arrangement, and all that is aimed at here, will be attained by a distribution of dramas under the several epochs when they received the form they now bear; so as to s by their juxtaposition, the successive diversities of the great Poet's style and taste, the deve ment of his genius, and the varying moods of his mind.

In the order proposed for this edition, TITUS ANDRONICUS and PERICLES are placed at the of the Tragedies, in the last volume. According to the editor's own view of the disputed que of the authorship of these pieces, they should be placed at the beginning of the volume of Tr dies, as Shakespeare's very earliest dramatic works; and if it is preferred by any purch they may still be so placed by directions to the binder. But in consequence of the general d of their authenticity by former editors and critics, and their striking diversity from the res Shakespeare's works, together with some circumstances of typographical convenience, it has thought proper to place them at the end of the Tragedies, as an appendix or supplement t edition of the undisputed dramas.

* See Ward's "Diary."

William Shakspere

A BIOGRAPHY

HE darkness, uncertainty, and error that long hung around the biography of Shakespeare, and our still very imperfect knowledge of the most interesting parts of his literary and domestic life, in spite of all the more nt discoveries of several acute and indefatigable English antiquarians, present one of the most curious and plicable phenomena of literary history. Shakespeare, for the last twenty years of his life, if not much longer, among the most celebrated men of his day in England, and was admired and esteemed by men of all classes ondon, and in his native town. As an actor, manager, man of business, as well as an author, he was much in public view, and his associations must of course have been extensive and various. He was a personal favorite he great as well as of the public; and as a man certainly of social, perhaps of convivial tastes, he is known ave been in habits of familiar intercourse and social pleasure with his brother poets and dramatists. His pro- onal associates, Burbage, Heminge, and Condell, appear to have been on terms of close intimacy and friend- with him: the two last were the first editors of his plays. But we have not only no biography of him, ever brief, by any contemporary hand, but the notices of him by the authors of his own age, while sufficient how the high esteem and admiration in which he was held, are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. In the eeding generation, while many of his contemporaries were still living, he was by far the most admired of lish authors. Among the most fervent of his admirers may be numbered Fuller and Milton, two of the test of their times, who may be said to have divided his genius between them—Milton inheriting the high ical portion, and Fuller the wit, acuteness, originality, and knowledge of mankind. Yet neither they nor of their contemporaries add anything to our knowledge of the great Poet, except that Fuller's professed ac- t of him, (Fuller's "Worthies of England,") in addition to his place of birth and burial, and the date of his h, has preserved the memory of "the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson." Nearly a century after leath, in 1709, or not long before, Rowe, with the assistance of Betterton, the actor, then advanced in years, undertook to collect the traditions of Warwickshire, and of the London stage, to form a regular biography. would have thought that such a traditional biography of such a man could not but be in substance correct. some of the anecdotes related by Rowe appeared from the first improbable on the face of them, and others nconsistent with the facts even then known of the great Poet's literary and dramatic life; while every subse- tly discovered and well authenticated fact has tended more or less to shake the authenticity of Rowe's tradi- . Still that narrative was for many years received as authentic, and as containing all that could be known of Poet's life, until the era of Capell and Malone, from whose time down to our own days, a minute, laborious, learned examination of public records, legal proceedings, corporation records, the Stationers' Register, and ontemporary manuscripts, has been carried on, gradually disinterring one insulated fact after another relating nakespeare and his family. Of this school Malone was the most efficient and successful inquirer in the last ration, as Mr. Collier has been in our own day. All the facts thus ascertained have been embodied by Collier in the life prefixed to his late edition of SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

In order to make the present American edition as complete as may be, it has been thought proper to re-pri the old traditional life by Rowe, just as it was read and believed by our ancestors; omitting, however, t comments since added by Stevens and by Malone, which appear in most of the modern editions, as that matt is all incorporated in Collier's life. Mr. Collier's narrative, curiously minute in its researches, sometimes digress into collateral matter that throws no light upon the great dramatist's history; and the biographer's style is oft so diffuse as to admit of great compression without any loss. I have, therefore, taken the liberty to abrid Mr. Collier's "Life of Shakespeare," by some omissions of the sort just referred to, and a good deal of compr sion of language; but have otherwise left him to give his narrative substantially in his own words, and to expr his own opinions. Some of these opinions in regard to the succession of the plays, the character and value some early editions, etc., differ from those of the present editor as expressed elsewhere in this edition. In the two lives, as thus given, the reader will find as well all the facts that have ever been generally believed or pl sibly conjectured, as well all that have been certainly ascertained, respecting the life of Shakespeare.

Spenser

John Shakespeare's House in Henley Street. View from an old Print.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WRITTEN BY MR. ROWE.

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seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory xcellent men, especially of those whom their wit learning have made famous, to deliver some account emselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For reason, how fond do we see some people of discov- any little personal story of the great men of anti- ! their families, the common accidents of their , and even their shape, make, and features, have the subject of critical inquiries. How trifling er this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very ral; and we are hardly satisfied with an account ny remarkable person, till we have heard him de- ed even to the very clothes he wears. As for what es to men of letters, the knowledge of an author sometimes conduce to the better understanding ook; and though the works of Shakespeare may to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some account of the man himself may not be thought oper to go along with them.

e was the son of Mr. John Shakespeare, and was at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, . His family, as appears by the register and pub- ritings relating to that town, were of good figure fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had rge a family, ten children in all, that though he his eldest son, he could give him no better educa- than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where it is probable he acquired what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius, (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs,) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute; for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakespeare; and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and

that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up: and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and among them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, among those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the ghost in his own HAMLET. I should have been much more pleased to have learned from some certain authority which was the first play he wrote;[1] it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the

[1] The highest date of any I can yet find, is ROMEO AND JULIET, in 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old; and RICHARD II., and RICHARD III., in the next year—viz. the thirty-fourth year of his age.

order of time in which the several pieces were writ
be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in so
few of them which seem to fix their dates. So
Chorus, at the end of the fourth act of HENRY V., b
compliment very handsomely turned to the Earl
Essex, shows the play to have been written when t
lord was general for the Queen in Ireland. And
eulogy upon Queen Elizabeth, and her successor K
James, in the latter end of his HENRY VIII., is a pr
of that play's being written after the accession of
latter of those two princes to the crown of Engla
Whatever the particular times of his writing we
the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfu
fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be hig
pleased to see a genius arise among them of so pleas
able, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of
nishing their favourite entertainments. Besides
advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natu
man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a m
agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder if w
so many good qualities he made himself acquain
with the best conversations of those times. Que
Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before h
and without doubt gave him many gracious marks
her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, wh
he intends by—

"—— a fair vestal, throned by the west."
(Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very prope
brought in, and very handsomely applied to her.
was so well pleased with that admirable character
Falstaff, in the two parts of HENRY IV., that she co
manded him to continue it for one play more, and
show him in love. This is said to be the occasion
his writing the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR. How w
she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable pro
Upon this occasion it may not be improper to obser
that this part of Falstaff is said to have been writt
originally under the name of Oldcastle;[1] some of t
family being then remaining, the Queen was pleased
command him to alter it; upon which he made use
Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoide
but I do not know whether the author may not ha
been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since
is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight
the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of d
tinguished merit in the wars in France, in the times
Henry V. and Henry VI. What grace soever t
Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only
owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit mad
He had the honour to meet with many great and
common marks of favour and friendship from the E
of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time
his friendship to the unfortunate Earl of Essex. It w
to that noble Lord that he dedicated his poem of VEN
AND ADONIS. There is one instance so singular in t
magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's, that i
had not been assured that the story was handed do
by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very w
acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventur
to have inserted, that my Lord Southampton at o
time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to

[1] See the Epilogue to HENRY IV

gh with a purchase which he heard he had a mind
A bounty very great, and very rare at any time.
lmost equal to that profuse generosity the present
as shown to French dancers and Italian singers.
hat particular habitude or friendships he contracted
private men, I have not been able to learn, more
that every one who had a true taste of merit, and
l distinguish men, had generally a just value and
m for him. His exceeding candour and good-
e must certainly have inclined all the gentler part
e world to love him, as the power of his wit
ed the men of the most delicate knowledge and
learning to admire him.

s acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a re-
able piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr.
on, who was at that time altogether unknown to
vorld, had offered one of his plays to the players,
der to have it acted; and the persons into whose
s it was put, after having turned it carelessly and
rciliously over, were just upon returning it to him
an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no ser-
to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast
ye upon it, and found something so well in it as to
ge him first to read it through, and afterwards to
mmend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.
on was certainly a very good scholar, and in that
he advantage of Shakespeare; though at the same
I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave
atter, was more than a balance for what books had
the former; and the judgment of a great man
this occasion was, I think, very just and proper.
conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir Wil-
Davenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eaton,
Ben Jonson,—Sir John Suckling, who was a pro-
d admirer of Shakespeare, had undertaken his de-
against Ben Jonson with some warmth: Mr.
s, who had sat still for some time, told them, that
akespeare had not read the ancients, he had like-
not stolen any thing from them; and that if he
d produce any one topic finely treated by any of
, he would undertake to show something upon the
subject at least as well written by Shakespeare.
e latter part of his life was spent, as all men of
sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement,
the conversation of his friends. He had the good
ne to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and,
at, to his wish; and is said to have spent some
before his death at his native Stratford. His
urable wit and good-nature engaged him in the
aintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the
emen of the neighbourhood. Among them, it is a
almost still remembered in that country, that he
particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gen-
an noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It
ened, that in a pleasant conversation among their
non friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a
ning manner, that he fancied he intended to write
pitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he
d not know what might be said of him when he was
, he desired it might be done immediately. Upon
h Shakespeare gave him these four lines of verse:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh, ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the fifty-third year of his age, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married: Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, Esq.; and afterwards to Sir John Bernard, of Abbington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his "Discoveries," I will give it in his words:—

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein her most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, (for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any.) He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter; as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him—

'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong;'—

he replied—

'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause:'—

and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of SHAKESPEARE, there is somewhat like it in JULIUS CÆSAR, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise VENUS AND ADONIS, and TARQUIN AND LUCRECE, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal true in it; but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models, (or indeed translated them,) in his epistle to Augustus:—

"—— Natura sublimis et acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram."

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakespeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgments of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

Garrick.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called "Histories," and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy among them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. The MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, the COMEDY OF ERRORS, and the TAMING OF THE SHREW, are all pure comedy; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds. It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every body to be a master-piece; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady, Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of HENRY V., though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable, and I do not know whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the second part of HENRY IV. Among other extravagances, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given very near the same coat-of-arms which Dugdale, in "Antiquities" of that county, describes for a f there, and makes the Welsh parson descant very antly upon them. That whole play is admirable humours are various and well-opposed; the mai sign, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jeal is extremely well conducted.

In the TWELFTH NIGHT, there is something larly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical ste Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious i rolles, in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, is as go any thing of that kind in Plautus or Terence. chio, in the TAMING OF THE SHREW, is an uncon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedick Beatrice, in MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and of lind, in AS YOU LIKE IT, have much wit and spri ness all along. His clowns, without which char there was hardly any play writ in that time, a very entertaining. And, I believe, Thersites, in lus and Cressida, and Apemantus, in TIMON, wi allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature and sat snarling. To these I might add, that incompa character of Shylock the Jew, in the MERCHAN VENICE; but though we have seen that play rec and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew formed by an excellent comedian, yet I canno think it was designed tragically by the author. appears in it such a deadly spirit of revenge, su savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody nation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree with the style or character of comedy. The play take it altogether, seems to me to be but one o most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale in in that part relating to the caskets, and the extrav and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, i much removed from the rules of probability; but t the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very tifully written. There is something in the frien of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and te The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the f be probable) is extremely fine. But there are passages that deserve a particular notice. The fir what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the oth the power of music. The melancholy of Jacques, i YOU LIKE IT, is as singular and odd as it is diver and if, what Horace says—

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere,"

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond h the description of the several degrees and ages of life, though the thought be old, and common enou

"—— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

images are indeed every where so lively, that the he would represent stands full before you, and ossess every part of it. I will venture to point out ore, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon y thing I ever saw; it is an image of patience. ing of a maid in love, he says—

"——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And sat like *Patience* on a monument,
Smiling at *Grief*."

an image is here given! and what a task would it been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome ve expressed the passions designed by this sketch atuary! The style of his comedy is, in general, al to the characters, and easy in itself; and the ost commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in places where he runs into doggrel rhymes, as in OMEDY OF ERRORS, and some other plays. As for agling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was ommon vice of the age he lived in: and if we find he pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the ser- of some of the gravest divines of those times, per- it may not be thought too light for the stage.

t certainly the greatness of this author's genius no where so much appear, as where he gives his nation an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. are his attempts in THE TEMPEST, MIDSUMMER-'s DREAM, MACBETH, and HAMLET. Of these, TEMPEST, however it comes to be placed the first e publishers of his works, can never have been the written by him: it seems to be as perfect in its kind ost any thing we have of his. One may observe, he unities are kept here, with an exactness un- on to the liberties of his writing; though that was I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his lences were all of another kind. I am very sen- that he does, in this play, depart too much from ikeness to truth which ought to be observed in sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his than reason does well allow of. His magic has hing in it very solemn, and very poetical: and extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well ned, shows a wonderful invention in the author, could strike out such a particular wild image, and tainly one of the finest and most uncommon gro- es that ever was seen. The observation, which, I been informed, three very great men[1] concurred in g upon this part, was extremely just; that Shake- e *had not only found out a new character in his* Caliban, *but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magic that raises the fairies in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, the witches in MACBETH, and the ghost in HAMLET, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the last two of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: but as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal license and ignorance; there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragic or heroic poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the drama that the strength and mastery of Shakespeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from the true history, or novels and romances; and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents. and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. So the WINTER'S TALE, which is taken from an old book, called "The Delectable History of Dorastus and Fawnia," contains the space of sixteen or seventeen years, and the scene is sometimes laid in Bohemia, and sometimes in Sicily, according to the original order of the story. Almost all his historical plays comprehended a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompense for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the drama, the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the poet, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is "The Life of King John, King Richard," etc. What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of Henry VI. than the picture Shakespeare has drawn of him? His manners are every where exactly the same with the story: one finds him still described with simplicity, passive

[1] Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the Poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by showing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence.

Rowe.

There is a short scene in the second part of KING HENRY VI., which I cannot think but admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shown in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his HENRY VIII., that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shown in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king; and certainly nothing was ever more justly written than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shown him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Katharine, in this play, are very movingly touched: and though the art of the Poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish the queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in Mark Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakespeare cop them. He has indeed followed his original pretty cl and taken in several little incidents that might have b spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his des seems most commonly rather to describe those g men in the several fortunes and accidents of their li than to take any single great action, and form his w simply upon that. However, there are some of his pie where the fable is founded upon one action only. S are more especially, ROMEO AND JULIET, HAMLET, OTHELLO. The design in ROMEO AND JULIET is plai the punishment of their two families, for the unreas able feuds and animosities that had been so long k up between them, and occasioned the effusion of much blood. In the management of this story, he shown something wonderfully tender and passionat the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. HAM is founded on much the same tale with the "Elect of Sophocles. In each of them a young prince is gaged to revenge the death of his father, their moth are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder their husbands, and are afterwards married to the m derers. There is in the first part of the Greek trag something very moving in the grief of Electra; but Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very natural and shocking in the manners he has given princess and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbr his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barous action is performed, though not immediat upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear temnestra crying out to Ægysthus for help, and to son for mercy; while Electra her daughter, and princess, (both of them characters that ought to h appeared with more decency,) stands upon the sta and encourages her brother in the parricide. W horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wic woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth the story, she was killed by her own son; but to present an action of this kind on the stage, is certai an offence against those rules and manners proper to persons that ought to be observed there. On the c trary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Sha speare. Hamlet is represented with the same pi towards his father, and resolution to revenge his dea as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his moth guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened incest; but it is with wonderful art and justness of ju ment that the Poet restrains him from doing violence his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he mal his father's ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:—

> "But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
> And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
> To prick and sting her."

This is to distinguish rightly between *horror* and *terr* The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the form ought always to be carefully avoided. And certain no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raisi *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakespea has done. The whole tragedy of MACBETH, but m especially the scene where the King is murdered, in t second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of th manly spirit with which he writ; and both show h powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to c

that they are capable of. I cannot leave HAMLET, ut taking notice of the advantage with which we een this master-piece of Shakespeare distinguish upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's fine perform- f that part. A man, who, though he had no other qualities, as he has a great many, must have made ay into the esteem of all men of letters by this excellency. No man is better acquainted with speare's manner of expression, and indeed he has d him so well, and is so much a master of him, whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it een written on purpose for him, and that the author xactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a ular obligation to him for the most considerable f the passages relating to this life, which I have ransmitted to the public; his veneration for the ry of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a ey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up remains he could of a name for which he had so a veneration.

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the foregoing JOHNSON added one passage, which related, as communicated to him by ROWE.

In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir.* In time, Shakespeare found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespeare's boys.*

Queen Elizabeth.

House in Henley Street, about 1820.

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ABRIDGED FROM COLLIER.

CHAPTER I.

It has been supposed that some of the paternal ancestors of William Shakespeare were advanced, and rewarded with lands and tenements in Warwickshire, for services rendered to Henry VII. The rolls of that reign have been recently most carefully searched, and the name of Shakespeare, according to any mode of spelling it, does not occur in them.

Many Shakespeares were resident in different parts of Warwickshire, as well as in some of the adjoining counties, at an early date. The register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle, or Knowle, beginning in 1407 and ending in 1535, when it was dissolved, contains various repetitions of the name, during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII. Malone carries back his information regarding the Shakespeares of Warwick no higher than 1602, but a William Shakespeare was drowned in the Avon, near Warwick, in 1574, a John Shakespeare was resident on "the High Pavement" in 1578, and a Thomas Shakespeare in the same place in 1585.

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon is 1555, when T. Siche instituted a proceeding in the court of the bailiff, for the recovery of 8*l.* from John Shakespeare, who in the Latin record of the suit is called "glover." Taking it for granted, as we have reason to do, that this John Shakespeare was the father of the poet, the document shows that he was a glover, and not a butcher, as Aubrey had affirmed,[1] nor a dealer in wool, as Rowe had stated;[1] as this testimony is unquestionably more authentic than either of these traditions.

Though the register is in the law-Latin of the ti John Shakespeare's trade, "glover," is expresse English by the common contraction for the termin of the word; and it is, as usual at the time, spelled the letter *u* instead of *v*. But although John Shakesp is often subsequently mentioned in the records o corporation of Stratford, no addition accompanie name. We may presume that in 1556, he was e lished in his business, because on the 30th April of year he was one of twelve jurymen of a court Thus we find him in 1556 acting as a regular tra inhabitant of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Little doubt can be entertained that he came Snitterfield, three miles from Stratford; and upon point we have several new documents before us

[1] Aubrey's words are these:—"William Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high and make a speech." But at what date Aubrey obtained formation has not been ascertained: Malone conjectured Aubrey was in Stratford about 1680: he died about 1700, a all probability, obtained his knowledge from the same sou the writer of a letter, dated April 10, 1693, to Mr. Edward S well, printed in 1838. It appears from hence that the parish of Stratford, who was "above eighty years old" in 1693, ha Mr. Edward Southwell's correspondent that William Shakes had been "bound apprentice to a butcher;" but he did n that his father was a butcher, nor did he add any thing as a as Aubrey subjoins, respecting the killing of a calf "in style."

[1] Rowe is supposed to have derived his materials from B ton, the actor, who died in 1710, and who, it is said, went to ford to collect such particulars as could be obtained: the d his visit is not known.

s from them, that a person of the name of Richard peare was resident at Snitterfield in 1550: he nant of a house and land belonging to Robert (or Ardern, as the name was anciently spelled,) necote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. By a rance, dated 21st December, 11th Henry VIII., d that Robert Arden then became possessed of and land in Snitterfield: the property descended son, and it was part of this estate which was ed by Richard Shakespeare in 1550. If we sup- ichard Shakespeare of Snitterfield to have been her of John Shakespeare of Stratford, who mar- Iary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert it will explain the manner in which John Shake- became introduced to the family of the Ardens. ert Arden, who married Agnes Webbe, and died 3, had seven daughters, as in 1550 he executed eds, by which he settled in trust for some of his ers, certain lands and tenements.[1] In these he mentions six daughters by name, four of them d and two single. Mary, his youngest daughter, t included, and it is possible that he had either some other provision for her, or that, by a sepa- nd subsequent deed of trust, he gave to her an lent in Snitterfield for what he had made over to ers. It is certain that Mary Arden brought pro- n Snitterfield, as part of her fortune, to her hus- ohn Shakespeare.

y are thus described: "*Totum illud messuagium meum, et tronas terræ, cum pratis eisdem pertinentibus, cum suis per- in Snytterfylde, quæ nunc sunt in tenura cujusdam Ricardi ac totum illud cottagium meum, cum gardino et pomario ibus, cum suis pertinentiis, in Snytterfyld, quæ nunc sunt Hugonis Porter.*"

The Ardens were an ancient family in Warwickshire, which derived its name from the forest of Arden, or Ardern, in or near which they had possessions; yet Robert Arden, in these deeds, is called "husbandman:" "*Robertus Ardern de Wilmecote, in parochia de Aston Cantlowe, in comitatu Warwici*, husbandman." But it is evident from his will that he was a man of good landed estate. His seventh daughter, Mary, John Shakespeare married in 1557, which date is fixed by these facts.

Mary Arden and her sister Alicia were certainly unmarried, when they were appointed "*executores*" under their father's will, dated 24th November, 1556, and it is probable that they were chosen on that account, in preference to their married sisters. Joan, the first child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, was baptized in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon on the 15th September, 1558, so that we may fix their union towards the close of 1557, about a year after the death of Robert Arden.

What were the circumstances of John Shakespeare at this time, we can only conjecture; he seems to have been established, a year before, in business as a glover, a branch of trade much carried on in that part of the kingdom, and he served upon the jury of a court-leet in 1556; and his union with the youngest of seven coheiresses, brought him some independent property.

Under her father's will she inherited 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in money, and a small estate in fee, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, called Asbyes, consisting of a messuage, fifty acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, and a right of common for all kinds of cattle. Malone's estimate, that Mary Arden's fortune was equal to 110*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, seems an under calculation of its value. He

Stratford Church, east end, with Charnel-house.

also speculated, that at the time of their marriage John Shakespeare was twenty-seven years old, and Mary Arden eighteen; but we have no evidence upon the point. Had she been so young, it seems unlikely that her father would have appointed her one of his executors in the preceding year, and we incline to think that she must have been of age in November, 1556.

On the 2d October, 1556, John Shakespeare became the owner of two copy-hold houses in Stratford, the one in Greenhill-street, with a garden and croft attached to it, and a house in Henley-street, with a garden; for each he was to pay to the lord of the manor an annual rent of sixpence. In 1557 he was again sworn as a juryman upon the court-leet, and in the spring of the following year he was amerced in the sum of fourpence for not keeping clean the gutter in front his dwelling.[1] It is probable that he was first admitt a member of the corporation of Stratford in 1557, wh he was made one of the ale-tasters of the town; and September, 1558, he was appointed one of the fo constables. He continued constable in 1559, and was besides one of four persons, called affeerors, whc duty it was to impose fines upon their fellow-townsm for offences against the bye-laws of the borough.

[1] The original memorandum runs thus:—

"Francis Berbage, Master Baly that now ys, Adreane Quy Mr. Hall, Mr. Clopton, for the gutter alonge the chappell in Ch pell Lane, John Shakspeyr, for not kepynge of their gutters cles they stand amerced."

The sum which they were so amerced, 4*d.*, is placed above names of each of the parties.

Stratford Church, west end

Room in the House in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born.

CHAPTER II.

N SHAKESPEARE'S eldest child, Joan, baptized, as
y stated, on the 15th September, 1558, died in
fancy. In the registers of marriages, baptisms,
eaths at Stratford, some confusion has been pro-
by the fact, that two persons of the name of John
speare were living in the town at the same time,
is not easy to distinguish between the entries
relate to the one, or to the other: thus, it was
rly thought that John Shakespeare, the father of
et, had lost his first wife, Mary Arden, and had
a second, in consequence of a memorandum in
gister, showing that on the 25th November, 1584,
Shakespeare had married Margery Roberts; Ma-
however, has succeeded in proving, that this entry
thers, of the births of Philip, Ursula, and Hum-
Shakespeare, relate to John Shakespeare, a shoe-
r, and not to John Shakespeare the glover.
n Shakespeare was again chosen one of the affeer-
Stratford in 1561, and he and his associates seem
e displayed great vigilance and perhaps severity
he number of persons who were amerced in sums
g from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 2*d.* "The bailiff that now is,"
ned 3*s.* 4*d.* for "breaking the assize," he being a
mon baker:" three other bakers were severally
lled to pay similar amounts on the same occasion,
r the same offence. In September following, John
speare was elected one of the chamberlains of the
gh, a responsible post, in which he remained two

second child, Margaret, or Margareta, (as the
stands in the register,) was baptized on the 2d
nber, 1562. She was buried on 30th April, 1563.
ear afterwards William Shakespeare was born.
day of his birth cannot be fixed with absolute
nty, but he was baptized on 26th April, 1564,
e memorandum in the register is in the following

1564. *April* 26. *Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere.*"

So that whoever kept the book either committed a common clerical error, or was no great proficient in the rules of grammar. It seems likely that our great dramatist had been brought into the world only three days before he was baptized,[1] and it was then the custom to carry infants very early to the font. A house is still pointed out by tradition, in Henley-street, as that in which William Shakespeare first saw the light, and we know that his father was the owner of two copy-hold dwellings in Henley-street and Greenhill-street; it is probable that the birth took place in the former. William was at this time the only child of his parents, they having previously lost their two girls.

A malignant fever, denominated the plague, broke out in Stratford while he was in extreme infancy; he was not two months old when it made its appearance, having been brought from London, where, according to Stow, it raged with great violence throughout the year 1563. and did not so far abate that term could be kept at Westminster, until Easter, 1564. It was most fatal at Stratford between June and December, 1564, and Malone calculated that it carried off in that interval more than a seventh part of the whole population, consisting of about fourteen hundred inhabitants. It does not appear that it reached any member of the immediate family of John Shakespeare, and it is not at all unlikely that he avoided its ravages by quitting Stratford for Snitterfield, where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as a tenant.

[1] The inscription on his monument supports the opinion that he was born on the 23d April: without the contractions it runs thus:—

"*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53, *die* 23 *Aprilis*:"

and this, in truth, is the only evidence upon the point. Malone referred to the statement of the Rev. J. Greene, as an authority, but he was master of the free-school at Stratford nearly two centuries after the death of Shakespeare, and, in all probability, spoke only from the tenor of the inscription in the church.

That John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, though not in affluent circumstances, appears from a piece of evidence in the records of Stratford, being a list of the names of persons in the borough who, on this calamitous visitation of the plague, contributed to the relief of the poor. The meeting at which it was determined to collect subscriptions with this object was convened in the open air, "At a hall holden in our garden," etc.; no doubt on account of the infection. The donations varied between 7*s.* 4*d.* (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symens) and 6*d.*; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare is 1*s.* Of twenty-four persons enumerated five others gave the same amount, while six gave less: the bailiff contributed 3*s.* 4*d.* and the head alderman 2*s.* 8*d.* while ten more put down either 2*s.* 6*d.* or 2*s.* each, and another 4*s.* These subscriptions were raised on the 30th August, but on the 6th September, a further sum being required, the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1*s.* each, Adrian Quyney 1*s.* 6*d.*, and John Shakespeare and four others 6*d.* each. We are, we think, warranted in concluding, that in 1564 John Shakespeare was an industrious and thriving tradesman.

He continued to advance in rank and importance in the corporation, and he was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford on the 4th July, 1565; and rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about four years and a half old, he became the chief officer or bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas 1569, the autumn being the period of election. In the mean time his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on the 13th October, 1566.

Joan seems to have been a favourite name with the Shakespeares; for a third daughter, born to John an Mary Shakespeare, they also baptized Joan, 15th Apri 1569. The partiality for the name of Joan, in this in stance, may be accounted for by the fact that a materna aunt, married to Edward Lambert, was called Joan and it is possible that she stood god-mother upon bot occasions.

We have now traced John Shakespeare throug various offices in the borough of Stratford, until h reached the highest distinction which it was in th power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow: he was bailif and *ex-officio* a magistrate.

Two new documents have recently come to ligh which belong to this period, and which show, beyon all dispute, that although John Shakespeare had rise to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford with his name in the commission of the peace, he wa not able to write. The records of the borough establis that in 1565, when John Wheler was called upon b nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake th duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelv other marksmen, including George Whately, the the bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the "head alderman." Ther was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability t write; and if there were any doubt upon this point (it being a little ambiguous whether the *signum* referre to the name of Thomas Dyxun, or of John Shakespeare, it is put at rest by two warrants, (in possession of th Shakespeare Society,) granted by John Shakespeare a bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3d, and the othe the 9th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the caption of J Ball and R. Walcar, for debt, to both of which his mar only is appended. The same fact is established b two other documents of a later date, to which we shal hereafter advert.

Ancient Font, formerly in Stratford Church

Chapel of the Guild, and Grammar School. Street front.

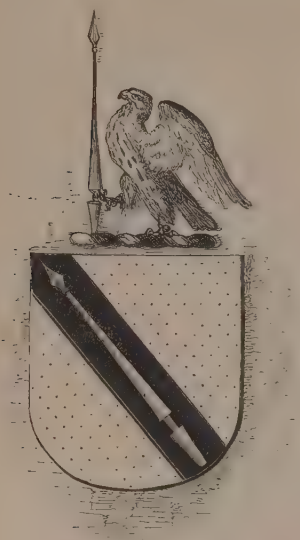
CHAPTER III.

HOUGH John Shakespeare could not write his
it has been stated, and believed, that while he
the office of bailiff he obtained a grant of arms
Clarencieux Cooke, who was in office from 1566
2. We doubt this fact, for though Cooke's original
in which he entered the arms he granted, has
reserved in the Heralds' College, we find in it no
f any grant to John Shakespeare: it is true that
ok might not contain memoranda of all the arms
granted. A confirmation of these arms was made
6, but we cannot but think, that this was obtained
personal instance of the Poet, who had then
sed, or was on the eve of purchasing New Place,
e great house," in Stratford. The confirmation
that the heralds had been "by credible report
ed," that "the parents and late antecessors" of
Shakespeare "were for their valiant and faithful
s advanced and rewarded of the most prudent
, Henry the Seventh;" but, in the rolls of that
we discover no trace of advancement or reward
Shakespeare. It is true that the Ardens were
lvanced and rewarded;" and these, though not
the "parents," were the "antecessors" of
n Shakespeare. In 1599, an exemplification
s was procured, and in this it is asserted that the
grandfather" of John Shakespeare had been
nced and rewarded with lands and tenements"
nry VII. Our Poet's "great grandfather," by
ther's side, was so "advanced and rewarded;" and we know that he did "faithful and approved service" to that "most prudent prince."

It is also stated, at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that John Shakespeare "showeth" a patent "under Clarence Cooke's hand:", the word seems originally to have been *sent*, over which "showeth" was written: if the original patent, had been *sent* to the Heralds' College in 1596, there could have been little question about it; but "showeth" is more indefinite, and may mean only, that the party applying for the confirmation alleged that Cooke had granted such a coat of arms. That William Shakespeare could not have procured a grant of arms for himself in 1596 is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor, (a profession then much looked down upon,) and not of a rank in life to entitle him to it: he, therefore, may have put forward his father's name and claims, as having been bailiff of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Ardens under Henry VII., one of whom was his maternal "great grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the marriage of his father with an Arden, were his "antecessors."

We only doubt whether John Shakespeare obtained any grant of arms, in 1568–9; the documents relating to this grant, in the Heralds' College, are full of corrections and interlineations, particularly as regards the ancestors of John Shakespeare, and we are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1596, the heralds made a confusion between the "great grand-

father" and the "antecessors" of John, and of William Shakespeare. What is stated, as to parentage and descent, is true as regards William Shakespeare, but erroneous as regards his father.[1]



Arms of John Shakespeare.

It appears that Sir William Dethick, garter-king-at-arms in 1596 and 1599, was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose station in society and circumstances gave them no right to the distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarencieux Cooke really put his name in 1568–9 to any such patent as, it was asserted, had been exhibited to Dethick, a copy of it, or some record of it, would probably have remained in the office; and the production of that, proving that he had acted on the precedent of Clarencieux Cooke would have aided to justify Dethick. No copy, nor record, was produced, merely the memorandum, that an original grant had been *sent* or *shown*, which may have been added wh Dethick's conduct was called in question; and so other statements are made at the bottom of the sa document, which would be material to Garter's vindi tion, but which are not borne out by facts. One of th statements is, that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was wo 500*l.*, an error certainly as regarded him, but a tr probably as regarded his son.

It is of little moment whether John Shakespeare or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was bailiff Stratford; but we think that he did not, and that assertion that he did, and that he was worth 500*l.* 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he sub quently wanted to make out his own vindication fr the charge of having conceded arms to various pers without due caution and inquiry.

In 1570, when William Shakespeare was in seventh year, his father was in possession of a fi called Ingon, or Ington, meadow, within two miles Stratford, which he held under William Clopton. T instrument proving his tenancy is dated 11th June, 15 and only states the fact, that on 11th December, 15 it was in his occupation. The annual payment for was 8*l.*, a considerable sum, certainly, for that tim but there is no evidence of "a good dwelling-house a orchard" upon the field, as Malone conjectured, and is not likely that John Shakespeare employed it agricultural purposes. That he lived in Stratford at t time we infer from the fact, that on the 28th Septemb 1571, a second daughter, named Anne, was baptized the parish church. He had thus four children livi William, Gilbert, Joan, and Anne, but the last died an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 15 On the baptism of his daughter Anne, he was, for t first time, called "*Magister* Shakespeare" in the La entry in the Register—a distinction he seems to ha acquired by having served the office of bailiff two ye before; another child, Richard, was baptized 11th Marc 1573–4, as the son of "*Mr.* John Shakespeare."

The increase of his family seems, for some time, have been accompanied by an increase of his mea and in 1574 he gave Edmund and Emma Hall 40*l.* two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, Henley-street; and he was already the owner of a cop hold tenement in the same street, which he had boug in 1556, before his marriage. To one of the two la purchased dwellings John Shakespeare is supposed have removed his family; but, for aught we know, had lived from the time of his marriage, and continu to live in 1574, in the house in Henley-street, bought 1556. It does not appear that he had ever parted wi that house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of thr houses in Henley-street. Forty pounds, even allowi for great difference in value of money, seems a small su for two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards.

It is indisputable that soon after the tide of Jo Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he exp rienced disappointments and losses which seriously a fected his pecuniary circumstances. This appears fro several facts. At a borough hall on the 29th Januar 1578, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratfo should pay 6*s.* 8*d.*, and every burgess 3*s.* 4*d.* towar "the furniture of three pikemen, two billmen, and o

[1] The confirmation and the exemplification differ slightly as to the mode in which the arms are set out: in the former it is thus: "I have therefore assigned, graunted, and by these have confirmed, this shield or cote of arms, viz. gould, on a bend sable and a speare of the first, the point steeled, proper; and for his crest or cognizance a faulcon, his wings displayed, argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare gould steele as aforesaid. sett uppon a helmett with mantelles and tasselles as hath been accustomed." In the exemplification the arms are stated as follows: "In a field of gould upon a bend sables a speare of the first, the poynt upward, hedded argent; and for his crest or cognisance a falcon with his wyngs displayed, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare armed hedded or steeled sylver, fyxed upon a helmet, with mantelles and tasselles." In the confirmation, as well as in the exemplification, it is stated that the arms are "depicted in the margin;" and in the latter a reference is made to another escutcheon, in which the arms of Shakespeare are impaled with "the auncyent arms of Arden of Wellingcote, signifying thereby that it maye and shall be lawfull for the said John Shakespeare, gent, to beare and use the same shield of arms, single, or impaled as aforesaid, during his naturall lyffe." The motto, as given at the head of the confirmation, is—

NON SANZ DROICT.

For "Arden of Wellingcote" the heralds should have said, Arden of Wilmecote

er." Now, though John Shakespeare was not only derman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in he was allowed to contribute only 3*s.* 4*d.*, as if ad been merely a burgess: Plymley, another alder- paid 5*s.*, while others contributed 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.*

In November, 1578, when it was required that alderman should "pay weekly to the relief of the 4*d.*," John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were pted: they were "not to be taxed to pay any ," while two others were rated at 3*d.* a week. In h, 1578–9, when another call was made upon the for the purpose of purchasing corslets, calivers, the name of John Shakespeare is found, at the end e account, in a list of persons whose "sums were id and unaccounted for." Another fact indicates n 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money: wed a baker of the name of Roger Sadler 5*l.*, for h Edmund Lambert, and one Cornishe, had become ity: Sadler, in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, ded the following among the debts due to him:— m of Edmund Lambert and Cornishe, for the debt r. John Shacksper, 5*l.*"

Edmund Lambert, John Shakespeare, in 1578, gaged his wife's estate in Aston Cantlowe, called es, for 40*l.*; and so severe the pressure of his ne- ties about this date seems to have been, that in he parted with his wife's interest in two tenements nitterfield, for the small sum of 4*l.* The original , with the bond, (both bearing date 15th Oct. 1579,) cribed with the distinct marks of John and Mary espeare, and sealed with their respective seals, is e hands of the Shakespeare Society. His houses in ford descended to his son, but they may have been gaged at this period, and it is indisputable that Shakespeare divested himself, in 1578 and 1579, e landed property his wife had brought him.[1]

[1] The property is thus described in the deed of sale. For and consideration of the sum of 4*l.* in hand paid, they "give, graunte, bargayne, and sell unto the said Robert Webbe, his heires and assignes for ever, all that theire moitye, parte, and partes, be it more or lesse, of and in two messuages or tenementes, with thappurtennances, sette, lyinge and beynge in Snitterfield aforesaid, in the said county of Warwicke." The deed terminates thus:—

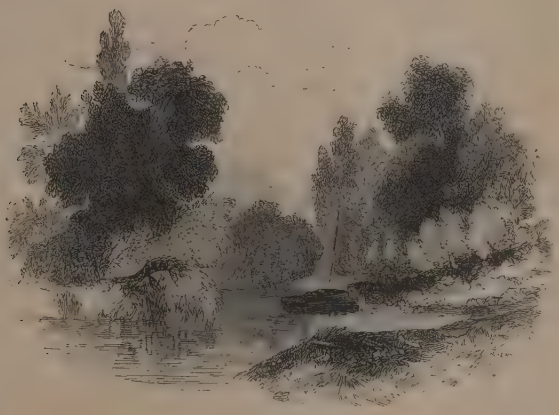
"In witnesse whereof the parties above said to these present indentures interchangeablie have put their handes and seales, the day and yeare fyrst above wrytten

"The marke + of John Shackspere. The marke M of Marye Shackspere.

"Sealed and delivered in the presens of
Nycholas Knoolles, Vicar of Anston,
Wyllyam Maydes, and Anthony Osbaston, with other moe."

The seal affixed by John Shakespeare has his initials I. S. upon it, while that appended to the mark of his wife represents a rudely-engraved horse. The mark of Mary Shakespeare seems to have been intended for an uncouth imitation of the letter M. With reference to the word "moiety," used throughout the indenture, it is to be remembered that at its date the term did not, as now, imply *half*, but any part or share. Shakespeare repeatedly so uses it.

It has been supposed that he might not at this time reside in Stratford-upon-Avon, and that for this reason he contributed so little, in 1578. This is refuted by the fact, that in the deed for the sale of his wife's property in Snitterfield to Webbe, in 1579, he is called "John Shackspere of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "*Johannem Shackspere de Stratford-upon-Avon, in comitat. Warwici.*" In both these documents, John Shakespeare is termed "yeoman," and not *glover:* perhaps in 1579, although he continued to occupy a house in Stratford, he had relinquished his original trade, and having embarked in agricultural pursuits, to which he had not been educated, had been unsuccessful. This may account for some of his difficulties. In the midst of them, in the spring of 1580, another son, named Edmund, was born, and christened at the parish church, as the son of "*Mr. John Shakspere.*"



Near Luddington.

Inner Court of the Grammar School.

CHAPTER IV.

At this period, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and in what way he had been educated is mere matter of conjecture. It is highly probable that he was at the free-school of Stratford, founded in the reign of Edward IV., and chartered by Edward VI.; but we are destitute of all evidence beyond Rowe's assertion. Between 1570 and 1578, Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins, were successively masters, and from them he must have derived the rudiments of his learning. That his father and mother could give him no instruction of the kind is quite certain from the proof that neither of them could write; but this deficiency might render them more desirous that their eldest son, at least, should receive the best education circumstances would allow. The free grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare availed themselves.

As we are ignorant of the time when he went to school, we are also in the dark as to when he left it. Rowe, indeed, has told us that the poverty of John Shakespeare, and the necessity of employing his son profitably at home, induced him, at an early age, to withdraw him from the place of instruction. Such may have been the case; but we must not leave out of view that the education of the son of a member of the corporation would cost nothing; so that, if the boy were removed from school at the period of his father's embarrassments, the expense of continuing his studies there could not have entered into the calculation: he must have been taken away, as Rowe states, in orde to aid his father in the maintenance of the family.

Aubrey has asserted positively, in his manuscript that, "in his younger years, Shakespeare had been schoolmaster in the country;" and the truth may b that being rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, h had been employed by the master of the school to ai him in the instruction of the junior boys. Such a cours is certainly not unusual, and it may account for this pa of Aubrey's narrative.

We decidedly concur with Malone in thinking th after Shakespeare quitted the free-school, he was em ployed in the office of an attorney. Proofs of some thing like a legal education are to be found in man of his plays; and we doubt if, in the whole works o Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman Marston, Decker, and Webster, so many law terms an allusions are to be found, as in some six or eight play by Shakespeare: moreover, they are applied wit much technical exactness and propriety. Malone ha accumulated some of these, and it would be easy t multiply them.[1] We may presume that, if so employ

1 A passage from the epistle of Thomas Nash before Greene "Menaphon," has been held by some to apply to Shakespeare, his Hamlet, and to his early occupation in an attorney's offic The terms Nash employs are these; and it is to be observe that by *noverint* he means an attorney or attorney's clerk, em ployed to draw up bonds, etc., commencing *Noverint univers* etc. "It is a common practice now-a-dayes, amongst a sort o shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive b none, to leave the trade of *noverint*, whereto they were born

was paid something for his services; for, if he to earn nothing, his father could have had no for taking him from school. Supposing him to eased to receive instruction from Jenkins in 1579, John Shakespeare's distresses were apparently evere, we may easily imagine that he was, for the ear or two, in the office of one of the seven attor- Stratford, whose names Malone preserves. That te a good hand we are sure, not only from the specimens of his signature, when we may sup- im to have been in health, but from the ridicule in HAMLET, he throws upon such as affected to llegibly:—

"I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair."

th, many of his dramatic contemporaries wrote ntly: Ben Jonson's penmanship was beautiful: eele, Chapman, Decker, and Marston, (to say g of some inferior authors,) must have given s and copyists little trouble.[1]

ie themselves with the indevours of art, that could Latinize their neck verse, if they should have neede: yet Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, *d is a begger*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire tie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should lfuls of tragical speeches."

certain also that Shakespeare wrote with great facility, t his compositions required little correction. This fact upon the indubitable assertion of Ben Jonson, who thus n his "Discoveries," written in old age, when, as he tells nemory began to fail, and printed with the date of 1641:— nember the players have often mentioned it as an honour espeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he lotted out line. My answer hath been, Would he had a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chuse that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the use of it had been so too!"

Ben Jonson then adds in conclusion:—"But he redeemed his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised, than to be pardoned." Consistently with what Ben Jonson tells us above the players had "often mentioned," we find the following in the address of Heminge and Condell, "To the great variety of Readers," before the folio of 1623:—"His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

[1] The instrument, divested of useless formal contractions, runs thus:—

"Noverint universi per presentes, nos Fulconem Sandells de Stratford in comitatu Warwici, agricolam, et Johannem Richardson ibidem agricolam, teneri et firmiter obligari Ricardo Cosin, generoso, et Roberto Warmstry, notario publico, in quadraginta libris bonæ et legalis monetæ, Angliæ solvendis eisdem Ricardo et Roberto, heredibus, executoribus, vel assignatis suis, ad quam quidem solutionem bene et fideliter faciendam obligamus nos, et utrumque nostrum, per se pro toto et in solido, heredes, executores, et administratores nostros firmiter per presentes, sigillis nostris sigillatos. Datum 28 die Novembris, anno Regni Dominæ nostræ

Excepting by tradition, we hear not a syllable regarding William Shakespeare from the time of his birth until he had considerably passed his eighteenth year, and then we suddenly come to his marriage with Anne Hathaway, which could not have taken place before the 28th November, 1582, because on that day two persons, named Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, entered into a preliminary bond,[1] in the penalty of 40*l.*, if it were

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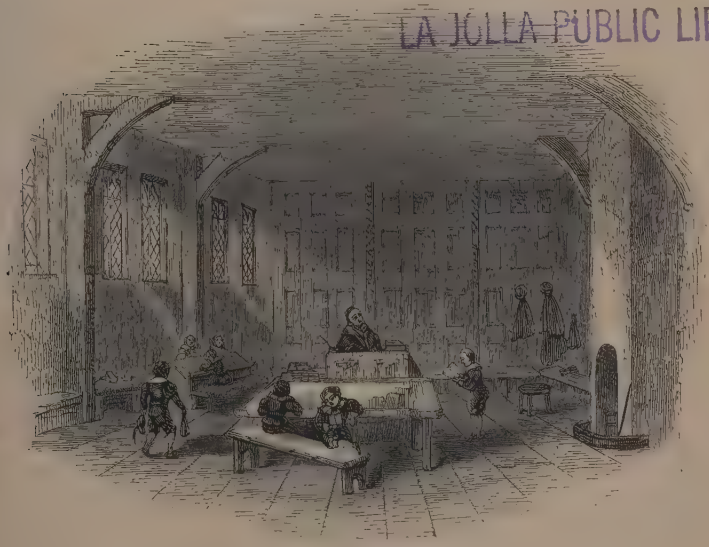


Interior of the Grammar School.

thereafter found that there existed any lawful impediment to the solemnization of matrimony between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford. It is not known where the ceremony was performed, but certainly not at Stratford-upon-Avon,[1] to which both the parties belonged, where the bondsmen resided, and where it might be expected that it would have been registered. The object of the bond was to obtain such a dispensation from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom after only a single publication of the banns; and it is not to be concealed, or denied, that the whole proceeding indicates haste and secresy. However, it ought not to escape notice that the seal used to the bond, although damaged, has upon it the initials R. H., as if it had belonged to R. Hathaway, the father of the bride, and had been used on the occasion with his consent.[2]

Considering all the circumstances, there might be good reasons why the father of Anne Hathaway should concur in the alliance, independently of any regard to the worldly prospects of the parties. The first child of William and Anne Shakespeare was christened Susanna, on 26th May, 1583.[3] Anne was between seven and eight years older than her young husband, and several passages in his plays have been pointed out, which seem to point directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were "misgraffed in respect of years." The most remarkable of these is the well-known speech of the Duke to Viola, in TWELFTH NIGHT, where he says—

> "—— Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
> So sways she level in her husband's heart:
> For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
> Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are."

Afterwards the Duke adds—

> "Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent."

Whether these lines did or did not originate in the author's reflections upon his own marriage, they are applicable to his own case, that it seems impossible he should have written them without recalling the circumstances attending his hasty union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. Such, we know was the opinion of Coleridge, expressed on two distinct occasions in his lectures:—"I cannot hesitate in believing," observed Coleridge, in 1815, "that in this passage from TWELFTH NIGHT, Shakespeare meant to give caution arising out of his own experience; and, but for the fact of the disproportion in point of years between himself and his wife, I doubt much whether the dialogue between Viola and the Duke would have conceived this turn."[1] It is incident to our nature that youths, just advancing to manhood, should feel with peculiar strength the attraction of women whose charms have reached the full-blown summer of beauty; but we cannot think that it is a necessary consequence that Anne Hathaway should have possessed peculiar personal advantages. It may be remarked, that poets have often appeared blind to the features and persons of their mistresses, since, in proportion to the strength of their imaginative faculty, they have been able to supply physical deficiencies. Coleridge was aware, if not from his own particular case, from recorded examples, that the beauty of the objects of the affection of poets was sometimes more fanciful than real; and his notion was that Anne Hathaway was a woman with whom the boyish Shakespeare had fallen in love, perhaps from proximity of residence and frequency of intercourse, and that she had not any peculiar recommendations as a personal description. However, we have no evidence either way; and when Oldys remarks upon the ninety-third Sonnet, that it "seems to have been addressed by Shakespeare to his beautiful wife, on some suspicion of her infidelity," it is clear that he was under an entire mistake as to the individual: the lines—

> "So shall I live supposing thou art true
> Like a deceived husband; so love's face
> May still seem love to me," etc.—

were most certainly not applied to his wife; and Oldys could have had no other ground for asserting that Anne Hathaway was "beautiful," than general supposition and the erroneous belief that a sonnet like that from which we have made a brief quotation had Shakespeare's wife for its object.

We may here remark that the balance of such imperfect information as remains to us, leads us to the opin-

Elizabethæ, Dei gratia Angliæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Reginæ, Fidei Defensoris, etc. 25°.

"The condition of this obligation ys suche, that if hereafter there shall not appere any lawfull lett or impediment, by reason of any precontract, consanguinitie, affinitie, or by any other lawfull meanes whatsoever, but that William Shagspere one thone partie, and Anne Hathwey, of Stratford in the Dioces of Worcester, maiden, may lawfully solemnize matrimony together, and in the same afterwards remain and continew like man and wiffe, according unto the lawes in that behalf provided: and moreover, if there be not at this present time any action, suite, quarrel, or demaund, moved or depending before any judge, ecclesiastical or temporal, for and concerning any suche lawfull lett or impediment: and moreover, if the said William Shagspere do not proceed to solemnization of marriadg with the said Anne Hathwey without the consent of her frinds: and also if the said William do, upon his owne proper costs and expenses, defend and save harmles the Right Reverend Father in God, Lord John Bushop of Worcester, and his offycers, for licencing them the said William and Anne to be maried together with once asking of the bannes of matrimony betwene them, and for all other causes which may ensue by reason or occasion thereof, that then the said obligation to be voyd, and of none effect, or els to stand and abide in fulle force and vertue."

The marks and seals of Sandells and Richardson.

[1] Malone conjectured that the marriage took place at Weston or Billesley, but the old registers there having been lost or destroyed, it is impossible to ascertain the fact. A more recent search in the registers of some of the other churches in the neighbourhood of Stratford has not been attended with any success. Possibly, the ceremony was performed in the vicinity of Worcester, but the mere fact that the bond was there executed proves nothing. An examination of the registers at Worcester has been equally fruitless.

[2] Rowe tells us, (and we are without other authority,) that Hathaway was "said to have been a substantial yeoman," and he was most likely in possession of a seal, such as John Shakespeare had used in 1579.

[3] The fact is registered in this form:—
"1583. May 26. Susanna daughter to William Shakspere."

[1] We derive this opinion from our own notes of what fell from Coleridge upon the occasion in question. The lectures, which he was then engaged, were delivered in a room belonging to the Globe tavern, in Fleet-street. He repeated the same sentiment in public in 1818, and we have more than once heard from him in private society.

akespeare was not a very happy married man. parity in age between himself and his wife from t was such, that she could not "sway level in band's heart;" and this difference became more nt as they advanced in years: may we say also, peculiar circumstances attending their marriage, birth of their first child, would not tend, even in st grateful and considerate mind, to increase that which is the chief source of confidence and comlomestic life. To this may be added the fact (by er circumstances it may have been occasioned) akespeare quitted his home at Stratford a very ars after he had become a husband and a father, t although he revisited his native town frequentultimately settled there with his family, there is f that his wife ever returned with him to London, ed with him during any of his lengthened sojourns netropolis. That she may have done so is possiid in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-rate nount that may indicate that he occupied a house hwark capable of receiving his family, but we e, as upon many other points, compelled to dene absence of distinct testimony. We put out the doubtful and ambiguous indications to be from Shakespeare's "Sonnets," which do not dicate that he was of a domestic turn, or that he ny great enjoyment in the society of his wife. That such may have been the fact we do not deny, and we willingly believe that much favourable evidence upon the point has been lost: and all we advance on the question is, that what remains is not satisfactory.

A question was formerly agitated, which the marriage bond tends to set at rest. Some of Shakespeare's biographers have contended that Anne Hathaway came from Shottery, within a mile of Stratford, while Malone argued that she was probably from Luddington, about three miles from the borough. There is no doubt that a family of the name of Hathaway had been resident at Shottery from the year 1543, and continued to occupy a house there long after the death of Shakespeare: there is also a tradition in favour of a particular cottage in the village, and, on the whole, we may conclude that Anne Hathaway was of that family. She is, however, described in the bond as "of Stratford," and it would seem that she was resident at the time in the borough, although she may have come from Shottery.[1] Had the parties seeking the license wished to misdescribe her, it might have answered their purpose better to have stated her to be of any other place rather than of Stratford.

[1] From an extract of a letter from Abraham Sturley, dated 24 January, 1598, it appears that our great dramatist then contemplated the purchase of "some odd yard-land or other at Shottery." This intention perhaps arose out of the connection of his wife with the village.

The Fireside.

The Merry Marriage.

CHAPTER V.

In the beginning of 1585 Shakespeare's wife produced him twins—a boy and a girl—and they were baptized at Stratford Church on the 2d February in that year.[1] It is a fact not unimportant, with relation to the terms of affection between Shakespeare and his wife in the subsequent part of his career, that she brought him no more children, although in 1585 she was only thirty years old.

That Shakespeare quitted his home and his family not long afterwards is certain, but no ground for this step has ever been derived from domestic disagreements. It has been alleged that he was obliged to leave Stratford on account of a scrape in which he had involved himself by stealing, or assisting in stealing deer from the grounds of Charlecote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, about five miles from the borough. Rowe, the oldest authority for this story, thus gives it:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and among them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing the park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoub the prosecution against him to that degree, that he v obliged to leave his business and family in Warwi shire for some time, and shelter himself in London."

Though Rowe is the oldest printed source of anecdote, his "Life of Shakespeare" having been p lished in 1709, Malone produced a manuscript of certain date, anterior, however, to the publication Rowe's "Life," which gives the incident some con mation. Had this manuscript authority been of same or even of more recent date, and derived from independent quarter, unconnected with Rowe or informant, it would on this account have deserv attention; but it was older than the publication Rowe's "Life," because the Rev. R. Davies, who add it to the papers of Fulman, (now in the library of Cor Christi College,) died in 1707.[1] Rowe obtained sc materials from Betterton, the actor, who died the y after Rowe's "Life" came out, and who, it has be repeatedly asserted, paid a visit to Stratford expres to glean such particulars as could be obtained regardi

[1] The registration is, of course, dated 2d February, 1584, as the year 1585 did not at that date begin until after 25th March: it runs thus:—

"1584. Feb. 2. Hamnet & Judeth sonne & daughter to Willīa Shakspere."

[1] The terms used by the Rev. Mr. Davies are these:—

"He [Shakespeare] was much given to all unluckiness in st ing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had h oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him his native country, to his great advancement. But his revet was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate; and calls him a gr man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three louses ramp for his arms." (Fulman's MSS. vol. xv.) Here we see that Dav calls Sir Thomas Lucy only "Sir Lucy," as if he did not kn his Christian name, and he was ignorant that such a character Justice Clodpate is not to be found in any of Shakespeare's pla

speare. In what year he paid that visit is not
, but Malone was of opinion that it was late in
n the contrary, we think that it must have been
ratively early in Betterton's career, when he
naturally be more enthusiastic in a pursuit of the
nd when he had not been afflicted by that disorder
which he suffered severely in his latter years, and
ch he owed his death. Betterton was born in
nd became an actor before 1660; and we should
disposed to place his journey to Stratford later
670 or 1675, when he was thirty-five or forty
ld. He was at that period in the height of his
rity, and being in the frequent habit of playing
t, Lear, and Othello, we may believe that he
be anxious to collect any information regarding
thor of those tragedies that then existed in his
town. We therefore apprehend, that Betterton
ave gone to Stratford many years before the Rev.
d Davies made his additions to Fulman's brief
t of Shakespeare, for Fulman's papers did not
e into his hands until 1688. The conclusion at
we arrive is, that Rowe's printed account is in
lder, as far as regards its origin in Betterton's in-
, than the manuscript authority[1] produced by
; and the latter does not come much recom-
d to us on any other ground. Davies must have
gnorant both of persons and plays; but this very
stance may possibly be looked upon as in favour
originality and genuineness of what he furnishes.
s not tell us whence he procured his information,
eads as if it had been obtained from some source
ndent of Betterton, and perhaps even from in-
on the spot. The whole was obviously ex-
ted and distorted, but whether by Davies, or
person from whom he derived the story, we
emain in doubt. Davies died three years before
on, and both may certainly have been indebted
information to the same parties.

eflecting upon the probability of this incident in
peare's life, it is not to be forgotten, that deer-
g, at the period referred to, was a common offence;
is referred to by several authors, and punished
e than one statute; neither was it considered to
any moral stain, but was often committed by
men, by way of frolic, for the purpose of furnish-

may, perhaps, consider the authority for the story ob-
y Oldys prior in point of date to any other. According
a gentleman of the name of Jones, of Turbich in Worces-
died in 1703, at the age of ninety, and he remembered
heard, from several old people of Stratford, the story of
eare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park; and they added
ballad, of which Rowe makes mention, had been affixed
park-gate, as an additional exasperation to the knight.
reserved a stanza of this satirical effusion, which he had
from a person of the name of Wilkes, a relation of Mr.
t runs thus:—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it:
He thinks himself great,
Yet an asse in his state
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscall it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

is called a "complete copy of the verses," contained in
's Shakespeare, by Boswell," is evidently not genuine.

ing a feast, and not with any view to sale or emolu
ment. If Shakespeare ever ran into such an indiscre-
tion, (and we cannot discredit the story,) he did no
more than many of his contemporaries; and one of the
ablest, most learned, and bitterest enemies of theatrical
performances, who wrote just before the close of the
sixteenth century, expressly mentions deer-stealing as a
venial crime of which unruly and misguided youth
was sometimes guilty, and couples it with carousing in
taverns and robbing orchards.[1]

It is possible, therefore, that the main offence against
Sir Thomas Lucy was, not stealing his deer, but writing
the ballad, and sticking it on his gate; and for this
Shakespeare may have been so "severely prosecuted"
by Sir Thomas Lucy, as to render it expedient for him
to abandon Stratford "for some time." Sir Thomas
Lucy died in 1600, and the mention of deer-stealing,
and of the "dozen white luces" by Slender, and of "the
dozen white lowses" by Sir Hugh Evans, in the open-
ing of the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR seems too ob-
vious to be mistaken, and leads us to the conviction that
the comedy was written before the demise of the Sir
Thomas Lucy, whose indignation Shakespeare had in-
curred. True it is, that the coat of arms of Sir Thomas
Lucy contained only "three luces (pike-fishes) hariant,
argent;" but it is easy to imagine, that while Shake-
speare would wish the ridicule to be understood and
felt by the knight and his friends, he might not desire
that it should be too generally intelligible, and therefore
multiplied the luces to a "dozen," instead of stating the
true number. We believe that the MERRY WIVES OF
WINDSOR was written before 1600, among other rea-
sons, because we are convinced that Shakespeare was
too generous in his nature to have carried his resentment
beyond the grave, and to have cast ridicule upon a dead

[1] Dr. John Rainolds, in his "Overthrow of Stage Playes," 4to. 1599. His words are these: "Time of recreation is necessary, I grant; and think as necessary for scholars, that are scholars indeed, I mean good students, as it is for any: yet in my opinion it were not fit for them to play at stool-ball among wenches, nor at mum-chance or maw with idle loose companions, nor at trunks in guild-halls, nor to dance about may-poles, nor to rifle in ale-houses, nor to carouse in taverns, nor to steal deer, nor to rob orchards."

This work was published at the time when the building of a new theatre, called the Fortune, belonging to Henslowe and Alleyn, was exciting a great deal of general attention, and particular animosity on the part of the Puritans. To the same import as the above quotation we might produce a passage from Forman's Diary. One of the most curious illustrations of this point is derived from a MS. note by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in a copy of Roper's "Life of Thomas More," edit. 1642, sold among the books of Horace Walpole. Speaking of Aurelian Townshend, who, he says, was a poor poet living in Barbican, near the Earl of Bridgewater's, he adds that he had "a fine fair daughter, mistress to the Palgrave first, and then afterwards to the noble Count of Dorset, a Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Garter, and *a deer-stealer*," etc. It was to William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, that the player-editors dedicated the folio SHAKESPEARE of 1623; and one of Earl Philip's MS. notes, in the volume from which we have already quoted, contains the following mention of seven dramatic poets, including Shakespeare:—"The full and heightended style of Master Chapman; the laboured and understanding works of Mr. Jhonson; Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fletcher, (brother to Nat Fletcher, Mrs. White's servant, sons to Bishop Fletcher of London, and great tobacconist, and married to my Lady Baker)—Mr. Shakespear, Mr. Deckar, Mr. Heywood." Horace Walpole registers on the titlepage of the volume that the notes were made by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

adversary, whatever might have been his sufferings while he was a living one.

Malone has attacked the story of dear-stealing on the ground that Sir Thomas Lucy never had any park at Charlecote or elsewhere, but it admits of an easy answer; for, although Sir Thomas Lucy had no park, he may have had deer, and that his successor had deer, though no park, can be proved. Malone has remarked that Sir Thomas Lucy never seems to have sent the corporation of Stratford a buck, a not unusual present to a body of the kind from persons of rank and wealth in the vicinity. This may be so; but that the Sir Thomas Lucy, who succeeded his father in 1600, made such gifts, is very certain. When Lord Keeper Egerton entertained Queen Elizabeth at Harefield, in August 1602, many of the nobility and gentry, in nearly all parts of the kingdom, sent him an abundance of presents to be used or consumed in the entertainment, and on that occasion Sir Thomas Lucy contributed "a buck," for which a reward of 6*s.* 8*d.* was given to the bringer. This single circumstance shows that if he had no park, he had deer, and it is most likely that he inherited them from his father. Thus we may conclude that the Sir Thomas Lucy, who resided at Charlecote when Shakespeare was in his youth, had venison to be stolen, although Shakespeare may not have been concerned in stealing it.

The question whether he did or did not quit Stratford for the metropolis on this account, is one upon which we shall, in all probability, never arrive at certainty. Our opinion is, that the traditions related by Rowe, and mentioned in Fulman's and in Oldy's MSS., may be founded upon an actual occurrence; but, at the same time, it is possible that that alone did not determine Shakespeare's line of conduct. His residence in Stratford may have been rendered inconvenient by the near neighbourhood of a hostile and powerful magistrate, but perhaps he would nevertheless not have quitted the town, had not other circumstances combined to produce such a decision. What those might be, we proceed now to inquire.

Aubrey, who was a very curious and minute investigator, although too credulous, says nothing about deer-stealing, but he tells us that Shakespeare was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting," and to this inclination he attributes his journey to London at an early age. That this youthful propensity existed there can be no dispute, and it is easy to trace how it may have arisen. The corporation of Stratford seem to have given great encouragement to companies of players arriving there. When itinerant actors came to any considerable town, it was their custom to wait upon the mayor, bailiff, or other head of the corporation, in order to ask permission to perform, either in the town-hall, if that could be granted to them, or elsewhere. It so happens that the earliest record of the representation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the season is not stated, but it was in 1569, when "the Queen's Players" received 9*s.* out of the corporate funds. In 1573, just before the grant of the royal license to them, the Earl of Leicester's players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, received 6*s.* 8*d.*; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17*s.* and 5*s.* 7*d.* respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the sums disbu various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and bur but we may notice, that in 1577 the players of th of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patroni the Countess of Essex. "Lord Strange's men players, but tumblers) also exhibited in the sam and in 1580 the Earl of Derby's players wer rewarded. The same encouragement was given companies of the Earls of Worcester and Berk 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of W ter's actors having been in the town. In 1583 th of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Ch performed in Stratford, while, in the next year companies appear to have visited the borough 1586 "the players" (without mentioning wha pany) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than fiv ciations were rewarded: viz. the Queen's player those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and S with "another company," the nobleman counter them not being named.

It is to be remarked that several of the player whom Shakespeare was afterwards connected, to have come originally from Stratford or its neig hood. A family of the name of Burbage was r in Stratford, and one member of it attained the h dignity in the corporation:[2] in the Muster-book county of Warwick, in 1569, preserved in the paper office, we meet in various places with the of Burbage, Slye, and Heminge, although not w same Christian names as those of the actors in speare's plays: the unusual combination of N Tooley is, however, found there; and he was a known member of the company to which Shake was attached. It is very distinctly ascertaine James Burbage, the father of the celebrated R Burbage, (the representative of many of the he the works of our great dramatist,) and one of the c builders of the Blackfriars theatre, migrated to L from that part of the kingdom, and the name of T Greene, who was indisputably of Stratford, v familiar to all who are acquainted with the hist our stage at that period. Malone supposes that T Greene might have introduced Shakespeare to th atre, and at an early date he was certainly a m of the company called the Lord Chamberlain's se how long he continued so we are without inform although we know that he became, and perha long after 1589, an actor in the rival association Alleyn, and that he was one of Queen Anne's p

[1] This was most likely one of the companies whi Queen, had directed to be formed, consisting of a se of the best actors from the associations of several nobility, and not either of the distinct bodies of "in players," who had visited Stratford while John Shakespea bailiff.

[2] Malone attributes the following order, made by the c tion of Stratford many years after the date to which we a adverting, to the growth of Puritanism; but possibly it ori in other motives, and may even have been connected w attraction of young men from their homes:—

"17. Dec. 45 Eliz: 1602. At this Hall yt is ordered, ths shall be no plays or interludes played in the Chamber, the hall, nor in any parte of the howse or courte, from hensfo upon-payne, that whoever of the Baylif, Aldermen, or Bu of the boroughe shall give leave or license thereunto, shall for everie offence—xs."

n the accession of James I., she took a company
er patronage.[1]

frequent performances of associations of actors
ford and elsewhere, and the taste for theatricals
produced, may have had the effect of drawing
ew young men in Warwickshire from their
to follow the attractive and profitable profes-
id such may have been the case with Shake-
without supposing that domestic differences,
out of disparity of age or any other cause, influ-
is determination, or that he was driven away by
ors of Sir Thomas Lucy.

s been matter of speculation, whether Shake-
isited Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth
ertained there by the Earl of Leicester, in 1575,
ether the pomp and pageantry he then witnessed
give a colour to his mind, and a direction to his
. Considering that he was then only in his
h year, we cannot believe he found his way into
rgeous and august assembly. Kenilworth was
n miles distant: John Shakespeare, although he
en bailiff, and was still head-alderman of Strat-
as not a man of sufficient rank and importance

s been conjectured, and we believe upon the evidence
llowing entry in the register of deaths at Stratford, that
vas in some way related to Shakespeare:—
1589. March 6. Thomas Green, alias Shakspere."

to be there in any official capacity; and he probably had not means to equip himself and his son for such an expedition. It may be very well as a matter of fancy to indulge such a notion, but every reasonable probability is against it.[1] That Shakespeare heard of the extensive preparations, and of the magnificent entertainment, there can be no doubt: it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in the whole of that part of the country; and if the celebrated passage in the Midsummer-Night's Dream (act ii. scene 1) had any reference to it, it did not require that Shakespeare should have been present in order to have written it, especially when, if necessary, he had Gascoigne's "Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth" and Laneham's "Letter" to assist his memory.

[1] Upon this point we differ from the Rev. Mr. Halpin in his ingenious and agreeable "Essay upon Oberon's Vision," printed by the Shakespeare Society. Bishop Percy, in his "Reliques," was the first to start the idea that Shakespeare had been present at the entertainment at Kenilworth, and the Rev. Mr. Halpin calls it "a pleasant conceit," which had been countenanced by Malone and adopted by Dr. Drake: nevertheless, he afterwards seriously argues the matter, and arrives at the conclusion that Shakespeare was present in right of his gentry on both sides of the family. This appears to us even a more "pleasant conceit" than that of Percy, Malone, and Drake, who suppose Shakespeare to have gone to Kenilworth "under the wing" of Thomas Greene.

Charlecote House. From Avenue.

Itinerant Players.

CHAPTER VI.

In reference to the period when our great dramatist abandoned his native town for London, sufficient attention has not been paid to an incident in the life of his father. John Shakespeare was deprived of his gown as alderman of Stratford, in the autumn of 1586. On the 6th September, 1586, the following memorandum was made in the register by the town-clerk:—

"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the place of John Wheler, and John Shaxspere; for that Mr. Wheler doth desyer to be put out of the companye, and Mr. Shaxspere doth not come to the halles, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long tyme."

According to this note, it was Wheler's wish to be removed from his situation of alderman, and had such also been the desire of John Shakespeare, we should, no doubt, have been told so; but there is no doubt, as Malone ascertained from an inspection of the ancient books of the borough, that he had ceased to attend the halls, when they were "warned" or summoned,[1] from the year 1579 downwards. This date of 1579 is the more important, although Malone was not aware of th fact, because it was the same year in which John Shak speare was so distressed for money, that he disposed o his wife's small property in Snitterfield for 4*l*.

We have thus additional reason for thinking, that th unprosperous state of John Shakespeare's pecunia circumstances had induced him to abstain from attend ing the ordinary meetings of the corporation, and final led to his removal from office. What connection th last event may have had with William Shakespeare determination to quit Stratford cannot be known fro any circumstances that have since come to light; but will not fail to be remarked, that in point of date th events seem to have been coincident.

Malone "supposed" that our great Poet left Stra ford "about the year 1586 or 1587:" but it seem more likely that the event happened in the former tha in the latter year. His twins, Hamnet and Judit were baptized, as we have shown, early in Februar 1585, and his father did not cease to be an alderma

[1] This use of the word "warned" occurs several times in Shakespeare: in Antony and Cleopatra, Octavius tells Antony,—

"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here:"

and in King John, after King Philip has said,—

"Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers,"

a citizen exclaims from the battlements.—

"Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"

out a year and seven months afterwards. The t his son had become a player, may have had ing to do with the lower rank his brethren of ch thought he ought to hold in the corporation; resolution of the son to abandon his home may isen out of the degradation of the father in his own; but we cannot help thinking that the two stances were in some way connected, and that od of the departure of William Shakespeare, to is fortune in a company of players in the me-, may be fixed in the latter end of 1586.

rtheless, we do not hear of him in London until ears afterwards, when we find him a sharer in ckfriars theatre. It had been constructed (or, r, if not an entirely new building, some large had been adapted to the purpose) upon part of of the dissolved monastery, because it was be-e jurisdiction of the lord-mayor and corporation lon, who had always evinced decided hostility natic representations. The undertaking seems been prosperous from the commencement; and no fewer than sixteen performers were sharers ncluding, besides Shakespeare and Burbage, Greene of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Nicholas also a Warwickshire man. In 1589 some gene-plaints seem to have been made, that improper were introduced into plays; and it is quite cer-at "the children of Paul's," as the acting choir-that cathedral were called, and the association ar professional performers occupying the Theatre reditch at this date, had introduced Martin Mar- upon their stages, in a manner that had given ffence to the Puritans. The master of the revels erposed, and having brought the matter to the dge of Lord Burghley, two bodies of players, f the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, (the y this time having advanced from tumblers to had been summoned before the lord-mayor, dered to desist from all performances. The g of other associations would probably have eneficial to that exhibiting at Blackfriars, and if eeding of any kind had been instituted against Burbage and his partners, we may presume that ould have continued quietly to reap their aug- harvest. We are led to infer, however, that o apprehended, and experienced, some restraint, ling conscious that they had given no just ground ce, they transmitted to the privy council a sort ficate of their good conduct, asserting that they er introduced into their representations matters and religion, and that no complaint of that kind r been preferred against them. This certificate into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-, and it has been preserved among his papers.[1]

In this document we see the important fact, as regards the biography of Shakespeare, that in 1589 he was not only an actor, but a sharer in the undertaking at Blackfriars; and whatever inference may be drawn from it, we find that his name, following eleven others, precedes those of Kempe, Johnson, Goodale, and Armyn. Kempe, we know, was the successor of Tarlton, (who died in 1588,) in comic parts, and must have been an actor of great value and eminence in the company: Johnson, as appears by the royal license, had been one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Leicester, in 1574. Of Goodale we have no account, but he bore a Stratford name; and Armyn, though he had been instructed by Tarlton, was perhaps at this date quite young, and of low rank in the association. The situation in the list which the name of Shakespeare occupies may seem to show that, even in 1589, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the sharers in Blackfriars theatre. In November, 1589, he was in the middle of his twenty-sixth year, and in the full strength, if not in the highest maturity, of his mental and bodily powers.

We can have no hesitation in believing that he came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and with no other view. Aubrey tells us that he was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting;" and the poverty of his father, and the difficulty of obtaining profitable employment in the country for the maintenance of his family, without other motives, may have induced him readily to give way to that inclination. Aubrey, who had probably taken due means to inform himself, adds, that "he did act exceedingly well;" and we are convinced that the opinion, founded chiefly upon a statement by Rowe, that Shakespeare was a very moderate performer, is erroneous. It seems likely that for two or three years he employed himself chiefly in the more active duties of the profession he had chosen; and Peele, who was a very practised and popular playwright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying any thing of Wadeson, regarding whom we know nothing, but that at a subsequent date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Armyn, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. There is reason to think that Peele did not continue one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants after 1590, and his extant dramas were acted by the Queen's players, or by those of the Lord Admiral: to the latter association Peele seems subsequently to have been attached, and his "Battle of Alcazar," printed in 1594, purports on the title-page to have been played by them. While Peele remained a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, Shakespeare's services as a dramatist may not materially have

on a long slip of paper, very neatly written, but without es appended.

e are to certifie your right Honble Lordships, that her poore Playeres, James Burbadge, Richard Burbadge, neham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, ndeson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillipps, Towley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Armyn, being all of them n the blacke Fryers playehouse, have never given cause asure, in that they have brought into their playes maters and Religion, unfitt to be handled by them, or to be pre-efore lewde spectators: neither hath anie complaynte in that kinde ever bene preferrde against them, or anie of them Wherefore, they trust most humblie in your Lordships considera tion of their former good behaviour, being at all tymes readie and willing, to yeelde obedience to any command whatsoever your Lordships in your wisdome may thinke in such case meete, etc.

"Nov. 1589."

Here we see that Shakespeare's name stands twelfth in the enumeration of the members of the company; but we do not rest much on the succession in which they are inserted, because among the four names which follow that of our great dramatist are certainly two performers, one of them of the highest reputation, and the other of long standing in the profession.

interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele had joined a rival establishment, he may have been much more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming known, he was less frequently a performer

Out of the sixteen shares of which the company he belonged to consisted, in 1589, (besides the usual proportion of "hired men," who only took inferior characters,) there would be more than a sufficient number for the representation of most plays, without the assistance of Shakespeare. He was, doubtless, soon busily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the rareness of his appearance on the stage will of course apply more strongly in his after-life, when he produced one or more dramas every year.

His instructions to the players in HAMLET have often been noticed as establishing that he was admirably acquainted with the theory of the art; and if, as Rowe asserts, he only took the short part of the Ghost in this tragedy, we are to recollect that even if he had considered himself competent to it, the study of such a character as Hamlet, (the longest on the stage as it is now acted, and still longer as it was originally written,) must have consumed more time than he could well afford to bestow upon it, especially when we call to mind that there was a member of the company who had hitherto represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubted as his popularity was extraordinary. To Richard Burbage was therefore assigned the arduous character of the Prince, while the author took the brief, but important part of the Ghost, which required person, deportment, judgment, and voice, with a delivery distinct, solemn, and imp sive. All the elements of a great actor were ne for the due performance of "the buried majesty Denmark."[1]

It may be observed, in passing, that at the perio our drama, such as it existed in the hands of Sh speare's immediate predecessors, authors were n commonly actors also. Such was the case with Gre Marlowe, Lodge, Peele, probably Nash, Munday, son, and others: the same practice prevailed with s of their successors, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Web Field, etc.; but at a somewhat later date dramatist not appear to have trodden the stage. We have hint that Decker, Chapman, or Marston, though temporary with Ben Jonson, were actors; and singer, Beaumont, Fletcher, Middleton, Daborne, Shirley, who may be said to have followed them far as we now know, never had any thing to do the performance of their own dramas, or of thos other poets. In their day the two departments author and actor seem to have been generally disti while the contrary was certainly the case some y anterior to the demise of Elizabeth.

It is impossible to determine what Shakespeare or had not written in 1589. That he had chiefly ployed his pen in the revival, alteration, and impr ment of existing dramas we are disposed to believe, that he had not ventured upon original compositio would be too bold to assert. The COMEDY OF ERR

[1] "His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have inquired, I never could meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own HAMLET."—*Rowe's Life.* Shakespeare's name stands first among the players of "Every Man in his Humour," and fifth among those of "Sejanus."

[1] From a MS. epitaph upon Burbage, (who died in 1619,) among the books of the late Mr. Heber, we find that he was original Hamlet, Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V., Richard Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles, and Oth in Shakespeare's Plays: in those of other dramatists he Jeronimo, in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy;" Antonio, in Marst "Antonio and Mellida;" Frankford, in T. Heywood's "Wo killed with Kindness;" Philaster, in Beaumont and Fletch play of that name; Amintor, in their "Maid's Tragedy."— "The Alleyn Papers," printed by the Shakespeare Society xxx. On a subsequent page we have inserted the whole pas relating to his characters from the epitaph on Burbage.

Richard Burbage.

e to be one of the pieces, which, having been ritten by an inferior dramatist, was heightened ended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date ch we are now speaking, and LOVE'S LABOUR'S or the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, may have riginal compositions brought upon the stage prior). We also consider it more than probable that ANDRONICUS belongs even to an earlier period; feel satisfied, that although Shakespeare had by e given clear indications of powers superior to f any of his rivals, he could not have written any reater works until some years afterwards.[1] With to productions unconnected with the stage, there eral pieces among his scattered poems, and some onnets,[2] that indisputably belong to an early part life. A young man, so gifted, would not, and ot, wait until he was five or six and twenty be- made considerable and most successful attempts ical composition; and we feel morally certain NUS AND ADONIS was in being anterior to Shake- s quitting Stratford. It bears all the marks of l vigour, of strong passion, of luxuriant imagina- gether with a force and originality of expression betoken the first efforts of a great mind, not well regulated in its taste: it seems to have ritten in the open air of a fine country like War- ire, with all the freshness of the recent impression ral objects; and we will go so far as to say, that not think even Shakespeare himself could have ed it, in the form it bears, after he had reached of forty. It was quite new in its class, being l upon no model, either ancient or modern: like it had been attempted before, and nothing rable to it was produced afterwards. Thus 3 he might call it, in the dedication to Lord

n this point we cannot agree with Mr. F. G. Tomlins, who ten a very sensible and clever work called "A brief view nglish Drama," 12mo. 1840, where he argues that Shake- robably began with original composition, and not with tation and alteration of works he found in possession of e when he joined the Lord Chamberlain's players. We at the earliest charge against him by a fellow dramatist t he had availed himself of the productions of others, and e every reason to believe that some of the plays upon e was first employed were not by any means entirely his seems to us more likely that Shakespeare in the first in- onfined himself to alterations and improvements of the predecessors, than that he at once found himself capable ting and constructing a great original drama. However, fair to quote the words of Mr. Tomlins. "We are thus o the conclusion that his writing must have procured him inction. What had he written? is the next question that itself. Probably *original* plays, for the adaptation of the others could scarcely be entrusted to the inexperienced f a young genius, who had not manifested his knowledge matters by any productions of his own. This kind of ould be jealously watched by the managers, and must ve required great skill and experience. Shakespeare, as he was, was human, and it is scarcely possible that s, so ripe, so rich, so overflowing as his, should not enthusiasm kindled into an original production, and the mechanical botching of the inferior productions of

this passage we have only to remark that, according to w, it would have required much more "skill and expe- to write a new play, than merely to make additions to ches or scenes of an old one.

s sugar'd sonnets" were handed about "among his private many years before they were printed: Francis Meres s them in the words we have quoted, in 1598.

Southampton, "the first heir of his invention" in a double sense, not merely because it was the first printed, but because it was the first written of his productions.

The information we now possess enables us at once to reject the story, that Shakespeare's earliest employment at a theatre was holding the horses of noblemen and gentlemen who visited it, and that he had under him a number of lads who were known as "Shakespeare's boys." Shiels in his "Lives of the Poets," (published in 1753 in the name of Cibber,) was the first to give currency to this idle invention: it was repeated by Dr. Johnson, and has often been reiterated since; and we should hardly have thought it worth notice now, if it had not found a place in many modern accounts of our great dramatist.[1] The company to which he attached himself had not unfrequently performed in Stratford, and at that date the Queen's players and the Lord Chamberlain's servants seem sometimes to have been confounded in the provinces, although the difference was well understood in London; some of the chief members of it had come from his own part of the country, and even from the very town in which he was born: and he was not in a station of life, nor so destitute of means and friends, as to have been reduced to such an extremity.

Besides having written VENUS AND ADONIS before he came to London, Shakespeare may also have composed its counterpart, LUCRECE, first printed in 1594. It is in a different stanza, and in some respects in a different style; and after he joined the Blackfriars company, the author may possibly have added parts, (such, for instance, as the long and minute description of the siege of Troy in the tapestry,) which indicate a closer acquaintance with the modes and habits of society; but even here no knowledge is displayed that might not have been acquired in Warwickshire. As he had exhibited the wantonness of lawless passion in VENUS AND ADONIS, he followed it by the exaltation of matron-like chastity in LUCRECE; and there is, we think, nothing in the latter poem which a young man of one or two and twenty, so endowed, might not have written. Neither is it at all impossible that he had done something in connection with the stage while he was yet resident in his native town, and before he had made up his mind to quit it. He may have contributed temporary prologues or epilogues, and without supposing him yet to have possessed any extraordinary art as a dramatist—only to be acquired by practice,—he may have inserted speeches and occasional passages in older plays: he may even have assisted some of the companies in getting up,

[1] It is almost to be wondered that the getters up of this piece of information did not support it by reference to Shakespeare's obvious knowledge of horses and horsemanship, displayed in so many parts of his works. The description of the horse in VENUS AND ADONIS will at once occur to every body; and how much it was admired at the time is evident from the fact, that it was plagiarised so soon after it was published. For his judgment of skill in riding, among other passages, see his account of Lamord's horsemanship in HAMLET: the propagators and supporters of the horse-holding anecdote ought to have added, that Shakespeare probably derived his minute and accurate acquaintance with the subject from his early observation of the skill of the English nobility and gentry, after they had remounted at the play-house door:—

"But chiefly skill to ride seems a science
Proper to gentle blood."—*Spenser's F. Q.* b. ii. c. 4.

and performing the dramas they represented in or near Stratford.[1] To us, this conjecture appears plausible, and the players may have experienced his utility in both departments, and may have held out strong inducements to so promising a novice to continue his assistance by accompanying them to London.

What we have here said seems a natural way of a counting for Shakespeare's station as a sharer at th Blackfriars theatre in 1589, about three years after w suppose him to have finally adopted the profession o an actor, and to have come to London for the purpo of pursuing it.

[1] We have already stated that although in 1586 only one unnamed company performed in Stratford, in the very next year (that in which we have supposed Shakespeare to have become a regular actor) five companies were entertained in the borough: one of these consisted of the players of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the Blackfriars theatre belonged; and it is very possible that Shakespeare at that date exhibited before his fellow-town men in his new professional capacity. Before this time his pe formances at Stratford may have been merely of an amate description. It is a striking circumstance, that in 1586 only o company performed, and that in 1587 such extraordinary e couragement was given to theatricals in Stratford.

Coventry Churches and Pageants.

The Bailiff's Play.

CHAPTER VII.

come now to the earliest known allusion to peare as a dramatist; and although his surname iven, we apprehend that there can be no hesita- applying what is said to him: it is contained in 's "Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in The application of the passage to Shakespeare n much contested, but the difficulty in our mind the lines are to be explained by reference to er dramatist of the time, even supposing, as we pposed and believe, that our great Poet was at riod only rising into notice as a writer for the We quote the lines literatim as they stand in ion of 1591:—

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

'In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie,
Without regard or due Decorum kept:
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take.

ne (Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. ii. page 168) says that "Tears of the Muses" was published in 1590, but the n which it first appeared bears date in 1591. It was vith some other pieces under the title of "Complaints. ng sundrie small Poems of the Worlds Vanitie. Where- xt Page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp. London. Im- or William Ponsonbie, etc. 1591." It will be evident at follows in our text, that a year is of considerable im- to the question.

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The most striking of these lines, with reference to our present inquiry, is,

"Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late"—

and hence, if it stood alone, we might infer that Willy, whoever he might be, was actually dead; but the latter part of the third stanza we have quoted shows us in what sense the word "dead" is to be understood: Willy was "dead" as far as regarded the admirable dramatic talents he had already displayed, which had enabled him, even before 1591, to outstrip all living rivalry, and to afford the most certain indications of the still greater things Spenser saw he would accomplish: he was "dead," because he

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

It is to be borne in mind that these stanzas, and six others, are put into the mouth of Thalia, whose lamentation on the degeneracy of the stage, especially in comedy, follows those of Calliope and Melpomene. Rowe, under the impression that the whole passage referred to Shakespeare, introduced it into his "Life," in his first edition of 1709, but silently withdrew it in his second edition of 1714: his reason, perhaps, was that he did not see how, before 1591, Shakespeare could have shown that he merited the character given of him and his productions—

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate."

Spenser knew what the object of his eulogy was capable of doing, as well, perhaps, as what he had done; and we have established that more than a year before the publication of these lines, Shakespeare had risen to be a distinguished member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and a sharer in the undertaking at the Blackfriars. Although we feel assured that he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, he may have done much, besides what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries. His earliest printed plays, ROMEO AND JULIET, RICHARD II., and RICHARD III., bear date in 1597; but it is indisputable that he had at that time written considerably more, and part of what he had so written is contained in the folio of 1623, never having made its appearance in any earlier form. When Ben Jonson published the large volume of his "Works" in 1616, he excluded several comedies in which he had been aided by other poets, and re-wrote part of "Sejanus," because, as is supposed, Shakespeare, (who performed in it, and whom Jonson terms a "happy genius,") had assisted him in the composition of the tragedy as it was originally acted. The player-editors of the folio of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories," in 1623, may have thought it right to pursue the same course, excepting in the case of the three parts of HENRY VI: the poet, or poets, who had contributed to these histories (perhaps Marlowe and Greene) had been then dead thirty years; but w respect to other pieces, persons still living, whet authors or booksellers, might have joint claims u them, and hence their exclusion.[1] We only put thi a possible circumstance; but we are persuaded t Shakespeare, early in his theatrical life, must h written much, in the way of revivals, alterations, joint productions with other poets, which has been ever lost. We here, as before, conclude that none his greatest original dramatic productions had co from his pen; but if in 1591 he had only brought the Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA and LOVE'S LABOU LOST, they are so infinitely superior to the best wo of his predecessors, that the justice of the tribute p by Spenser to his genius would at once be admitt At all events, before 1591 he had given the clearest dications of high genius, abundantly sufficient to jus the anticipation of Spenser, that he was a man

"—— whom Nature's selfe had made
To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate"—

a passage which in itself admirably comprises, and co

[1] We are not to be understood as according in the ascript to Shakespeare of various plays imputed to him in the folio 1664, and elsewhere. We believe that he was concerned in "T Yorkshire Tragedy," and that he may have contributed so parts of "Arden of Feversham;" but in spite of the ingeni letter published at Edinburgh in 1833, we do not think that aided Fletcher in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen." and th is not a single passage in "The Birth of Merlin" which is wor of his most careless moments.

Spenser.

nearly all the excellences of which dramatic is susceptible—the mockery of nature, and the n of truth.

her point not hitherto known, is, that there is round for thinking, that Spenser, if not a War- ire man, was at one time resident in Warwick- nd later in life he may have become acquainted hakespeare. His birth has been conjecturally in 1553, and on the authority of some lines in rothalamion" it has been supposed that he was London: East Smithfield, near the Tower, has en fixed upon as the part of the town where he w breath; but the parish registers in that neigh- od have been searched in vain for a record of nt. An Edmund Spenser unquestionably dwelt sbury, in Warwickshire, in 1569, which was the hen the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to dge, and was admitted a sizer at Pembroke Col- This Edmund Spenser may possibly have been ier of the poet, (whose Christian name is no recorded,) and if it were the one or the other, s to afford a link of connection, however slight, n Spenser and Shakespeare, of which we have previous knowledge. Spenser was at least years older than Shakespeare, but their early ce in the same part of the kingdom may have ise to an intimacy afterwards: Spenser must ppreciated and admired the genius of Shake- and the author of "The Tears of the Muses," age of thirty-seven, may have paid a merited to his young friend of twenty-six.

Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury may have been a different person, of a distinct family, and we are disposed to lay too much stress upon a ncidence of names; but we may be forgiven ging to the conjecture that he may have been ior of "The Faerie Queene," and that the great- antic poet of this country was upon terms of ip and cordiality with the greatest dramatist of ld. This circumstance may give new point, and certain application, to the well-remembered the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, (act v. scene hich Shakespeare has been supposed to refer to h of Spenser,[1] and which may have been a sub- insertion, for the sake of repaying a debt of e.

ut taking into consideration what may have t, if we are asked what we think it likely that eare had written in and before 1591, we should that he had altered and added to the three parts RY VI., that he had written, or aided in writing, NDRONICUS, that he had revived and amended EDY OF ERRORS, and that he had composed

ences of opinion, founded upon discordances of contem- s, or nearly contemporaneous, representations, have respecting the extreme poverty of Spenser at the time th. There is no doubt that he had a pension of 50*l.* a ast 250*l.* of our present money) from the royal bounty, obably he received to the last. At the same time we re is much plausibility in the story that Lord Burghley he way of some special pecuniary gift from Elizabeth. H. J. Todd disbelieves it, and in his "Life of Spenser" calumny," on the foundation of the pension, without g, perhaps, that the epigram, attributed to Spenser, e been occasioned by the obstruction by the Lord of some additional proof of the Queen's admiration for the author of "The Faerie Queene." Fuller first published the anecdote in his "Worthies," 1662; but sixty years earlier, and within a very short time after the death of Spenser, the story was current, for we find the lines in Manningham's Diary, (Harl. MS. 5353,) under the date of May 4, 1602: they are thus introduced:

"When her Majesty had given order that Spenser should have a reward for his poems, but Spenser could have nothing, he presented her with these verses—

"It pleas'd your Grace upon a time
To grant me reason for my rhyme;
But from that time until this season,
I heard of neither rhyme nor reason."

the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, and LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. Thus, looking only at his extant works, we see that the eulogy of Spenser was well warranted by the plays Shakespeare, at that early date, had produced.

If the evidence upon this point were even more scanty, we should be convinced that by "our pleasant Willy" Spenser meant William Shakespeare, by the fact that such a character as he gives could belong to no other dramatist of the time. Greene can have no pretensions to it, nor Lodge, nor Kyd, nor Peele; Marlowe had never touched comedy: but if these have no title to the praise that they had mocked nature and imitated truth, the claim put in by Malone for Lyly is little short of absurd. Lyly was, beyond dispute, the most artificial and affected writer of his day: his dramas have nothing like nature or truth in them; and if it could be established that Spenser and Lyly were on the most intimate footing, even the exaggerated admiration of the fondest friendship could hardly have carried Spenser to the extreme to which he has gone in his "Tears of the Muses."

With regard to the lines which state, that Willy

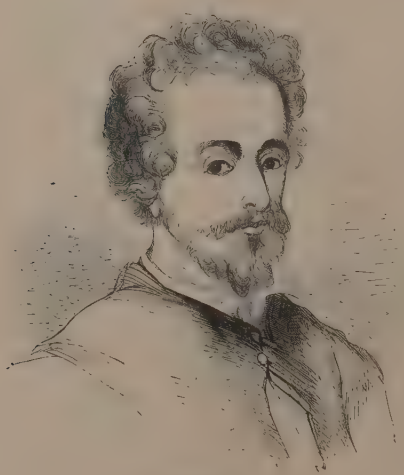
"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,"

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some compulsory cessation of theatrical performances, which affected not only offending, but unoffending companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. The choir-boys of St. Paul's were silenced for bringing "matters of state and religion" on their stage, when they introduced Martin Mar-prelate into one of their dramas: and the players of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange were prohibited from acting, as far as we can learn, on a similar ground. The interdiction of performances by the children of Paul's was persevered in for about ten years; and although the public companies (after some inquiries by commissioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a temporary suspension of all theatrical exhibitions in London. This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare.

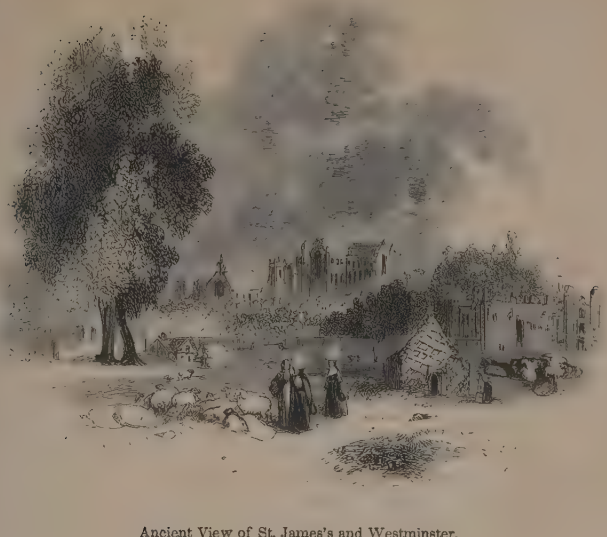
We have no means of ascertaining how long the order, inhibiting theatrical performances generally, was persevered in; but the plague broke out in London in 1592, and in the autumn of the year, when the number of deaths was greatest, "the Queen's players," in their progress round the country, whither they wandered when thus prevented from acting in the metropolis, performed at Chesterton, near Cambridge, to the great annoyance of the heads of the university.

It was at this juncture, probably, if indeed he ever were in that country, that Shakespeare visited Italy. Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever, and original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," has maintained the affirmative with great confidence, and has brought into one view all the internal evidence afforded by the productions of our great dramatist. External evidence there is none, since not even a tradition of such a journey has descended to us. We own that the internal evidence, in our estimation, is by no means as strong as it appeared to Mr. Brown, who has evinced great ingenuity and ability in the conduct of his case, and has made as much as possible of his proofs. He dwells, among other things, upon the fact, that there were no contemporaneous translations of the tales on which the MERCHANT OF VENICE and OTHELLO are founded; but Shakespeare may have understood as much Italian as answered his purpose without having gone to Venice. For the same reason we lay no stress upon the recently-discovered fact, (not known when Mr. Brown wrote,) that Shakespeare constructed his TWELFTH NIGHT with the aid of one or two Italian comedies: they may have found their way into England, and he may have read them in the original language. That Shakespeare was capable of translating Italian sufficiently for his own purposes, we are morally certain; but we think that if he had travelled to Venice, Ver or Florence, we should have had more distinct positive testimony of the fact in his works than ca adduced from them.

Other authors of the time have left such evid behind them as cannot be disputed. Lyly tells u distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich forms us that he became acquainted with the novel translated on the other side of the Alps: Daniel us know where certain of his sonnets were compos Lodge wrote some of his tracts abroad: Nash give the places where he met particular persons; and friend Greene admits his obligations to Italy and Sp whither he had travelled early in life in pursui letters. In truth, at that period and afterwards, th seems to have been a prevailing rage for foreign tra and it extended itself to actors, as well as to poets; we know that William Kempe was in Rome in 1 Although we do not believe that Shakespeare ever in Italy, we admit that we are without evidence prove a negative; and he may have gone there with having left behind him any distinct record of the t At the date to which we are now adverting he m certainly have had a convenient opportunity for d so, in consequence of the temporary prohibition of matic performances in London.



John Fletcher.



Ancient View of St. James's and Westminster.

CHAPTER VIII.

ng the prevalence of the infectious malady of though not of it, died one of the most notorious tinguished of the literary men of the time—Greene. He expired on the 3d of September, d left behind him a work purporting to have ritten during his last illness: it was published a nths afterwards by Henry Chettle, a fellow dr- nder the title of "A Groatsworth of Wit, bought Iillion of Repentance," bearing the date of 1592, ceded by an address from Greene "To those ien, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their naking Plays." Here we meet with the second f Shakespeare, not indeed by name, but with ear approach to it, that nobody can doubt that intended. We quote the whole passage, first g that Greene is addressing himself particularly owe, Lodge, and Peele, and urging them to f all connection with players:[1]—"Base minded three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; none of you, like me, sought those burs to those puppets, I mean, that speak from our those anticks garnished in our colours. Is it nge that I, to whom they all have been beholdt not like that you, to whom they have all been ng, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse, as the best of you: and, being an absolute *Johannes Fac-totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country. O! that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."

The chief and obvious purpose of this address is to induce Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele to cease to write for the stage; and, in the course of his exhortation, Greene bitterly inveighs against "an upstart crow," who had availed himself of the dramatic labours of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank-verse as any of his contemporaries, who was a *Johannes Fac-totum*, and who, in his own opinion, was "the only SHAKE-SCENE in a country." All this is clearly levelled at Shakespeare, under the purposely-perverted name of *Shake-scene*, and the words, "Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," are a parody upon a line in a historical play, "O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide," from which Shakespeare had taken his HENRY VI., Part III.[1]

From hence it is evident that Shakespeare, near the end of 1592, had established such a reputation, and was so important a rival of the dramatists, who, until he came forward, had kept undisputed possession of the stage, as to excite the envy and enmity of Greene, dur-

ave some doubts of the authenticity of the "Groatsworth s a work by Greene. Chettle was a needy dramatist, ly wrote it in order to avail himself of the high popu- Greene, then just dead. Falling into some discredit, in ace of the publication of it. Chettle re-asserted that it reene, but he admitted that the manuscript from which ated was in his own hand-writing: this circumstance he by stating that Greene's copy was so illegible that he ed to transcribe it: "it was ill written," says Chettle, e's hand was none of the best;" and therefore he re-

[1] See this point more fully illustrated in the Introduction to HENRY VI. Part III., where the present editor gives his reasons for dissenting wholly from Mr. Collier's opinion.

ing his last illness. It also, we think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz. that our great Poet possessed such variety of talent, that, for the purposes of the company of which he was a member, he could do any thing that he might be called upon to perform: he was the *Johannes Fac-totum* of the association: he was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and improver of those already in existence, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele,) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches, or passages on any temporary emergency. Having his ready assistance, the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists: Shakespeare was the *Johannes Fac-totum* who could turn his hand to any thing connected with his profession, and who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade. In our view, therefore, the quotation we have made from the "Groatsworth of Wit" proves more than has been usually collected from it.

It was natural and proper that Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: that he did there is no doubt, for we are told so by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Groatsworth of Wit:" he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligibly that there is no room for dispute. Marlowe, also, complained of the manner in which Greene had spoken of him in the same work, but to him Chettle made no apology, while to Shakespeare he offered all the amends in his power.

His apology to Shakespeare is contained in a tract called "Kind-heart's Dream," which was published without date; but as Greene expired on the 3d September, 1592, and Chettle tells us, in "Kind-heart's Dream," that Greene died "about three months" before, it is certain that "Kind-heart's Dream" came out prior to the end of 1592, as we now calculate the year, and about three months before it expired, according to the reckoning of that period. The passage relating to Marlowe and Shakespeare is so interesting that we extract it entire:—

"About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands: among others his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a letter, written to divers playmakers, is offensively by one or two of them taken; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all the time of my conversing in printing, hindered the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known; and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them, that take offence, was I acquainted; and with one of them [Marlowe] I care not if I never be: the other, [Shakespeare] whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead,) that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault; because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art. For the first, [Marlowe] whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

The accusation of Greene against Marlowe had reference to the freedom of his religious opinions: the attack upon Shakespeare we have already inserte
In Chettle's apology to the latter, one of the most
ticeable points is the tribute he pays to our great d
matist's abilities as an actor, "his demeanour no l
civil, than he excellent in the quality he professe
The word "quality" was applied, at that date, pe
liarly and technically to acting, and the "qualit
Shakespeare "professed" was that of an actor. "
facetious grace in writing" is separately adverted
and admitted, while "his uprightness of dealing"
attested, not only by Chettle's own experience, but
the evidence of "divers of worship." Thus the amen
made to Shakespeare for the envious assault of Gree
shows most decisively the high opinion entertained
him, towards the close of 1592. as an actor, an auth
and a man.[1]

We have already inserted Spenser's warm, but
less judicious and well-merited, eulogium of Shak
speare, in 1591, when, in his "Tears of the Muses,"
addresses him as Willy, and designates him—

"—— that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe."

If we were to trust printed dates, it would seem th
in the same year the author of "The Faerie Queen
gave another proof of his admiration of our great d
matist: we allude to a passage in "Colin Clout's co
home again," which was published with a dedicati
dated 27th December, 1591; but Malone proved, b
yond all cavil, that for 1591 we ought to read 15
the printer having made an extraordinary blunder.
that poem (after the author has spoken of many livi
and dead poets, some by their names, as Alabaster a
Daniel, and others by fictitious and fanciful appellation
he has these lines:—

[1] More than ten years afterwards, Chettle paid another trib
to Shakespeare, under the name of Melicert, in his "Englan
Mourning Garment:" the author is reproaching the leading po
of the day, Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Drayton, Jonson, Sackv
Decker, etc., for not writing in honour of Queen Elizabeth, w
was just dead: he thus addresses Shakespeare:—

"Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied Muse one sable tear,
To mourn her death that graced his desert,
And to his lays open'd her royal ear.
Shepherd, remember our Elizabeth,
And sing her Rape, done by that Tarquin death."

This passage is important, with reference to the royal encours
ment given to Shakespeare, in consequence of the approbat
of his plays at court: Elizabeth had "graced his desert," a
"open'd her royal ear," to "his lays." Chettle did not long s
vive the publication of "England's Mourning Garment" in 16
he was dead in 1607, as he is spoken of in Decker's "Knigh
Conjuring," of that year, as a very corpulent ghost in the Elys
Fields. He had been originally a printer, then became a bo
seller, and, finally, a pamphleteer and dramatist. He was,
various degrees, concerned in about forty plays.

[2] Malone, with a good deal of research and patience, goes o
all the pseudo-names in "Colin Clout's come home again," ap
ing each to poets of the time; but how uncertain and unsa
factory any attempt of the kind must necessarily be, may
illustrated in a single instance. Malone refers the following li
to Arthur Golding:—

"And there is old Palemon, free from spite,
Whose careful pipe may make the hearers rue;
Yet he himself may rued be more right,
Who sung so long, until quite hoarse he grew."

The passage, in truth, applies to Thomas Churchyard, as he h
self informs us in his "Pleasant Discourse of Court and War
1596: he complains of neglect, and tells us that the court is—

"And there, though last not least, is Ætion;
A gentler shepherd may no where be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

ne takes pains to establish that this passage ap- Shakespeare, although he pertinaciously denied ur pleasant Willy" of "The Tears of the Muses" tended for him. We have no doubt on either and it is worthy of notice that the same epithet in both cases to the person addressed, and that one which, at a subsequent date, almost con- accompanied the name of Shakespeare. In Tears of the Muses" he is called a "*gentle* spirit," "Colin Clout's come home again" we are told

"A *gentler* shepherd may no where be found."

same feeling Ben Jonson calls him "my *gentle* peare" in the noble copy of verses prefixed to io of 1623, and he repeats the same epithet in ses on the portrait in the folio of 1623; so that m became peculiarly applied to our great and e dramatist.[1] This coincidence of expression o establish that Spenser had Shakespeare in his vhen he wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in 1591, "Colin Clout's come home again," in 1594. In er instance the whole description is nearly as riate as in the earlier, with the addition of a line,

"The platform where all poets thrive,
Save one *whose voice is hoarse*, they say;
The stage, where time away we drive,
As children in a pageant play."

ame way we might show that Malone was mistaken as to ets he supposes alluded to by Spenser; but it would lead ar out of our way. Nobody has disputed, that by Ætion, ior of "Colin Clout" meant Shakespeare.

a passage above extracted from Ben Jonson's "Dis- ," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions;" but ere perhaps rather referring to his style of composition.

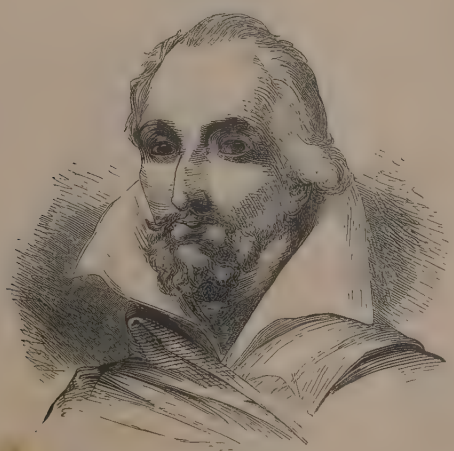
which has a clear and obvious reference to the patronymic of our Poet: his Muse, says Spenser—

"Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

These words alone may be taken to show that, between 1591 and 1594, Shakespeare had somewhat changed the character of his compositions: Spenser having applauded him, in his "Tears of the Muses," for unrivalled talents in comedy, (a department of the drama to which Shakespeare had, perhaps, at that date especially, though not exclusively, devoted himself,) in his "Colin Clout" spoke of the "high thought's invention" which then filled Shakespeare's muse, and made her sound as "heroically" as his name. Of his genius, in a loftier strain of poetry than belonged to comedy, our great dramatist, by the year 1594, must have given some remarkable and undeniable proofs. In 1591 he had perhaps written his LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST and TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA; but in 1594 he had, no doubt, produced one or more of his great historical plays, his RICHARD II. and RICHARD III., both of which, as before remarked, together with ROMEO AND JULIET, came from the press in 1597. One circumstance leads to the belief that RICHARD III. was brought out in 1594, viz. that in that year an impression of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third," (an older play than that of Shakespeare,) was published that it might be bought under the notion that it was the new drama by the most popular poet of the day, then in a course of representation. It is most probable that RICHARD II. had been composed before RICHARD III., and to either or both of them the lines—

"Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Doth, like himself, heroically sound,"—

will abundantly apply. The difference in the character of Spenser's tributes to Shakespeare, in 1591 and 1594, was occasioned by the difference in the character of his productions.



Samuel Daniel.

Charlecote House. From the Avon.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING arrived at the year 1594, we may take this opportunity of stating which of Shakespeare's extant works, in our opinion, had by that date been produced. We have already mentioned the three parts of HENRY VI., TITUS ANDRONICUS, the COMEDY OF ERRORS, the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, and LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, as in being in 1591; and in the interval between 1591 and 1594, we apprehend, he had added to them RICHARD II. and RICHARD III.

We must now return to Stratford-upon-Avon, in order to advert to a different subject.

A document has recently been discovered in the State Paper Office, which is interesting with respect to the religious tenets, or worldly circumstances, of Shakespeare's father in 1592. Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Henry Goodere, Sir John Harrington, and four others, having been appointed commissioners to make inquiries "touching all such persons" as were "jesuits, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusantes," in the county of Warwick, sent to the privy council what they call their "second certificate," on the 25th September, 1592. It is divided into different heads, according to the respective hundreds, parishes, etc., and each page is signed by them. One of these divisions applies to Stratford-upon-Avon, and the return of names there is thus introduced:—

> "The names of all sutch Recusantes as have bene heartofore presented for not cominge monethlie to the church, according to her Majesties lawes, and yet are thought to forbeare the church for debt, and for feare of processe, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, or impotencie of bodie."

The names which are appended to this introduction are the following:—

> "Mr. John Wheeler, William Bainton,
> John Weeler, his son, Richard Harrington,
> Mr. John Shackspere, William Fluellen,
> Mr. Nicholas Barneshurste, George Bardolphe:"[1]
> Thomas James, alias Gyles,

and opposite to them, separated by a bracket, we re these words:—

> "It is sayd, that these last nine coome not to churche for fe of processe of debte."

Here we find the name of "Mr. John Shakespear either as a recusant, or as "forbearing the Church," account of the fear of process for debt, or on accou of "age, sickness, or impotency of body," mention in the introduction to the document. The question to which cause we are to attribute his absence; a with regard to process for debt, we are to recollect t it could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehensi of that kind need not have kept him away from chur on the Sabbath. Neither was it likely that his s who was at this date profitably employed in London an actor and author, and who three years before wa sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, would have allow his father to continue so distressed for money, as not be able to attend the usual place of divine worsh Therefore, although John Shakespeare was certain in great pecuniary difficulties at the time his son W liam quitted Stratford, we altogether reject the not that that son had permitted his father to live in co parative want, while he himself possessed more th competence.

[1] Hence we see that Shakespeare took two names in HENRY V., from persons who bore them in his native to Awdrey was also a female appellation known in Stratford, as pears elsewhere in the same document.

e, sickness, and impotency of body," may indeed ept John Shakespeare from church, but upon this re have no information beyond the fact, that if he orn, as Malone supposes, in 1530, he was at this ly sixty-two.

regard to his religious opinions, it is certain ter he became alderman of Stratford, on the 4th 565, he must have taken the usual oath required l Protestants; but, according to the records of ough, it was not administered to him until the eptember following his election. This trifling stance perhaps hardly deserves notice, as it may en usual to choose the corporate officers at one nd to swear them in at the next. So far John peare may have conformed to the requirements aw, but it is still possible that he may not have l all the new Protestant tenets, or that having l them, like various other conscientious men, he ason afterwards to return to the faith he had ned. We have no evidence on this point as him; but we have evidence, as regards a per- the name of Thomas Greene, who is described ertificate of the commissioners as then of a dif- parish, and who, it is added, had confessed that been "reconciled to the Romish religion."

he same authority we learn that the wife of Greene was "a most wilful recusant;" and h we are by no means warranted in forming n opinion on the question, whether Mary Shake- adhered to the ancient faith, it is indisputable, ay rely upon the representation of the commis- that some of her family continued Roman cs. In the document under consideration it is that Mrs. Mary Arden and her servant John e had been presented to the commissioners as ts, and that they had been so prior to the date ormer return by the same official persons.

nsidering the subject of the faith of our Poet's we ought to put entirely out of view the paper hich Dr. Drake lays some stress;[1] we mean the eligious will, or confession of faith, supposed to en found, about the year 1770, concealed in the f the house John Shakespeare is conjectured to habited. It was printed by Malone in 1790, bviously merits no attention, and there are many for believing it to be spurious. Malone once upon it as authentic, but he corrected his judg- especting it afterwards.

the new matter we have here been able to e, we shall leave the reader to draw his own ion, and to decide for himself whether John peare forbore church, in 1592, because he was of arrest, because he was "aged, sick, and impo- body," or because he did not accord in the doc- f the Protestant faith.

ught not, however, to omit to add, that if John peare were infirm in 1592, or if he were harassed reatened by creditors, neither the one circum- nor the other prevented him from being em- in August, 1592, to assist "Thomas Trussell, han," and "Richard Sponer and others," in taking an inventory of the goods and chattels of Henry Feelde of Stratford, tanner, after his decease. In the heading of the paper our Poet's father is called "Mr. John Shaksper," and at the end we find his name as "John Shaksper senior:" this appears to be the only instance in which the addition of "senior" was made, and the object of it might be to distinguish him more effectually from John Shakespeare, the shoemaker in Stratford, with whom, of old, perhaps, as in modern times, he was now and then confounded. The fact itself may be material in deciding whether John Shakespeare, at the age of sixty-two, was, or was not so "aged, sick, or impotent of body" as to be unable to attend Protestant divine worship. It certainly does not seem likely that he would have been selected for the performance of such a duty, however trifling, if he had been so apprehensive of arrest as not to be able to leave his dwelling, or if he had been very infirm from sickness or old age.

Whether he were or were not a member of the Protestant Reformed Church, it is not to be disputed that his children, all of whom were born between 1558 and 1580, were baptized at the ordinary and established place of worship in the parish. That his son William was educated, lived, and died a Protestant, we have no doubt.[1]

We have already stated our distinct and deliberate opinion that VENUS AND ADONIS was written before its author left his home in Warwickshire. He kept it by him for some years, and early in 1593 seems to have put it into the hands of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stratford, and might be the son of the Henry Feelde, or Field, whose goods John Shakespeare was employed to value, in 1592. It is to be recollected that at the time VENUS AND ADONIS was sent to the press, while it was printing, and when it was published, the plague prevailed in London to such an excess, that it was deemed expedient by the privy council to put a stop to all theatrical performances. Shakespeare seems to have availed himself of this interval, in order to bring before the world a production of a different character to those which had been ordinarily seen from his pen. Until VENUS AND ADONIS came out, the public at large could only have known him by the dramas he had written, or by those which, at an earlier date, he had altered, amended, and revived. The poem came from Field's press in the spring of 1593, preceded by a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. Its popularity was great and instantaneous, for a new edition of it was called for in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602: there may have been, and probably were, intervening impressions, which have disappeared among the popular and de-

[1] Nearly all the passages in his works, of a religious or doctrinal character, have been brought into one view by Sir Frederick B. Watson, K. C. H., in a very elegant volume, printed in 1843, for the benefit of the theatrical funds of our two great theatres. The object of the very zealous and amiable compiler was to counteract the idea that William Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, although we do not find among his extracts one which seems to us of great value upon this question: it forms part of the prophecy of Cranmer, at the christening of Queen Elizabeth in HENRY VIII., (act v. scene 4.) It consists of but five expressive words, which we think clearly refer to the completion of the Reformation under our maiden queen:—

"In her days * * * *
God shall be truly known."

kespeare and his Times." Dr. Drake seems to be of hat John Shakespeare may have refrained from attend- orporation halls previous to 1586, on account of his re- pinions.

stroyed literature of the time. We may conclude that this admirable and unequalled production first introduced its author to the notice of Lord Southampton; and it is evident from the opening of the dedication, that Shakespeare had not taken the precaution of ascertaining, in the first instance, the wishes of the young nobleman on the subject. Lord Southampton was more than nine years younger than Shakespeare, having been born on 6th October, 1573.

We may be sure that the dedication of VENUS AND ADONIS was, on every account, acceptable, and Shakespeare followed it up by inscribing to the same peer, but in a much more assured and confident strain, his LUCRECE, in the succeeding year. He then "dedicated his love" to his juvenile patron, having "a warrant of his honourable disposition" towards his "pamphlet" and himself. LUCRECE was not calculated, from its subject and the treatment of it, to be so popular as VENUS AND ADONIS, and the first edition having appeared from Field's press in 1594, a reprint of it does not seem to have been called for until after the lapse of four years, and the third edition bears the date of 1600.

It must have been about this period that the Earl of Southampton bestowed a proof of his high-minded munificence upon the author of VENUS AND ADONIS and LUCRECE. It was not unusual, at that time and afterwards, for noblemen, and others to whom works were dedicated, to make presents of money to the writers of them; but there is certainly no instance upon record of such generous bounty, on an occasion of the kind, as that of which we are now to speak: nevertheless, we have every reliance upon the authenticity of the anecdote, taking into account the unexampled merit of the Poet, the known liberality of the nobleman, and the evidence upon which the story has been handed down. Rowe was the original narrator of it in print, and he doubtless had it, with other information, from Betterton, who probably received it directly from Sir William Davenant, and communicated it to Rowe. If it cannot be asserted that Davenant was strictly contemporary with Shakespeare, he was contemporary with Shakespeare's contemporaries, and from them he must have obtained the original information. Rowe thus g the statement:—

"There is one instance so singular in the munificence o patron of Shakespeare's that, if I had not been assured tha story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was bably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affa should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord S ampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable h go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind

No biographer of Shakespeare seems to have adve to the period when it was likely that the gift was m in combination with the nature of the purchase Southampton had heard our great dramatist wishe complete, or, it seems to us, they would not have tho the tradition so improbable as some have held it.

The disposition to make a worthy return for dedications of VENUS AND ADONIS and LUCRECE w of course be produced in the mind of Lord Southa ton by the publication of those poems; and we a recollect that it was precisely at the same date that Lord Chamberlain's servants entered upon the pr of building the Globe theatre on the Bankside, not far to the west of the Southwark foot of London Bri VENUS AND ADONIS was published in 1593; and it on 22d December, in that year, that Richard Burb the great actor, and the leader of the company to w Shakespeare was attached, signed a bond to P Street for the construction of the Globe. It is not much to allow at least a year for its completion; a was during 1594, while the work on the Bankside in progress, that LUCRECE came from the press. we see that the building of the Globe, at the cost o sharers in the Blackfriars theatre, was coincident point of time with the appearance of the two po dedicated to the Earl of Southampton. May we then, believe that the young and bountiful noble having heard of this enterprise from the peculiar inte he is known to have taken in all matters relating to stage, and having been incited by warm admira of VENUS AND ADONIS and LUCRECE in the fore-f of which he rejoiced to see his own name, presen Shakespeare with 1000*l.*, to enable him to make g the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for completion of the Globe?

John Taylor.

The Globe Theatre.

CHAPTER X.

hink we may conclude fairly, that the construc- the new theatre on the Bankside, subsequently as the Globe, having been commenced soon after nature of the bond of Burbage to Street, on 22d ber, 1593, was continued through the year 1594: t it would be finished and ready for the recep- audiences early in the spring of 1595. It was a wooden building, open to the sky, while the stage otected from the weather by an overhanging thatch. The number of persons it would we have no means of ascertaining, but it was y of larger dimensions than the Rose, the Hope, Swan, three other edifices of the same kind, and r the same purpose, in the immediate vicinity. ackfriars was a private theatre, as it was called, covered in, and of smaller size; and from the company, after the Globe had been com- was in the habit of removing in the spring, as soon as there was any indication of the in of fine cheerful weather

re the building of the Globe, for the exclusive he theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain, an be little doubt that they did not act all the ound at the Blackfriars: they appear to have performed sometimes at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and Richard Burbage, at the time of his death, still had shares in that play-house. Whether they occupied it in common with any other association is not clear; but we learn from Henslowe's Dairy, that in 1594, and perhaps earlier, the company of which Shakespeare was a member had played at a theatre in Newington Butts, where the Lord Admiral's servants also exhibited. At this period of our stage-history the performances usually began at three o'clock in the afternoon; for the citizens transacted their business and dined early, and many of them afterwards walked out into the fields for recreation, often visiting such theatres as were opened purposely for their reception. Henslowe's Diary shows that the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's servants had joint possession of the Newington theatre from 3d June, 1594, to the 15th November, 1596; and during that period various pieces were performed, which in their titles resemble plays which unquestionably came from Shakespeare's pen. That none of these were productions by our great dramatist, it is, of course, impossible to affirm; but the strong probability seems to be, that they were older dramas, of which he subsequently, more or less, availed himself. Among these

was a "Hamlet," acted on 9th June, 1594; a "Taming of a Shrew," acted on 11th June, 1594; an "Andronicus," acted on 12th June, 1594; a "Venetian Comedy," acted on 12th August, 1594; a "Cæsar and Pompey," acted 8th November, 1594; a "Second Part of Cæsar," acted 26th June, 1595; a "Henry V.," acted on 28th November, 1595; and a "Troy," acted on 22d June, 1596. To these we might add a "Palamon and Arcite," (acted on 17th September, 1594,) if we suppose Shakespeare to have had any hand in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen;" and an "Antony and Vellea," (acted on the 20th June, 1595,) as it is called in the barbarous record, which may possibly have had some connection with ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA We have no reason to think that Shakespeare did not aid in these representations, although he was, perhaps, too much engaged with the duties of authorship, at this date, to take a very prominent part as an actor.

Lord Hunsdon.

We may feel assured that the important incident of the opening of a new theatre on the Bankside, larger than any that then stood in that or in other parts of the town, was celebrated by the production of a new play. Considering his station and duties in the company, and his popularity as a dramatist, we may be confident also that the new play was written by Shakespeare. In the imperfect state of our information, it would be vain to speculate which of his dramas was brought out on the occasion. Many years ago we were strongly in to think that HENRY V. was the piece: the Glob round, and the "wooden O" is most pointedly men in that drama; so that at all events we are satisfie it was acted in that theatre: there is also a nati about the subject, and a popularity in the treatm it, which would render it peculiarly appropriate on further reflection and information, we are unwi convinced that HENRY V. was not written until years afterwards. We frankly own, therefore, th are not in a condition to offer an opinion upo question, and we are disposed, where we can, frain even from conjecture, when we have no g on which to rest a speculation.

Allowing about fifteen months for the erectio completion of the Globe, we may believe that it full operation in the spring, summer, and autu 1595. On the approach of cold weather, the co would of course return to their winter quarters Blackfriars, which was enclosed, lighted from v and comparatively warm. This theatre, as we stated, at this date had been in constant use for t years, and early in 1596 the sharers directed th tention to the repair, enlargement, and, possibly, re-construction of the building. The evidence tha entertained such a design is decisive; and we infer, that the prosperity of their new experiment Globe encouraged them to this outlay. On th January, 1596, (1595, according to the then m calculating the year,) Lord Hunsdon, who was Chamberlain at the time, but who died abo months afterwards, wrote to Sir William Mor pressing a wish to take a house of him in the Black and adding that he had heard that Sir William had parted with a portion of his own residenc some that mean to make a play-house of it."

The truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence o increased popularity, owing, we may readily im in a great degree to the success of the plays Shake had produced, the company which had occupie Blackfriars theatre found that their house was too for their audiences, and wished to enlarge it; appears singular that the Lord Chamberlain shou be aware of the intention of the players acting the sanction of his name and office, and should have heard that some persons "meant to make s house" of part of Sir W. More's residence. We not a copy of the whole of Lord Hunsdon's letter- an abstract of it—which reads as if the Lord Cha lain did not even know that there was any thea all in the Blackfriars. Two documents in the Paper Office, and a third preserved at Dulwich Co enable us to state distinctly what was the object actors at the Blackfriars in 1596. The first of th a representation from certain inhabitants of the pr in which the play-house was situated, not only a the completion of the work of repair and enlarge then commenced, but against all further perform in the theatre.

The answer to this paper, on the part of the a tion of actors, is a very valuable relic, inasmuch gives the names of the eight players who wer proprietors of the theatre or its appurtenances, t Shakespeare being fifth in the list. It will not have forgotten, that in 1589 no fewer than sixteen s

umerated, and that then Shakespeare's name twelfth; but it did not by any means follow, nuse there were sixteen sharers in the receipts, re also proprietors of the building, properties, robe: in 1596 it is stated that Thomas Pope, Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Hem- ugustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William (who withdrew from the company in 1601,) Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were "owners" of tre, as well as sharers in the profits arising out performances. The fact, however, seems to the sole owner of the edifice in which plays presented, the proprietor of the freehold, was Burbage, who inherited it from his father, nsmitted it to his sons; but as a body, the par- ressing the privy council (for the "petition" to have been sent thither) might in a certain ll themselves owners of, as well as sharers in, kfriars theatre. We insert the document in a

ear when this petition of the actors was present- e privy council is ascertained from the date of onstrance of the inhabitants which had rendered sary, viz. 1596; but another paper, among the al relics of Alleyn and Henslowe at Dulwich , shows that both the remonstrance and the were anterior to May in that year, Henslowe

the right honourable the Lords of her Majestics most le Privie Councell.

umble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John , Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servaunts to Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

reth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and of the Blackfriers, which hath beene for many yeares l occupied for the playing of tragedies, commedies, his- terludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of its eene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that he reparation thereof, it has beene found necessarie to same more convenient for the entertainment of audito- ing thereto. That to this end your Petitioners have all of them put down sommes of money. according to their the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly y the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players; but that persons (some of them of honour) inhabitants of the said and libertie of the Blackfriers have, as your Petitioners ned, besought your honourable Lordshipps not to permitt private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter t up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your rs, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their d families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they etofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season itioners are able to playe at their new built house on the e calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are com- come to the Blackfriers; and if your honorable Lord- ive consent unto that which is prayde against your Peti- hay will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the whereby they now support them selves and their fami- be unable to practise themselves in anie playes or enter- nen calde upon to performe for the recreation and solace a^tie and her honorable Court, as they have beene hereto- istomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners there- hat your honorable Lordshipps grant permission to finish rations and alterations they have begun; and as your rs have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, in their dealings, that your honorable Lordshipps will not nem from acting at their above namde private house in inct and libertie of the Blackfriers, and your Petitioners, ie most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor pinesse of your honorable Lordshipps."

(step-father to Alleyn's wife, and Alleyn's partner) seems always to have kept up a good understanding with the officers of the department of the revels; and on 3d May, 1596, a person of the name of Veale, servant to Edmond Tylney, master of the revels, wrote to Henslowe, informing him (as of course he must take an interest in the result) that it had been decided by the privy council, that the Lord Chamberlain's servants should be allowed to complete their repairs, but not to enlarge their house in the Blackfriars.

Thus the whole transaction is made clear: the company, soon after the opening of the Globe, contemplated the repair and enlargement of the Blackfriars theatre: the inhabitants of the precinct objected not only to the repair and enlargement, but to any dramatic representations in that part of the town: the company petitioned to be allowed to carry out their design, as regarded the restoration of the edifice, and the increase of its size; but the privy council consented only that the building should be repaired. We are to conclude, therefore, that after the repairs were finished, the theatre would hold no more spectators than formerly; but that the dilapidations of time were substantially remedied, we are sure from the fact, that the house continued long afterwards to be employed for the purpose for which it had been originally constructed.

What is of most importance in this proceeding, with reference to Shakespeare is, that whereas his name, in 1589, stood twelfth in a list of sixteen sharers, in 1596 it was advanced to the fifth place in an enumeration of eight persons, who termed themselves "owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars." Thence it seems that the speculation at the Globe had been remarkably successful in its first season, and that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had thereby been induced to expend money upon the Blackfriars, in order to render it more commodious, as well as more capacious, under the calculation, that their receipts at the one house during the winter would be greater in consequence of their popularity at the other during the summer.

Where Shakespeare had resided from the time when he first came to London, until the period of which we are now speaking, we have no information; but in July, 1596, he was living in Southwark, perhaps to be close to the scene of action, and more effectually to superintend the performances at the Globe, which were continued through at least seven months of the year. We know not whether he removed there shortly before the opening of the Globe, or whether from the first it had been his usual place of abode; but Malone tells us, "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our Poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596. He gives us no further insight into the contents of the paper; but he probably referred to a small slip, borrowed with other relics of a like kind, from Dulwich College. This proves distinctly, that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation, although it by no means establishes that he had not been resident there long before. We subjoin it exactly as it stands in the original: the hand-writing is ignorant, the spelling pe culiar, and it was evidently a hasty and imperfect memo randum:—

"Inhabitantes of Sowtherk as have complaned, this — of Jully, 1596.

Mr Markis
Mr Tuppin
Mr Langorth
Wilsone the pyper
Mr Barett
Mr Shaksper
Phellipes
Tomson
Mother Golden the baude
Nagges
Fillpott and no more, and soe well ended."

This is the whole of the fragment, and without further explanation, which we have not been able to find, it is impossible to understand more, than that Shakespeare and other inhabitants of Southwark had r some complaint, in July, 1596, which, we may g was hostile to the wishes of the writer, who cong lated himself that the matter was so well at an Some of the parties named, including our great dr tist, continued resident in Southwark long afterw as we shall have occasion in its proper place to s The writer seems to have been desirous of spea derogatorily of the persons he enumerates, probab indicate that any complaint from them ought to but little weight. All that we certainly collect the memorandum is, that in July, 1596, in the mi of what we have considered the second season a new theatre called the Globe, Shakespeare was a habitant of Southwark.

Howard.

Stratford Church, and Mill. From an original drawing at the beginning of the last century.

CHAPTER XI.

ave mentioned that, in 1578, John Shakespeare wife, in order to relieve themselves from pecu- nbarrassment, mortgaged the small estate of the called Asbyes, at Wilmecote, in the parish of Cantlowe, to Edmund Lambert, for the sum of s it consisted of nearly sixty acres of land, with ling-house, it must have been worth, perhaps, mes the sum advanced, and, by the admission parties, the mortgagors were again to be put in on, if they repaid the money borrowed on or Michaelmas-day, 1580. According to the asser- John and Mary Shakespeare, they tendered the the day appointed, but it was refused, unless noneys, which they owed to the mortgagee, paid at the same time. Edmund Lambert died , in possession of Asbyes, and from him it de- l to his eldest son, John Lambert, who continued nold it, in 1596, from those who claimed to be its owners.

der to recover the property, John and Mary peare filed a bill in chancery, in 1597, against t, in which they alleged the fact of the tender nsal of the 40*l.* by his father, who, wishing to ne estate, no doubt coupled with the tender a n not included in the deed. The advance of noneys, the repayment of which was required nund Lambert, was not denied by John and hakespeare, but they contended that they had the law required, to entitle them to the resto- f their estate of Asbyes: in their bill they also a, that John Lambert was "of great wealth and and well friended and allied among gentlemen eholders of the country, in the county of War- while, on the other hand, they were "of small and very few friends and alliance in the said " The answer of John Lambert merely denied e 40*l.* had been tendered, in consequence of which he alleged that his father became "lawfully and absolutely seised of the premises, in his demesne as of fee." To this answer John and Mary Shakespeare put in a replication, reiterating the assertion of the tender and refusal of the 40*l.* on Michaelmas-day, 1580, and praying Lord Keeper Egerton (afterwards Baron Ellesmere) to decree in their favour accordingly.

If any decree were pronounced, it is singular that no trace of it should have been preserved either in the records of the court of chancery, or among the papers of Lord Ellesmere; but such is the fact, and the inference is, that the suit was settled by the parties. We can have little doubt that the bill had been filed with the concurrence, and at the instance, of our great dramatist, who at this date was rapidly acquiring wealth, although his father and mother put forward in their bill their own poverty and powerlessness, compared with the riches and influence of their opponent. William Shakespeare must have been aware, that during the last seventeen years his father and mother had been deprived of their right to Asbyes: in all probability his money was employed in order to commence and prosecute the suit in chancery; and unless we suppose them to have stated and re-stated a deliberate falsehood, respecting the tender of the 40*l.*, it is clear that they had equity on their side. We may, therefore, conclude that John Lambert, finding he had no chance of success, relinquished his claim to Asbyes, perhaps on the payment of the 40*l.* and of the sums which his father had required from John and Mary Shakespeare in 1580, and which in 1597 they did not dispute to have been due.

Among other matters set forth by John Lambert in his answer is, that the Shakespeares were anxious to regain possession of Asbyes, because the current lease was near its expiration, and they hoped to be able to obtain an improved rent. Supposing it to have been restored to their hands, the fact may be that they did

not let it again, but cultivated it themselves; and we have at this period some new documentary evidence leading to the belief that our Poet was a land-owner, or at all events a land-occupier, to some extent, in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Aubrey informs us, (and there is no reason for disbelieving his statement,) that William Shakespeare was "wont to go to his native country once a year." Without seeking for evidence upon the question, nothing is more natural or probable; and when, therefore, he had acquired sufficient property, he might be anxious to settle his family comfortably and independently in Stratford. We must suppose that his father and mother were mainly dependent upon him, notwithstanding the recovery of the small estate of the latter at Wilmecote; and he may have employed his brother Gilbert, who was two years and a half younger than himself, and perhaps accustomed to agricultural pursuits, to look after his farming concerns in the country, while he himself was absent superintending his profitable theatrical undertakings in London. In 1595, 1596, and 1597, our Poet must have been in the receipt of a considerable and an increasing income: he was part proprietor of the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres, both excellent speculations; he was an actor, doubtless earning a good salary, independently of the proceeds of his shares; and he was the most popular and applauded dramatic poet of the day. In the summer he might find, or make, leisure to visit his native town, and we may be tolerably sure that he was there in August, 1596, when he had the misfortune to lose his only son Hamnet, one of the twins born early in the spring of 1585: the boy completed his eleventh year in February, 1596, so that his death in August following must have been a very severe trial for his parents.[1]

Stow informs us that, in 1596, the price of provisions in England was so high, that the bushel of wheat was sold for six, seven, and eight shillings: the dearth continued and increased through 1597, and in August of that year the price of the bushel of wheat had risen to thirteen shillings, fell to ten shillings, and rose again, in the words of the old faithful chronicler, to "the late greatest price." Malone printed a letter from Abraham Sturley, of Stratford-upon-Avon, dated 24th January, 1597-8, stating that his "neighbours groaned with the wants they felt through the dearness of corn," and that malcontents in great numbers had gone to Sir Thomas Lucy and Sir Fulke Greville to complain of the maltsters for engrossing it. Connected with this dearth, the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of a document of much value as regards the biography of our Poet. It is thus headed:—

> "The noate of corne and malte, taken the 4th of February, 1597, in the 40th year of the raigne of our most gracious Soveraigne Ladie, Queen Elizabeth, &c."

and in the margin opposite the title are the words "Stratforde Burroughe, Warwicke." It was evidently prepared in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town; and it is divided into two columns, one showing the "Townsmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers' malt." The names of the Townsmen and Strangers (when known) are all given, the wards in which they resided, so that we are ena by this document, among other things, to prove in part of Stratford the family of our great Poet then dw it was in Chapel-street Ward, and it appears that a date of the account William Shakespeare had ten ters of corn in his possession.

We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer t document upon another point, but in the mean tim may remark that the name of John Shakespeare i found in any part of it. This fact gives additional bability to the belief that the two old people, pos with some of their children, were living in the hou their son William, for such may be the reason wh do not find John Shakespeare mentioned in the acc as the owner of any corn. It may likewise in explain how it happened that William Shakespeare in possession of so large a quantity: in proportion t number of his family, in time of scarcity, he woul naturally desirous to be well provided with the article of subsistence; or it is very possible that, grower of grain, he might keep some in store for sa those who were in want of it. Ten quarters doe seem much more than would be needed for his consumption; but it affords some proof of his m and substance at this date, that only two perso Chapel-street Ward had a larger quantity in their ha We are led to infer from this circumstance that our dramatist may have been a cultivator of land, and not unlikely that the wheat in his granary had grown on his mother's estate of Asbyes, at Wilme of which we know that no fewer than fifty, out of a sixty, acres were arable.

We must now return to London and to thea affairs there, and in the first place advert to a pa in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the re supposed commencement of the connection betwee great dramatist and Ben Jonson. Rowe tells us "Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson b with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-na Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknow the world, had offered one of his plays to the pla in order to have it acted; and the persons into w hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly superciliously over, were just upon returning it to with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no vice to their company, when Shakespeare, luckily, his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, engage him first to read it through, and afterward recommend Jonson and his writings to the pub This anecdote is disbelieved by Mr. Gifford, an rests his incredulity upon the supposition, that Ben son's earliest known production, "Every Man in Humour," was originally acted in 1597 at a diff theatre, and he produces as evidence Henslowe's D which, he states, proves that the comedy came o the Rose.

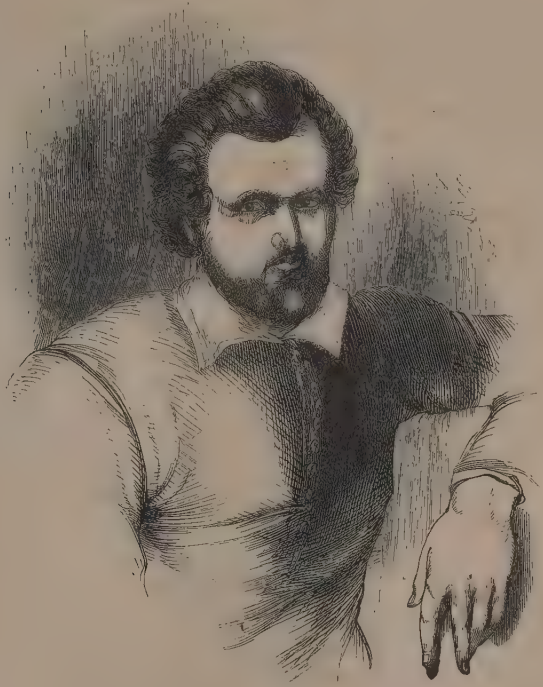
The truth, however, is, that the play supposed the authority of Henslowe, to be Ben Jonson's com is only called by Henslowe "Humours" or "Um as he spells it. It is a mere speculation that this Ben Jonson's play, for it may have been any other formance, by any other poet, in the title of which word "Humours" occurred; and we have the i putable and unequivocal testimony of Ben Jonson

[1] The following is the form of the entry of the burial in the register of the church of Stratford:—

"1596. *August* 11. *Hamnet filius William Shakspere.*"

his own authorized edition of his works in 1616, Every Man in his Humour" was not acted until ne was not satisfied with stating on the title-page, was "acted in the year 1598 by the then Lord erlain his servants," which might have been con- sufficient: but in this instance (as in all others same volume) he informs at the end that 1598 e year in which it was *first* acted:—"This was first acted in the year '1598." Are we d to disbelieve Ben Jonson's positive assertions of the highest and purest notions, as regarded truth and integrity) for the sake of a theory founded upon the bare assumption, that Henslowe by "Umers" not only meant Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," but could mean nothing else?

Had it been brought out originally by the Lord Admiral's players at the Rose, and acted with so much success that it was repeated eleven times, as Henslowe's Diary shows was the case with "Umers," there can be no apparent reason why Ben Jonson should not have said so; and if he had afterwards withdrawn it on some pique, and carried it to the Lord Chamberlain's player's,



Ben Jonson.

hardly conceive it possible that a man of Ben s temper would not have told us why in some art of his works.

Gifford, passing over without notice the positive nt we have quoted, respecting the *first* acting of Man in his Humour" by the Lord Chamber- ervants in 1598, proceeds to argue that Ben could stand in need of no such assistance as peare is said to have afforded him, because he s well known, and perhaps better," than Shake- himself. Surely, with all deference for Mr. s undisputed acuteness and general accuracy, y doubt how Ben Jonson could be better, or s well known as Shakespeare, when the latter en for twelve years connected with the stage as and actor, and had written, at the lowest cal- , twelve dramas, while the former was only twenty-four years old, and had produced no known play but "Every Man in his Humour." It is also to be observed, that Henslowe had no pecuniary transactions with Ben Jonson prior to the month of August, 1598; whereas, if "Umers" had been purchased from him, we could scarcely have failed to find some memorandum of payments, anterior to the production of the comedy on the stage in May, 1597.

Add to this, that nothing could be more consistent with the amiable and generous character of Shakespeare, than that he should thus have interested himself in favour of a writer who was ten years his junior, and who gave such undoubted proofs of genius as are displayed in "Every Man in his Humour." Our great dramatist, established in public favour by such comedies as the MERCHANT OF VENICE and the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, by such a tragedy as ROMEO AND

JULIET, and by such histories as KING JOHN, RICHARD II., and RICHARD III., must have felt himself above all rivalry, and could well afford this act of "humanity and good-nature," as Rowe terms it, on behalf of a young, needy, and meritorious author. It is to be recollected also that Rowe, the original narrator of the incident, does not, as in several other cases, give it as if he at all doubted its correctness, but unhesitatingly and distinctly, as if it were a matter well known, and entirely believed, at the time he wrote.

Another circumstance in confirmation of Rowe's statement has been recently discovered. In 1598 Ben Jonson, being then only twenty-four years old, had a quarrel with Gabriel Spencer, one of Henslowe's principal actors, in consequence of which they met, fought, and Spencer was killed. Henslowe, writing to Alleyn on the subject on the 26th September, uses these words:—"Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly; that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Now, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy called "Ume and had it been his "Every Man in his Humour," wh was acted by the Lord Admiral's players eleven tim it is not very likely that Henslowe would have b ignorant who Benjamin Jonson was, and have spo of him, not as one of the dramatists in his pay, and author of a very successful comedy, but merely "bricklayer:" he was writing also to his step-daught husband, the leading member of his company, to wh he would have been ready to give the fullest in mation regarding the disastrous affair. This sh the improbability of the assumption, that Ben Jon had any thing to do with the comedy of "Ume acted by Henslowe's company in May, 1597; the probability of the position that, as Ben Jon himself states, it was originally brought out in 1598 "the then Lord Chamberlain's servants." It m have been, and probably was, acted by them, cause Shakespeare had kindly interposed with associates on behalf of the deserving and unfrien author.

Edward Alleyn.

Merry Wives of Windsor, performed before Queen Elizabeth at Windsor.

CHAPTER XII.

e summer of 1597 an event occurred which
o have produced for a time a serious restriction
amatic performances. The celebrated Thomas
rly in the year, had written a comedy which
l "The Isle of Dogs:" that he had partners in
ertaking there is no doubt; and he tells us, in
called "Lenten Stuff," printed in 1599, that
ers, when it was acted by the Lord Admiral's
in the beginning of August, 1597, had taken
warrantable liberties with his piece, by making
ditions, for which he ought not to have been
ble. The exact nature of the performance is
wn, but it was certainly satirical, no doubt
, and it must have had reference also to some
lemical and political questions of the day. The
tation of it was forbidden by authority, and
ith others, was arrested under an order from
y council, and sent to the Fleet prison. Some
ffending actors had escaped for a time, and the
uncil, not satisfied with what had been already
the way of punishment, wrote from Greenwich on 15th August, 1597, to certain magistrates, requiring them strictly to examine all the parties in custody, with a view to the discovery of others not yet apprehended. From his official letter we learn, not only that Nash was the author of the "seditious and slanderous" comedy, but possibly himself an actor in it, and "the maker of part of the said play," especially pointed at, who was in custody.

Before the date of this incident, the companies of various play-houses in the county of Middlesex, but particularly at the Curtain and Theatre in Shoreditch, had attracted attention, and given offence, by the licentious character of their performances; and the registers of the privy council show that the magistrates had been written to, in July, 1597, requiring that no plays should be acted during the summer, and directing, in order to put an effectual stop to such performances, because "lewd matters were handled on stages," that the two places above-named should be "plucked down." The magistrates were also enjoined to send for the owners of "any other common play-house" within their juris-

diction, and not only to forbid performances of every description, but "so to deface" all places erected for theatrical representations, "as they might not be employed again to such use." This command was given just anterior to the production of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," which was not calculated to lessen the objections entertained by any persons in authority about the court.

The Blackfriars not being, according to the terms of the order of the privy council, "a common playhouse," but what was called a private theatre, does not seem to have been included in the general ban; but as we know that similar directions had been conveyed to the magistrates of the county of Surrey, it is surprising that they seem to have produced no effect upon the performances at the Globe or the Rose, upon the Bankside. This was owing, perhaps, to private influence; and it is certain that the necessity of keeping some companies in practice, in order that they might be prepared to exhibit, when required, before the Queen, was made the pretext for granting exclusive "licenses" to the actors of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Lord Admiral. We know that the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, about this date and shortly afterwards, were in the frequent habit of visiting the theatres: the Earl of Nottingham also seems to have taken an interest on various occasions in favour of the company acting under his name, and to the representations of these noblemen we are, perhaps, to attribute the exemption of the Globe and the Rose from the operation of the order "to deface" all buildings adapted to dramatic representations in Middlesex and Surrey, in a manner that would render them unfit for any such purpose in future. We have the authority of the registers of the privy council for stating that the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral obtained renewed permission "to use and practise stage-plays," in order that they might be qualified to perform before the Queen.

This privilege, as regards the players of the Lord Admiral, seems the more extraordinary, because that was the very company which only in the August preceding had given such offence by the representation of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," that its further performance was forbidden, the author and some of the players were arrested and sent to the Fleet, and vigorous steps taken to secure the persons of other parties who for a time had made their escape. It is very likely that Nash was the scape-goat on the occasion, and that the chief blame was thrown upon him, although, in his tract, before mentioned, he maintains that he was the most innocent party of all those who were concerned in the transaction. It seems evident, that in 1598 there was a strong disposition on the part of some members of the Queen's government to restrict dramatic performances, in and near London, to the servants of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral.

Accordingly, we hear of no interruption, at this date, of the performances at either of the theatres in the receipts of which Shakespeare participated.

To the year 1598, inclusive, only five of his plays had been printed, although he had then been connected with the stage for about twelve years—viz. ROMEO AND JULIET, RICHARD II. and RICHARD III. in 1597, and LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST and HENRY IV. (Part I.) in 1598; but, as we learn from indisputable contemporaneous authority, he had written seven others, besides what he had done in the way of alteration, addition, adaptation. The earliest enumeration of Shakespeare's dramas made its appearance in 1598, in a work Francis Meares, entitled "*Palladis Tamia*, Wits Treasury." In a division of this small but thick volume headed "A comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greeke, Latine and Italian Poets," the author inserts the following paragraph, which we extract precisely as it stands in the original, because it has where, that we recollect, been quoted quite correctly

"As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy Tragedy among the Latines: so Shakespeare among y^e Englis the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, nes his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merc of Venice:* for Tragedy his *Richard the* 2. *Richard the* 3. *H the* 4. *King Iohn*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*."

Thus we see that twelve comedies, histories, tragedies, (for we have speciméns in each departme

[1] The following passages, in the same division of the work Meares, contain mention of the name or works of Shakespear

"As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to liue in Pythago so the sweete wittie soule of Ouid liues in mellifluous and h tongued Shakespeare; witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Luc* his sugred sonnets among his priuate friends &c." fol. 281.

"As Epius Stolo said, the Muses would speake with Plat tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say the Muses w speak with Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would sp English." fol. 282.

"And as Horace saith of his, Exegi monumentū ære pe nius, Regaliq; situ pyramidum altius; Quod non imber ed Non Aquilo impotens possit diruere, aut innumerabilis annor series et fuga temporum; so say I severally of Sir Philip neys, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warn workes." fol. 282.

"As Pindarus, Anacreon, and Callimachus among the Greek and Horace and Catullus among the Latines, are the best ly poets; so in this faculty the best amōg our poets are Spe (who excelleth in all kinds) Daniel, Drayton, Shakespe Brettō." fol. 282.

"As these tragicke poets flourished in Greece, Æschy Euripedes, Sophocles, Alexander Aetolus, Achæus Erithri Astydamas Athēniesis, Apollodorus Tarsensis, Nicomachus Fl gius, Thespis Atticus, and Timon Apolloniates; and these am the Latines, Accius, M. Attilius. Pomponius Secundus and Sene so these are our best for tragedie; the Lord Buckhurst, Do Leg of Cambridge, Dr. Edes of Oxford, Maister Edward Fe the Authour of the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, Marlow, Pe Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and I iamin Iohnson." fol. 283.

"The best poets for comedy among the Greeks are th Menander, Aristophanes, Eupolis Atheniensis Alexis, Te Nicostratus, Amipsias Atheniensis, Anaxādrides Rhodius, tonymus, Archippus Atheniēsis, and Callias Atheniensis; among the Latines, Plautus, Terence, Næuius, Sext. Turpi Licinius Imbrex, and Virgilius Romanus; so the best for com amongst us bee Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gage Oxforde, Maister Rowley, once a rare scholler of learned P brooke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes, one of her Ma ties Chappell, eloquent and wittie John Lilly, Lodge, Gascoy Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anth Mundye, our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathw and Henry Chettle." fol. 283.

"As these are famous among the Greeks for elegie, Melanth Mymnerus Colophonius, Olympius Mysius, Parthenius Nice Philetas Cous, Theogenes Megarensis, and Pigres Halicarnasc and these among the Latines, Mecænas, Ouid, Tibullus, Pro tius, T. Valgius, Cassius Seuerus, and Clodius Sabinus; so th are the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane perplexities of loue; Henrie Howard Earle of Surrey, sir Tho Wyat the elder, sir Francis Brian, sir Philip Sidney, sir Wa Rawley, sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespe Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuell Page sometime fellowe of *Cor Christi* Colledge in Oxford, Churchyard, Bretton." fol. 283.

nown as Shakespeare's in the autumn of 1598, ne work of Meares came from the press.[1] It is kable circumstance, evincing strikingly the man- which the various companies of actors of that were able to keep popular pieces from the press, il Shakespeare had been a writer for the Lord erlain's servants ten or eleven years, not a play by him was published; and then four of printed plays were without his name, as if the ler had been ignorant of the fact, or as if he red that the omission would not affect the sale: hem, ROMEO AND JULIET, was never printed in rly quarto as the work of Shakespeare. The of RICHARD II. and RICHARD III., in 1598, akespeare's name on the title-pages, and they ssued, perhaps, after Meares had distinctly l those "histories" to him.

our conviction, after the most minute and patient ation of, we believe, every old impression, that peare in no instance authorized the publication plays; we do not consider even HAMLET an on, although the edition of 1604 was probably d, by some parties connected with the theatre, sede the garbled and fraudulent edition of 1603: peare, in our opinion, had nothing to do with the with the other. He allowed most mangled and ed copies of several of his greatest works to be ed for many years, and did not think it worth le to expose the fraud, which remained, in seve- s, undetected, as far as the great body of the was concerned, until the appearance of the folio 3. Our great dramatist's indifference upon this

as entered for publication on the Stationers' Registers in per, 1598. Meares must have written something in verse as not reached our day, because in 1601 he was addressed zgeoffrey, in his *Affaniæ*, as a poet and theologian: he ainly well acquainted with the writings of all the poets ne, whatever might be their department. Fitzgeoffrey s Meares in company with Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Ben Sylvester, Chapman, Marston, etc.

point seems to have been shared by many, if not by most, of his contemporaries: and if the quarto impression of any one of his plays be more accurate in typography than another, we feel satisfied that it arose out of the better state of the manuscript, or the greater pains and fidelity of the printer.[1]

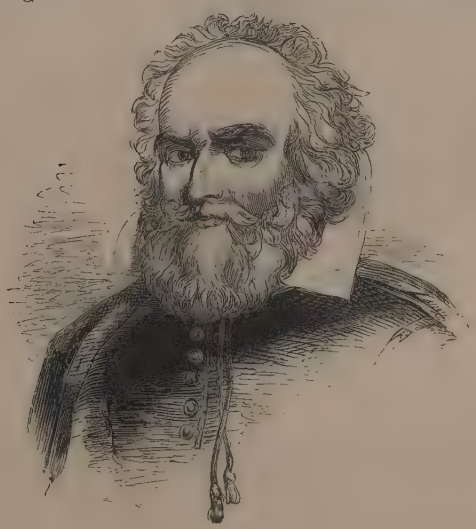
Returning to the list of twelve plays furnished by Meares, we may add, that although he does not mention them, there can be no doubt that the three parts of HENRY VI. had been repeatedly acted before 1598: we may possibly infer, that they were not inserted because they were then known not to be the sole work of Shakespeare. By HENRY IV. it is most probable that Meares intended both parts of that "history." "Love's Labour's Won" has been supposed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, under a different title: our notion is that the original name given to the play was "Love's Labour's Won:" and that, when it was revived with additions and alterations, in 1605 or 1606, it received also a new appellation.

In connection with the question regarding the interest taken by Shakespeare in the publication of his works, we may notice the fraud practised in the year after the appearance of the list furnished by Meares. In 1599, came out a collection of short miscellaneous poems, under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim:" they were all of them imputed, by the printer, or by the bookseller, to Shakespeare, although some of them

[1] We cannot wonder at the errors in plays surreptitiously procured and hastily printed, which was the case with many impressions of that day. Upon this point Heywood is an unexceptionable witness, and he tells us of one of his dramas—

"—— that some by stenography drew
The plot, put it in print, scarce one word true."

Other dramatists make the same complaint; and there can be no doubt that it was the practice so to defraud authors and actors, and to palm wretchedly disfigured pieces upon the public as genuine and authentic works. It was, we are satisfied, in this way that Shakespeare's ROMEO AND JULIET, HENRY V., and HAMLET, first got out into the world.



George Chapman.

were notoriously by other poets. But Shakespeare, as far as appears from any evidence that has descended to us, took no notice of the trick played upon him: possibly he never heard of it, or if he heard of it, left it to its own detection, not thinking it worth while to interfere.[1] It serves to establish, what could not otherwise be doubted, the popularity of Shakespeare in 1599, and the manner in which a scheming printer and stationer endeavoured to take advantage of that popularity.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was, about this period, known and admired for his plays. Richard Barnfield published his "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," in 1598, (the year in which the list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays was printed by Meares,) and from a copy of verses entitled "Remembrance of some English Poets," we quote the following notice of Shakespeare:—

> "And Shakespeare thou, whose honey-flowing vein,
> Pleasing the world, thy praises doth contain,
> Whose *Venus*, and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,
> Thy name in Fame's immortal book hath plac'd;
> Live ever you, at least in fame live ever:
> Well may the body die, but fame die never."

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the stage, where his dramas were in daily p formance before crowded audiences, but from the s cess of his VENUS AND ADONIS and LUCRECE, wh had gone through various editions. To the same effe but a still stronger instance, we may refer to a play which Burbage and Kempe are introduced as char ters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shal speare's dramas: we allude to "The Return from P nassus," which was acted before the death of Que Elizabeth. In a scene where two young students discussing the merits of particular poets, one of th speaks thus of Shakespeare:—

> "Who loves *Adonis* love or *Lucrece* rape,
> His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
> Could but a graver subject him content,
> Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

Not the most distant allusion is made to any of dramatic productions, although the poet criticised the young students immediately before Shakespea was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be "the witti fellow, of a bricklayer, in England," but "a slow ventor." Hence we might be led to imagine th even down to as late a period as the commencement the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespea depended rather upon his poems than upon his play almost as if productions for the stage were not look upon, at that date, as part of the recognized literatu of the country.

[1] When "The Passionate Pilgrim" was reprinted in 1612, with some additional pieces by Thomas Heywood, that dramatist pointed out the imposition, and procured the cancelling of the title-page in which the authorship of the whole was assigned to Shakespeare.

Sir Philip Sidney.

New Place.

CHAPTER XIII.

e document, relating to the quantity of corn and Stratford, it is stated that William Shakespeare's e was in that division of the borough called treet Ward. This we think settles decisively uted question, whether he purchased what was as "the great house," or "New Place," before, er 1597. It was situated in Chapel-street Ward, the chapel of the Holy Trinity. We are now that he had a house in the ward in February, and that he had ten quarters of corn there; and l not doubt that it was the dwelling which had ilt by Sir Hugh Clopton in the reign of Henry ne Cloptons subsequently sold it to one Botte, to Hercules Underhill, who disposed of it to eare. We therefore find him, in the beginning occupying one of the best houses, in one of the ts of Stratford. He who had quitted his native out twelve years before, poor and comparatively ss, was able, by the profits of his own exertions, exercise of his own talents, to return to it, and lish his family in more comfort and opulence far as is known, they had ever before en- We consider the point that Shakespeare had

Shakespeare was considered a man who was in a condi- nd a considerable sum, in the autumn of 1598, we have nce of Richard Quyney, (father to Thomas Quyney, sequently married Shakespeare's youngest daughter who then applied to him for a loan of 30*l.*, equal to about our present money, and in terms which do not indicate t that our Poet would be able to make the advance. lication is contained in a letter which must have been and, as it unluckily contains no direction: it is the only discovered addressed to Shakespeare:—

g Contryman, I am bolde of yo^{w}, as of a frende, crave- helpe wth xxx^{lb}, uppon M^{r} Bushell & my securytee, ttens with me. M^{r} Rosswell is not come to London as I have especiall cawse. Yo^{w} shall frende me muche in me out of all the debeits I owe in London, I thanck god, ne quiet to my mynde w^{ch} wolde not be indebited. I am

become owner of New Place in or before 1597 as completely made out, as, at such a distance of time, and with such imperfect information upon his history, could be at all expected.[1]

We have already remarked that the confirmation of arms in 1596, obtained by William Shakespeare, had reference to the permanent and substantial settlement of his family in Stratford, and to the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered circumstances

now towards the Cowrte, in hope y^{r} answer for the dispatche of my Buysenes. Yo^{w} shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde willinge; & nowe butt pswade yo^{w} selfe soe as I hope & yo^{w} shall nott neede to feare; but with all hartie thanckfullnes I wyll holde my tyme & content yo^{wr} frend, & yf we Bargaine farther, yo^{w} shall be the paie m^{r} yo^{ur} selfe. My tyme bidds me to hasten to an ende, & soe I comitt thys [to] yo^{wr} care & hope of yo^{wr} helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe this night from the Cowrte. haste. the Lorde be wth yo^{w} & wth us all. amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 october 1598.

"Yo^{wrs} in all kyndenes,

"Ryc. Quyney.

"To my Loveing good frend
& contryman M^{r} W^{m}
Shackespe thees."

[1] In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakespeare planted a mulberry tree, about the year 1609: such is the tradition, and we think that it is founded in truth. In 1609, King James was anxious to introduce the mulberry (which had been imported about half a century earlier) into general cultivation, and the records in the State Paper Office show that in that year letters were written upon the subject to most of the justices of peace and deputy lieutenants in the kingdom: the plants were sold by the state at 6*s.* the hundred. On the 25th November, 1609, 935*l.* were paid out of the public purse for the planting of mulberry trees "near the palace of Westminster." The mulberry tree, said to have been planted by Shakespeare, was in existence up to about the year 1755; and in the spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane the actor, were entertained under it by Sir Hugh Clopton. New Place remained in possession of Shakespeare's successors until the Restoration; it was then repurchased by the Clopton family: about 1752 it was sold by the executor of Sir Hugh to a clergyman of the name of Gastrell,

of that family—altered by its increased wealth and consequence, owing to his own success as an actor and a dramatist.

The removal of the Lord Admiral's players, under Henslowe and Alleyn, from the Rose theatre on the Bankside, to the new house called the Fortune, in Golding-lane, Cripplegate, soon after this date, may lead to the opinion that that company did not find itself equal to sustain the rivalship with the Lord Chamberlain's servants, under Shakespeare and Burbage, at the Globe. That theatre was opened, as we believe, in the spring of 1595: the Rose was a considerably older building, and the necessity for repairing it might enter into the calculation, when Henslowe and Alleyn thought of trying the experiment in a different part of the town, and on the Middlesex side of the water. Theatres being at this date merely wooden structures, and much frequented, they would soon fall into decay, especially in a marshy situation like that of the Bankside: so damp was the soil in the neighbourhood, that the Globe was surrounded by a moat to keep it dry; and, it is likely that the Rose was similarly drained. The Rose was, in the reign of Edward VI., a house of entertainment with that sign, and was converted into a theatre about 1584; but seems to have early required reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to 1599, wh Henslowe and Alleyn resolved to abandon Southwar

who, on some offence taken at the authorities of the borough of Stratford on the subject of rating the house, pulled it down, and cut down the mulberry tree. According to a letter in the Annual Register of 1760, the wood was bought by a silversmith, who "made many odd things of it for the curious." In our time we have seen as many relics, said to have been formed from this one mulberry tree, as could hardly have been furnished by all the mulberry trees in the county of Warwick.

[1] We may assign the following lines to about this period, little earlier: they relate to some theatrical wager in wh Alleyn, of the Lord Admiral's players, was, for a part not nam to be matched against Kempe, of the Lord Chamberlain's vants. By the words "Will's new play," there can be li doubt that some work by Shakespeare was intended; and know from Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," 1 that Shakespeare was constantly familiarly called "Will." document is preserved at Dulwich, and it was first printed in "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn."

"Sweete Nedde, nowe wynne an other wager
For thine old frende, and fellow stager.
Tarlton himselfe thou doest excell,
And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,
And now shall Kempe orecome as well.
The moneyes downe, the place the Hope,
Phillippes shall hide his head and Pope.
Feare not, the victorie is thine;
Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne.
If Roscius Richard foames and fumes,
The Gobe shall have but emptie roomes,
If thou doest act; and Willes newe playe
Shall be rehearst some other daye.
Consent, then, Nedde; do us this grace:
Thou cannot faile in anie case;
For in the triall, come what maye,
All sides shall brave Ned Allin saye."

By "Roscius Richard" the writer of these lines, who was backer of Alleyn against Kempe, could have meant nobody Richard Burbage.

Not long afterwards Kempe became a member of the assoc tion of which Alleyn was the leader, and quitted that to whi Shakespeare and Burbage were attached. Kempe's success in t wager, led Alleyn and Henslowe to hold out inducements to hi to join them in their undertaking at the Fortune.

The Garden of New Place.

eem to have found, that neither their plays nor ayers could stand the competition of their rivals, y removed to a vicinity where no play-house had sly existed.

Fortune theatre was commenced in Golding-ripplegate, in the year 1599, and finished in nd thither Henslowe and Alleyn transported hole dramatic establishment, strengthened in the f 1602, by the addition of that great and popu-ic performer, William Kempe. The association Globe was then left in almost undisputed posses-the Bankside. There were occasional, and per-equent performances at the Rose, as well as at e and the Swan, but not by the regular associa-hich had previously occupied them; and after tune was opened, the speculation there was so le, that the Lord Admiral's players had no for returning to their old quarters.[1]

nembers of these two companies appear to have d so much influence in the summer of 1600, cked perhaps by the zeal of those who were lly to all theatrical performances) they obtained r from the privy council, dated 22d June, that r public play-houses should be permitted but be in Surrey, and the Fortune in Middlesex. eless, the privy council registers, where this inserted, also contain evidence that it was not ; for in May, 1601, the Lords wrote to certain ates of Middlesex requiring them to put a stop performance of a play at the Curtain, in which troduced "some gentlemen of good desert and that are yet alive," but saying nothing about ing of the house, although it was open in de-of the imperative command of the preceding We know also that not only the Curtain, but on the Bankside, besides the Globe, were occasional use. It is fair to presume, there-at the order of the 22d June, 1600, was never enforced, and one of the most remarkable cir-ces of the times is, the little attention, as regards als, that appears to have been paid to the authority of the court. It seems as if restric-asures had been adopted in order to satisfy the nity of particular individuals, but that there disposition on the part of persons in authority to em into execution. Thus, a year and a half e order of the 22d June had been issued, it was l, but, as far as we learn, with just as little effect e.

es the second edition of Romeo and Juliet, in which was most likely printed from a play-house ript, being very different from the mutilated and tured copy of 1597,) five plays by our great st found their way to the press in 1600, viz. Andronicus, (which had probably been origi-

s at the Fortune that Alleyn seems to have realized so oney in the few first years of the undertaking, that he in November, 1604, to purchase the manor of Kenning-1065, and in the next year the manor of Lewisham and for £5000. These two sums, in money of the present ld be equal to at least £25,000; but it is to be observed Dulwich, Alleyn only paid £2000 down, while the re-sum was left upon mortgage. In the commencement renteenth century theatrical speculations generally seem een highly lucrative. (See the "Alleyn Papers," printed akespeare Society.)

nally published in 1594,) the Merchant of Venice, the Midsummer-Night's Dream,[1] Henry IV. (Part II.,) and Much Ado about Nothing. The last only was not mentioned by Meares, in 1598; and as to the periods when we may suppose the others to have been written, we must refer the reader to our several Introductions, where we have given the existing information upon the subject. "The Chronicle History of Henry V." also came out in the same year, but without the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page, and an imperfect and garbled representation of the play, as it proceeded from the author's pen. Whether any of the managers of theatres at this date might not sometimes be concerned in selling impressions of dramas, we have no means of deciding; but we do not believe it, and we are satisfied that dramatic authors in general were content with disposing of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no emolument to be derived from publication.[2] We are not without something like proof that actors now and then sold their parts in plays to booksellers, and thus, by the combination of them and other assistance, editions of popular plays were surreptitiously printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a circumstance which happened in 1600, and is connected with the question of the authorized or unauthorized publication of Shakespeare's plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called "The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," came out, on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare appeared at length. We find by Henslowe's Diary that this drama was in fact the authorship of four poets, Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson, and Richard

[1] The clothing of Snug the joiner in a "lion's fell" in this play, (act v. scene 1,) seems to have suggested the humorous speech to King James at Linlithgow, on the 30th June, 1617, and as it is a curiosity we subjoin it.

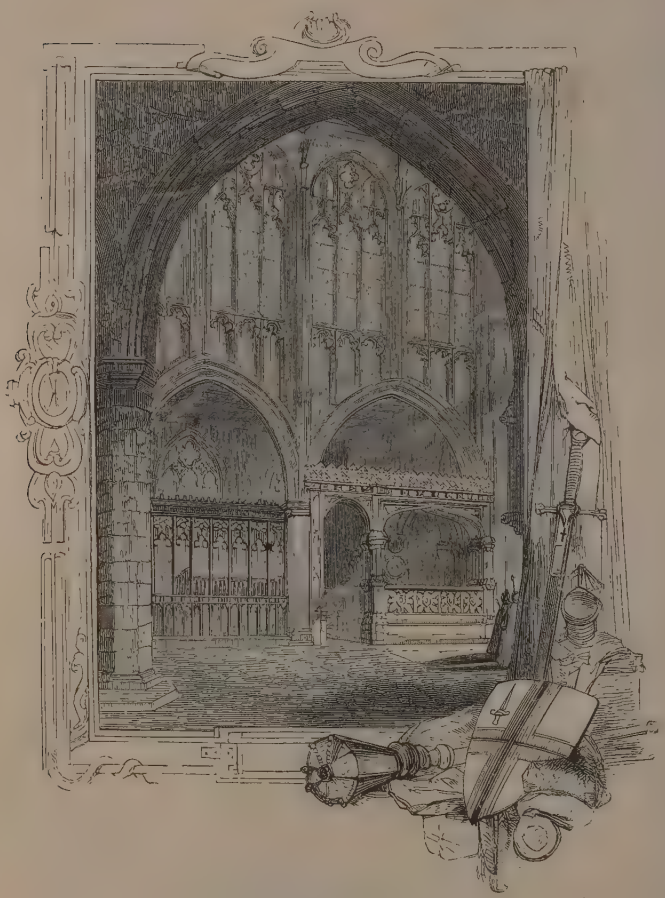
"A moveing engine, representing a fountaine, and running wine, came to the gate of the towne, in the midst of which was a lyon, and in the lyon a man, who delivered this learned speech to his majestie:

"Most royall sir, heere I doe you beseech,
Who are a lyon, to hear a lyon's speech:
A miracle; for since the dayes of Æsop,
Till ours, noe lyon yet his voice did hois-up
To such a Majestie. Then, King of Men,
The king of beasts speaks to thee from his denn,
A fountaine nowe. That lyon, which was ledd
By Androdus through Roome, had not a head
More rationall then this, bredd in this nation,
Whoe in thy presence warbleth this oration.
For though he heer inclosed bee in plaister,
When he was free he was this townes school-master
This Well you see, is not that Arethusa,
The Nymph of Sicile: Noe, men may carous
Health of the plump Lyæus, noblest grapes,
From these faire conduits, and turne drunk like apes.
This second spring I keep, as did that dragon
Hesperian apples. And nowe, sir, a plague on
This your poore towne, if to't you bee not welcome!
But whoe can doubt of this, when, loe! a Well come
Is nowe unto the gate? I would say more,
But words now failing, dare not, least I roare."

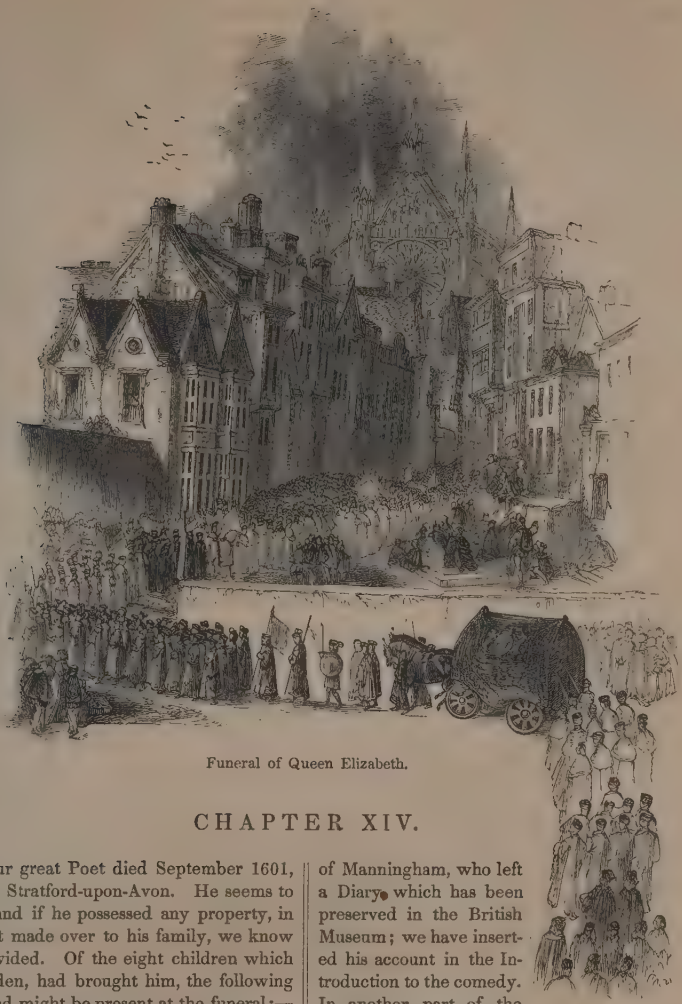
[2] It was a charge against Robert Greene, that, driven by the pressure of necessity, he had on one occasion raised money by making "a double sale" of his play called "Orlando Furioso," 1594, first to the players and afterwards to the press. Such may have been the fact, but it was unquestionably an exception to the ordinary rule.

Hathway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick by the bookseller, T[homas] P[avier,] in the hope that it would be bought as his work. This seems to have been detected and corrected at the time, for more than one copy of the "First Part, etc. of Sir John Oldcastle" has come to light, upon the title-page of which no name is to be found, the bookseller apparently having been compelled to cancel the leaf containing it. From the indifference

Shakespeare seems uniformly to have displaye matters of the kind, we may, possibly, conclud the cancel was made at the instance of one o four poets who were the real authors of the but perhaps the step may have been in some connected with the objection taken by living bers of the Oldcastle family to the name, whic been assigned by Shakespeare in the first insta Falstaff.



The Clopton Monument in Stratford Church.



Funeral of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XIV.

ther of our great Poet died September 1601, buried at Stratford-upon-Avon. He seems to no will, and if he possessed any property, in houses, not made over to his family, we know it was divided. Of the eight children which Mary Arden, had brought him, the following n alive, and might be present at the funeral:— Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund. The rs of John Shakespeare (who, if born in 1530 he supposed, lived to his seventy-first year) btless easy and comfortable, and the prosperity est son must have placed him beyond the reach ary difficulties.

n the spring of 1602, we meet with one of those which distinctly show how uncertain all con- nust be respecting the date when Shakespeare's vere originally written and produced. Malone whitt, in 1790, conjectured that TWELFTH NIGHT written in 1614: in his second edition Malone to 1607, and Chalmers, thinking neither date fixed upon 1613, an opinion in which Drake d. But we have irrefragable evidence, from itness, of its existence on 2d February, 1602, was played at the Reader's Feast in the Middle This eye-witness was a barrister of the name of Manningham, who left a Diary, which has been preserved in the British Museum; we have inserted his account in the Introduction to the comedy. In another part of the same manuscript, he gives an anecdote of Shakespeare and Burbage,[1] which we give in a note, without further remark than that it has been supposed to depend upon

[1] Mr. Collier, in his "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," thus introduces the anecdote:—"If in the course of my inquiries, I have been unlucky enough (I may perhaps say) to find any thing which represents our great dramatist in a less favourable light, as a human being with human infirmities, I may lament it, but I do not therefore feel myself at liberty to conceal and suppress the fact." The anecdote is this.

"Upon a tyme when Burbage played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grew so farre in liking with him, that before shee went from the play, shee appointed him to come that night unto her, by the name of Rich. the 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. Then, message being brought that Rich. the 3. was at the dore. Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3. Shakespeare's name Willm."

This story may be a piece of scandal, but there is no doubt that Burbage was the original Richard III. As to the custom of ladies

the authority of Nicholas Tooley, but on looking at the original record we doubt whether it came from any such source. A "Mr. Towse" is repeatedly introduced as a person from whom Manningham derived informtion, and that name, though blotted, seems to be placed at the end of the paragraph, without the addition of any Christian name. This circumstance may shake the authenticity of the story, because we know not who Mr. Towse might be, while we are sure that Nicholas Tooley was a fellow-actor in the same company as both the individuals to whom the story relates. At the same time it was, very possibly, a mere invention of the "roguish players," originating, as was often the case, in some older joke, and applied to Shakespeare and Burbage, because their Christian names happened to be William and Richard.

Elizabeth, from the commencement of her reign seems to have extended her personal patronage, as well as her public countenance, to the drama; and scarcely a Christmas or a Shrovetide can be pointed out during the forty-five years she occupied the throne, when there were not dramatic entertainments, either at Whitehall, Greenwich, Nonesuch, Richmond, or Windsor. The latest visit she paid to any of her nobility in the country was to the Lord Keeper, Sir Thomas Egerton, at Harefield, only nine or ten months before her death, and it was upon this occasion, in the beginning of August, 1602, that OTHELLO[1] (having been got up for her amusement, and the Lord Chamberlain's players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hertfordshire for the purpose) was represented before her. In this case, as in the preceding one respecting TWELFTH NIGHT, all that we positively learn is that such drama was performed, and we are left to infer that it was a new play from other circumstances, as well as from the fact that it was customary on such festivities to exhibit some drama that, as a novelty, was then attracting public attention. Hence we are led to believe, that TWELFTH NIGHT (not printed until it formed part of the folio of 1623) was written at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601; and that OTHELLO (first published in 4to, 1622,) came from the author's pen about a year afterwards.

In the memorandum ascertaining the performance of OTHELLO at Harefield, the company by which it was represented is called "Burbages Players," that designation arising out of the fact, that he was looked upon as the leader of the association: he was certainly its most celebrated actor, and we find from other sources that he was the representative of the "Moor of Venice."[2] Whether Shakespeare had any and what part in the tragedy, either then or upon other occasions, is not known; but we do not think any argument, way or the other, is to be drawn from the fact tha company, when at Harefield, does not seem to been under his immediate government. Whethe was or was not one of the "players" in OTHELL August, 1602, there can be little doubt that as an and moreover as one "excellent in his quality," he have been often seen and applauded by Eliza Chettle informs us after her death, in a passage alr quoted, that she had "opened her royal ear to his la but this was obviously in his capacity of dramatist we have no direct evidence that Shakespeare had performed at court.[1]

James I. reached Theobalds, in his journey Edinburgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. B he quitted his own capital he had had various opp nities of witnessing the performances of English ac and it is an interesting, but a difficult question, wh Shakespeare had ever appeared before him, or, in words, whether our great dramatist had ever vi Scotland? We have no affirmative testimony upo point, beyond what may be derived from some pass in MACBETH, descriptive of particular localities, which passages our readers must be familiar: the however, ample room for conjecture; and althoug the whole, we are inclined to think that he was n north of the Tweed, it is indisputable that the com to which he belonged, or a part of it, had perfor in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and doubtless in

"No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,
Shall cry, Revenge! for his dear father's death:
Poor Romeo never more shall tears beget
For Juliet's love, and cruel Capulet:
Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince,
They died with thee, dear Dick,—
Not to revive again. Jeronimo
Shall cease to mourn his son Horatio.
They cannot call thee from thy naked bed
By horrid outcry; and Antonio's dead.
Edward shall lack a representative;
And Crookback, as befits, shall cease to live.
Tyrant Macbeth, with unwash'd bloody hand,
We vainly now may hope to understand.
Brutus and Marcius henceforth must be dumb,
For ne'er thy like upon our stage shall come,
To charm the faculty of ears and eyes.
Unless we could command the dead to rise.
Vindex is gone and what a loss was he!
Frankford, Brachiano, and Malevole.
Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too,
Are lost for ever, with the red-haired Jew,
Which sought the bankrupt Merchant's pound of flesh,
By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh. * * *
And his whole action he would change with ease
From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles.
But let me not forget one chiefest part
Wherein, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart;
The grieved Moor, made jealous by a slave,
Who sent his wife to fill a timeless grave,
Then slew himself upon the bloody bed.
All these, and many more, with him are dead," etc.

The MS. from which the above lines are copied seems, at le one place, defective, but it might be cured by the addition o words, "and not long since."

[1] A ballad was published on the death of Elizabeth, in the mencement of which, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Th Greene, author of "A Poet's Vision and a Prince's Glorie," 1603, were called upon to contribute some verses in honou the late Queen:—

"You poets all, brave Shakespeare, Johnson, Greene,
Bestow your time to write for England's Queene," etc.

inviting players home to supper, see Middleton's "Mad World, my Masters," (act v. scene 2,) in "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edit. The players, in turn, sometimes invited the ladies, as we find by Field's "Amends for Ladies," (act iii. scene 4,) in the supplementary volume to "Dodsley's Old Plays," published in 1829.

[1] See the Introduction to OTHELLO.

[2] Above we have inserted the names of some of the principal characters, in plays of the time, sustained by Burbage, as they are given in the epitaph upon his death, in 1619. Our readers may like to see the manner in which these characters are spoken of by the contemporaneous versifier. The production opens with this couplet:—

"Some skilful limner help me; if not so,
Some sad tragedian to express my woe:"

which certainly does not promise much in the way of excellence; but the enumeration of parts is all that is valuable, and it is this:—

iate places. We will briefly state the existing this fact.

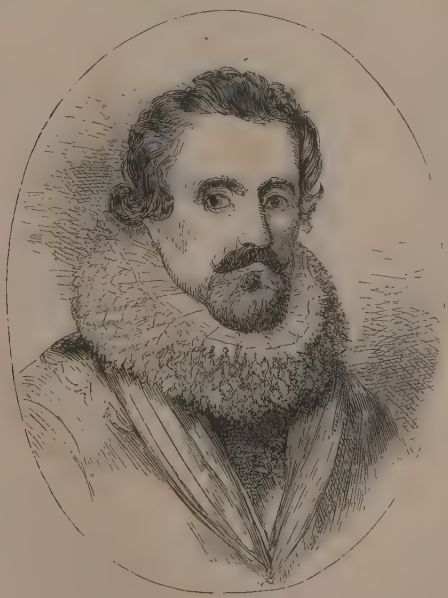
ear 1599 has been commonly supposed the late at which an association of English actors cotland; but it can be shown beyond contra- iat "her Majesty's players," meaning those of lizabeth, were in Edinburgh ten years earlier. er, 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary gland to James VI. of Scotland, thus writes to rghley:—

rd Bothw[ell] begins to shew himself willing and ready Majestie any service, and desires hereafter to be thought nall deserve: he sheweth great kindness to our nation, *Majestics Players* and Canoniers with all courtesie."

date of this dispatch, Shakespeare had quitted about three years, and the question is, what was intended to be designated as "her Majes- ers." It is admitted, that in 1583 the Queen twelve leading performers from the theatrical of some of her nobility, and they were after- alled "her Majesty's players;" and we also at in 1590 the Queen had two companies acting r name: in the autumn of the preceding year, y that one of these associations had been sent cottish capital for the amusement of the young l the company formed in 1583 may have been into two bodies for this express purpose. Sir clair, in his "Statistical account of Scotland," ed that a body of comedians was in Perth, in 89; and although we are without evidence were English players, we may fairly enough hat they were the same company spoken of by We have no means of ascertaining the names of any of the players, nor indeed, excepting the leaders Laneham and Dutton, can we state who were the members of the Queen's two companies in 1590. Shakespeare might be one of them: but if he were, he might not belong to that division of the company which was dispatched to Scotland.

It is not at all improbable that English actors, having found their way north of the Tweed in 1589, would speedily repeat their visit: but the next we hear of them is, not until after a long interval, in the autumn of 1599. The records of Scotland show that in October, 1599, 43*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* were delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians:" in the next month they were paid 41*l.* 12*s.* at various times. In December they received no less than 333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; in April, 1600, 10*l.*; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to 400*l.*

Thus we see, that English players were in Scotland from October, 1599, to December, 1601, a period of more than two years; but still we are without any proof that Shakespeare was one of the association. We cannot, however, entertain a doubt that Laurence Fletcher, (whose name stands first in the patent granted by King James on his arrival in London,) was the leader of the association which performed in Edinburgh and elsewhere, because it appears from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that on the 9th October, 1601, the English players received thirty-two marks as a gratuity, and that on 22d October the freedom of the city was conferred upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "comedian to his Majesty." The company had arrived in Aberdeen, and had been received by the public authorities, under the sanction of a special letter from James VI.; and although they were in fact



James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England.

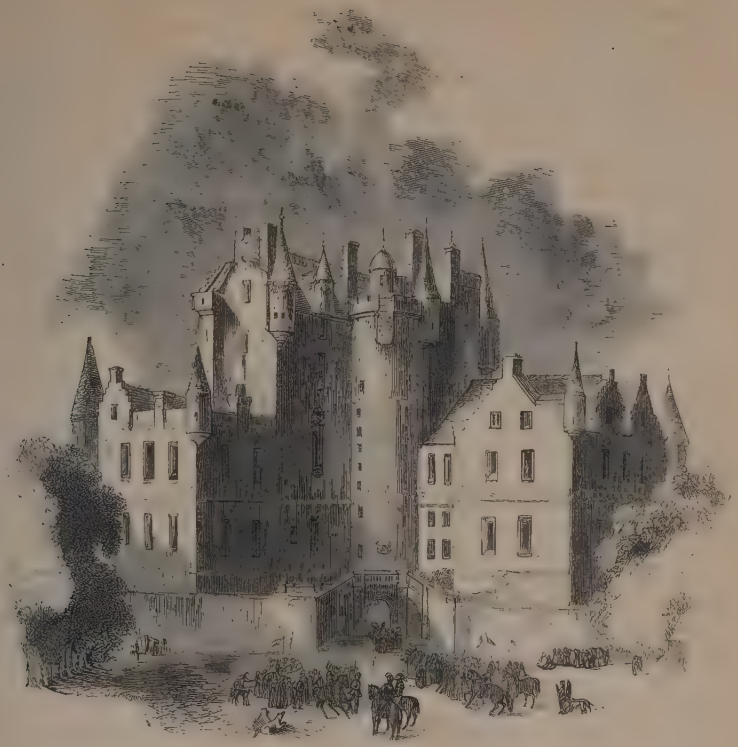
the players of the Queen of England, they might on this account be deemed and treated as the players of the King of Scotland.

Our chief reason for thinking it unlikely that Shakespeare would have accompanied his fellows to Scotland, at all events between October, 1599, and December, 1601, is that, as the principal writer for the company to which he was attached, he could not well have been spared, and because we have good ground for believing that about that period he must have been unusually busy in the composition of plays. No fewer than five dramas seem, as far as evidence, positive or conjectural, can be obtained, to belong to the interval between 1598 and 1602; and the proof appears to us tolerably conclusive, that HENRY V., TWELFTH NIGHT, and HAMLET, were written respectively in 1599, 1600, and 1601.

Besides, as far as we are able to decide such a p the company to which our great dramatist belon continued to perform in London; for although a det ment may have been sent to Scotland, the main b of the association called the Lord Chamberlain's pla exhibited at court, at the usual seasons, in 1599, 1 and 1601.[1] Therefore, if Shakespeare visited Scot at all, we think it must have been at an earlier per and there was undoubtedly ample time between years 1589 and 1599 for him to have done so.

[1] The accounts of the revels' department at this period are so complete as usual, and in Mr. P. Cunningham's book we no details of any kind between 1587 and 1604. The interval a period of the greatest possible interest, as regards the perfo ance of the productions of Shakespeare, and we earnestly h that the missing accounts may yet be recovered.

Leicester.



Glamis Castle.

CHAPTER XV.

E he even set foot in London, James I. thought ary to put a stop to dramatic performances on The proclamation he issued at Theobalds on , containing a paragraph for this purpose, has ently come to light. There had been a long between the Puritans and the players upon t, and each party seemed by turns to gain the for various orders were, from time to time, om authority forbidding exhibitions of the kind Sabbath, and those orders had been uniformly ess contravened. We may suppose, that strong vances having been made to the King, a clause special object was appended to a proclamation against monopolies and legal extortions. The ance of the company in which this paragraph, dramatic performances on Sunday, is found, prove that it was an after-thought, and that it rted, because his courtiers had urged that James t even to enter his new capital, until public been taken to put an end to the profanation.[1]

ragraph is in these terms :—

r that we are informed, that there hath been heretofore ect in this kingdome of keeping the Sabbath day; for bserving of the same and avoyding all impious propha- e do straightly charge and commaund that no Beare- ul-bayting, Enterludes, common Playes, or other like

The King, having issued this command, arrived at the Charter-house on the same day, and all the theatrical companies, which had temporarily suspended their performances, began to act again on the 9th May. Permission to this effect was given by James I., and communicated through the ordinary channel to the players, who soon found reason to rejoice in the accession of the new sovereign; for ten days after he reached London he took the Lord Chamberlain's players into his pay and patronage, calling them "the King's servants,"—a title they always afterwards enjoyed. For this purpose he issued a warrant, for making out a patent under the great seal,[1] authorizing Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage,

disordered or unlawful exercises, or pastimes, be frequented, kept, or used at any time hereafter upon the Sabbath day.

Given at our Court at Theobalds, the 7 day of May, in the first yeare of our Reigne."

[1] It runs verbatim et literatim thus :—

By The King.

"Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well, and will and command you, that under our privie Seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate Seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith, &c. To all Justices, Maiors, Sheriffs, Constables, Headboroughes, and

and others, to perform in his name, not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom.

Probably Laurence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company by any remarkable excellence as an actor. He had been in Scotland, and had performed with his associates before James in 1599, 1600, and 1601; and in the latter year he had been registered as "his Majesty's Comedian," at Aberdeen. He might, therefore, have been a favourite with the King, and being also a considerable sharer in the association, he perhaps owed his place in the patent of May, 1603, to that circumstance. The name of Shakespeare comes next, and as author, actor, and sharer, we cannot be surprised at the situation he occupies. His progress upward had been gradual and uniform: in 1589 he was twelfth in a company of sixteen members; in 1596 he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603 he was second in a company of nine members.

The degree of encouragement and favour extended to actors by James I., in the very commencement of his reign, is remarkable. Not only did he take the Lord Chamberlain's players unto his own service, but the Queen adopted the company which had acted under the name of the Earl of Worcester, of which the celebrated dramatist, Thomas Heywood, was then one; and the Prince of Wales that of the Lord Admiral, at the head of which was Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. These three royal associations, as they may be termed, were independent of others under the patronage of individual noblemen.

The policy of this course at such a time is evident, and James I. seems to have been impressed with the truth of the passage in HAMLET, (brought out, as we apprehend, very shortly before he came to the throne,)

other our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion have licenced and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use & exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such other like, as that thei have already studied or hereafter shall use or studie, aswell for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such like, to shew & exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties & freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them, yf any wrong be to them offered. And to allowe them such former courtesies, as hathe bene given to men of their place and qualitie: and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our Signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seaventeenth day of May in the first yere of our raigne of England, France, and Ireland, & of Scotland the six & thirtieth.

Ex per Lake."

The patent under the great seal, made out in consequence of this warrant, bears date two days afterwards.

where it is said of these "abstracts and brief chron of the time," that it is "better to have a bad epit than their ill report while you live." James made self sure of their good report; and an epigram, attrib to Shakespeare, has descended to us, which doub was intended in some sort as a grateful return for royal countenance bestowed upon the stage, and u those who were connected with it. We copy it f a coeval manuscript in our possession, which seem have belonged to a curious accumulator of matter the kind, and which also contains an unknown pro tion by Decker, as well as various other pieces dramatists and poets of the time. The lines are e tled—

SHAKESPEARE ON THE KING.

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tomb, felicity her fate:
Of nought but earth can earth make us partaker,
But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."

We have seen these lines in more than one other manuscript, and as they were constantly attribute Shakespeare, and, in the form in which we have gi them above, are in no respect unworthy of his pen, have little doubt of their authenticity.

Having established his family in "the great hou called "New Place," in his native town, in 1597, by purchase of it from Hercules Underhill, Shakespe seems to have contemplated considerable additions his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £ upon one hundred and seven acres of land, which bought of William and John Combe,[1] and attached i his dwelling. The original indenture and its count part are in existence, bearing date 1st May, 1602, to neither of them is the signature of the Poet affix and it seems that, he being absent, his brother Gilb was his immediate agent in the transaction, and to h the property was delivered to the use of William Sha speare. In the autumn of the same year he beca

[1] Much has been said in all the Lives of our Poet, from time of Aubrey (who first gives the story) to our own, respect a satirical epitaph upon a person of the name of John a Com supposed to have been made extempore by Shakespeare: A rey words it thus:—

"Ten in the hundred the devil allows,
But Combe will have twelve, he swears and he vows.
If any one ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe."

Rowe changes the terms a little, but the point is the same, and Brathwaite's "Remains," 1618, we have another version of lines, where they are given as having been written by that thor "upon one John Combe of Stratford-upon-Avon, a notal usurer." We are by no means satisfied that they were origina penned by Brathwaite, from being imputed to him in that volum and by a passage in "Maroccus Extaticus," a tract printed early as 1595, it is very evident that the connection between Devil and John a Combe, or John of Comber. (as he is the called,) was much older:—"So hee had had his rent at the da the devill and John of Comber should not have fetcht Kate L. Bridewell." There is no ground for supposing that Shakespea was ever on bad terms with any of the Combes, and in his will expressly left his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe. In a MS. of th time, now before us, we find the following given as an epita upon Sir William Stone:—

"Heer ten in the hundred lies dead and ingraved:
But a hundred to ten his soul is not saved."

And the couplet is printed in no very different form in "T More the Merrier," by H. P., 1608, as well as in Camden's "R mains."

er of a copyhold tenement (called a *cotagium* nstrument) in Walkér's-street, alias Dead-lane, l. In November of the next year he gave Herderhill £60 for a messuage, barn, granary, gar- orchard, close to or in Stratford; but in the fine, preserved in the Chapter-house, West- the precise situation is not mentioned. In nerefore, Shakespeare's property, in or near l-upon-Avon, besides what he might have bought nerited from, his father, consisted of New Place, hundred and seven acres of land attached to nement in Walker's-street, and the additional e, which he had recently purchased from Un-

ner our great dramatist was in London at the vhen the new king ascended the throne, we means of knowing; but that he was so in the g autumn we have positive proof; for in a letter by Mrs. Alleyn, (the wife of Edward Alleyn, r,) to her husband, then in the country, dated tober, 1603, she tells him that she had seen hakespeare of the Globe" in Southwark. At , according to the same authority, most of the es of players who had left London for the pron account of the prevalence of the plague, and equent cessation of dramatic performances, had l to the metropolis; and it is not at all unlikely ıkespeare was one of those who had returned, having taken the opportunity of visiting his family at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Under Elizabeth the Children of the Chapel (originally the choir-boys of the royal establishment) had become an acknowledged company of players, and these, besides her association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty's Revels, requiring that the pieces they proposed to represent should first be submitted to, and have the approval of the celebrated poet Samuel Daniel. The instrument of their appointment bears date 30th January, 1603–4; and from a letter from Daniel to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, preserved among his papers, we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of master of the Queen's revels: he says in it, "I cannot but know, that I am lesse deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility unto her Majestie for this roome;" and, after introducing the name of "his good friend," Drayton, he adds the following, which, we apprehend, refers with sufficient distinctness to Shakespeare:—"It seemeth to myne humble judgment that one who is the author of playes, now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an actor in the Kinges companie of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queene's Majesties Revells, for as much as he wold

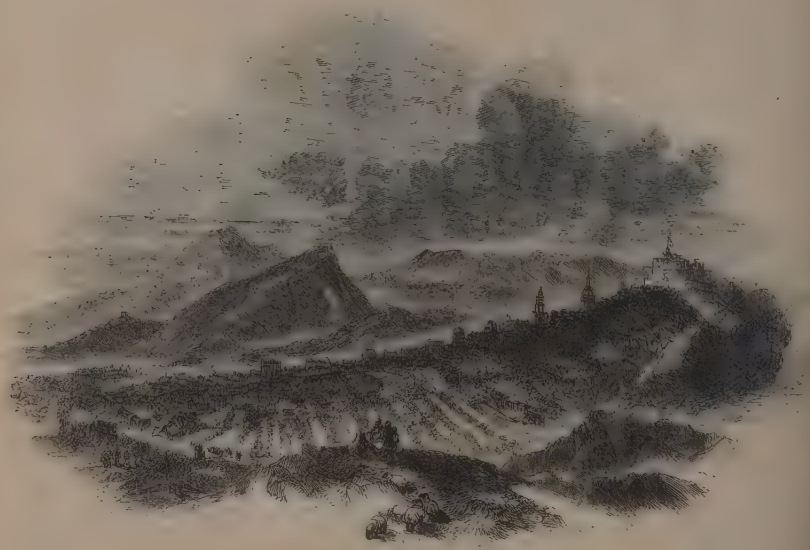
Thomas Heywood.

sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his own writings."

This objection would have applied with equal force to Drayton, had we not every reason to believe that before this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author. He had been a writer for Henslowe and Alleyn's company during several years, first at the Rose, and afterwards at the Fortune; but he seems to have relinquished that species of composition about a year prior to the demise of Elizabeth, the last piece in which he was concerned, of which we have any intelligence, being noticed by Henslowe under the date of May, 1602: this play was called "The Harpies," and he was assisted in it by Decker, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a suitor for this office, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as an actor. We have already spoken of the presumed excellence of his personations on the stage, and to the tradition that he was the original player of the part of the Ghost in HAMLET. Another character he is said to have sustained is Adam, in AS YOU LIKE IT; and his brother Gilbert, (who in 1602 had received, on bel William Shakespeare, the one hundred and seven a of land purchased from William and John Combe,) probably survived the Restoration, is supposed to h been the author of this tradition. He had acted in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," in 1 and he is supposed to have written part of, as as known to have performed in, the same auth "Sejanus," in 1603.[1] This is the last we hear of upon the stage, but that he continued a member of company until April 9, 1604, we have the evide of a document preserved at Dulwich College, wh the names of the King's players are enumerated in following order: Burbage, Shakespeare, Fletcher, lips, Condell, Heminge, Armyn, Sly, Cowley, Ost and Day. If Shakespeare had not then actually cea to perform, we need not hesitate in deciding that quitted that department of the profession very sho afterwards.

[1] From lines preceding it in the 4to, 1605, we know that it brought out at the Globe, and Ben Jonson admits that it wa received by the audience.



Edinburgh in the Seventeenth Century.

Wolsey's Hall, Hampton Court.

CHAPTER XVI.

oner had our great dramatist ceased to take part ublic performances of the King's players, than pany appears to have thrown off the restraint h it had been usually controlled, and to have d plays objectionable to the court, as well as e to private persons. Shakespeare, from his , station, and experience, must have possessed fluence with the body at large, and due deference ve been shown to his knowledge and judgment selection and acceptance of plays sent in for tion by authors. The contrast between the of the association immediately before, and im- ly after his retirement, would indicate, not only was a man of prudence and discretion, but that rcise of these qualities had in many instances fellows from incurring the displeasure of persons r, and from exciting the animosity of particular als. We suppose Shakespeare to have ceased the summer of 1604, and in the winter of that ar we find the King's players giving offence to great counsellors" by performing a play upon ject of Gowry's conspiracy. This fact we have e evidence of one of Sir R. Winwood's corres- s, John Chamberlaine, who, in a letter dated 18th December, 1604, uses these expressions:—"The tragedy of Gowry, with all action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people; but whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played on the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great counsellors are much displeased with it, and so, it is thought, it shall be forbidden." Whether it was so forbidden we do not hear upon the same or any other authority, but no such drama has come down to us.

In the next year the Lord Mayor of London, backed no doubt by his brethren of the corporation, made a complaint against the same company, "that Kempe, (who at this date had rejoined the association,) Armyn, and others, players at the Blackfriars, have again not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipful aldermen of the city of London, to their great scandal and the lessening of their authority;" and the interposition of the privy council to prevent the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done in consequence, if any thing were done, does not appear.

In the spring of the next year a still graver charge was brought against the body of actors of whom Shake-

speare, until very recently had been one; it originated in the French ambassador. George Chapman had written two plays upon the history and execution of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage, such matter that M. Beaumont, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the repetition, and the performance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the players were arrested, but the author made his escape. These two dramas were printed in 1608, and again in 1625; and looking through them, we are at a loss to discover any thing, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence; but the truth certainly is, that the objectionable portions were omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on the authority of the despatch from the French ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving the latter a box on the ear.

This information was conveyed to Paris under the date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French ambassador, apparently in order to make his court acquainted with the lawless character of dramatic performances at that date in England, adds a very singular paragraph, proving that the King's players, only a few days before they had brought the Queen of France upon the stage, had not hesitated to introduce upon the same boards their own reigning sovereign in a most unseemly manner, making him swear violently, and beat a gentleman for interfering with his known propensity for the chase. This course indicates extraordinary boldness on the part of the players; but, nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until M. Beaumont had directed the attention of the public authorities to the insult offered to the Queen of France; then, an order was issued putting a stop to the acting of all plays in London; but, according to the same authority, the companies had clubbed their money, and, attacking James I. on his weak side, had offered a large sum to be allowed to continue their performances. The French ambassador himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's pecuniary wants would be effectual, and that permission, under certain restrictions, would not long be withheld.[1]

[1] We derive these particulars from M. Von Raumer's "History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." The terms are worth quoting.

"April 5, 1606. I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the History of the Duke of Biron: when, however, they saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. The former, having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped.

"One or two days before, they had brought forward their own King and all his favorites in a very strange fashion: they made him curse and swear because he had been robbed of a bird, and beat a gentleman because he had called off the hounds from the scent. They represent him as drunk at least once a-day, &c.

"He has upon this made order, that no play shall be henceforth acted in London; for the repeal of which order they have already offered 100,000 livres. Perhaps the permission will be again granted, but upon condition that they represent no recent history, nor speak of the present time."

Whatever emoluments Shakespeare had derived fr the Blackfriars or the Globe theatres, as an actor, may be tolerably certain he relinquished when ceased to perform. He would thus be able to devo more time to dramatic composition, and, as he continu a sharer in the two undertakings, perhaps his incor was not much lessened. Certain it is, that in 1605 was in possession of a considerable sum, which he w anxious to invest advantageously in property in or ne the place of his birth. Whatever may have been t circumstances under which he quitted Stratford, always seems to have contemplated a permanent retu thither, and kept his eyes turned in the direction of birth-place. As long before as January, 1598, he h been advised "to deal in the matter of tithes" of Str ford;[1] but perhaps at that date, having recently pu chased New Place, he was not in sufficient funds the purpose, or possibly the party in possession of t lease of the tithes, though not unwilling to dispose of required more than it was deemed worth. At all even nothing was done on the subject for more than six year but on 24th July, 1605, we find William Shakespear who is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gent man," executing an indenture for the purchase of t unexpired term of a long lease of the great tithes "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and of the small tith of "wool, lamb, and other small and privy tithes, her age, oblations," etc., in Stratford, Old Stratford, Bisho ton, and Welcombe, in the county of Warwick. Fro the draft of the deed, now before us, we learn that t original lease, dated in 1539, was "for four-score a twelve years;" so that in 1605 it had still twenty-s years to run, and for this our great dramatist agreed pay 440*l.*: by the receipt, contained in the same dee it appears that he paid the whole of the money befo it was executed. He might very fitly be described of Stratford-upon-Avon, because he had there not on a substantial settled residence for his family, but he w the owner of considerable property, both in land a houses, in the town and neighbourhood; and he h been before so described in 1602, when he bought t one hundred and seven acres, which he annexed to h dwelling of New Place.

A spurious edition of HAMLET having been publish in 1603,[2] a more authentic copy came out in the ne year, containing much that had been omitted, and mo that had been grossly disfigured and misrepresente We do not believe that Shakespeare, individually, h any thing to do with this second and more corre impression, and we doubt much whether it was autho ized by the company, which seems at all times to ha done its utmost to prevent the appearance of plays

[1] In a letter from a resident in Stratford of the name Abraham Sturley.

"This is one special remembrance of your father's motion. seemeth by him that our countriman, Mr. Shakespeare, is will to disburse some money upon some od yardeland or other Shottery, or near about us: he thinketh it a very fitt patterne move him to deale in the matter of our tithes. By the instru tions you can give him thereof, and by the frendes he can ma therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote at, a not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in dee and would do us much good." The terms of this letter pro that Shakespeare's townsmen were of opinion that he was d sirous of advancing himself among the inhabitants of Stratford.

[2] The only copy of this impression is in the library of the Du of Devonshire. See the Introduction to HAMLET.

LA JOLLA PUBLIC LIBRARY

t the public curiosity should thereby be satis-

oint is liable to dispute, but we have little t HENRY VIII. was represented very soon after sion of James I., to whom and to whose family is a complimentary allusion; and MACBETH, erhaps been written in 1605, we suppose to n produced at the Globe in the spring of 1606. it related to Scottish annals, it was not like of "Gowry's Conspiracy," founded, to use Von words, upon "recent history;" and many of ments and allusions it contained, especially e "two-fold balls and treble sceptres," (in act 1,) must have been acceptable to the King. en supposed, upon the authority of Sheffield, Buckingham, that King James with his own te a letter to Shakespeare in return for the nt paid to him in MACBETH: the Duke of am is said to have had Davenant's evidence anecdote, which was first told in print in rtisement to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's 1710.[1] Rowe says nothing of it in his "Life," 1709 or 1714; and it seems improbable that should have so far condescended. We may e, that a privy seal under the sign manual, usual form of proceeding,) granting to the ayers some extraordinary reward on the occa- been misrepresented as a private letter from to the dramatist.

speculated that MACBETH had been played ng James and the King of Denmark, (who n England on 6th July, 1606;) but we have icle of testimony to establish that a tragedy o the assassination of a monarch by an ambi- al was ever represented at court: we should sed to discover any proof of this kind, be- h incidents seem usually to have been care- ded.

dest daughter of William and Anne Shake- sanna, having been born in May, 1583, was ore than twenty-four years old when she was on 5th June, 1607, to Mr. John Hall, of Strat- is styled "gentleman" in the register; but a professor of medicine, and subsequently as a physician. There appears to have been on any side for opposing the match, and we ecture that the ceremony was performed in nce of our great dramatist, during one of his excursions to his native town. About six terwards he lost his brother Edmund,[2] and his the autumn of the succeeding year.

There is no doubt that Edmund Shakespeare, who was not twenty-eight at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of a player, having perhaps followed the fortunes of his brother William, and attached himself to the same company. We, however, never meet with his name in any lists of the associations of the time, nor is he mentioned as an actor among the characters of any old play with which we are acquainted. We may presume, therefore, that he attained no eminence: perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical concerns, while he only took inferior parts when the assistance of a larger number of performers than usual was necessary.

Mary Shakespeare survived her son Edmund about eight months, and was buried at Stratford on the 9th September, 1608.[1] There are few points of his life which can be stated with more confidence than that our great dramatist attended the funeral of his mother: filial piety and duty would of course impel him to visit Stratford on the occasion; and in proof that he did so, we may mention that on the 16th of the next month he stood godfather there to a boy of the name of William Walker. Shakespeare's mother had probably resided at New Place, the house of her son; from whence, we may presume also, the body of her husband had been carried to the grave seven years before. If she were of full age when she was married to John Shakespeare, in 1557, she was about seventy-two years old at the time of her decease.

The reputation of our Poet as a dramatist seems at this period to have been at its height. His KING LEAR was printed three times for the same bookseller, in 1608; and in order perhaps to increase its sale, (as well as to secure the purchaser against the old "King Leir," a play upon the same story, being given to him instead,) the name of "M. William Shake-speare" was placed very conspicuously, and most unusually, at the top of the title-page. The same observation will in part apply to PERICLES, which came out in 1609, with the name of the author rendered particularly obvious, although in the ordinary place. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very distinctly legible, but in a somewhat smaller type. In both the latter cases, it would likewise seem, that there were plays by older or rival dramatists upon the same incidents. The most noticeable proof of the advantage which a bookseller conceived he should derive from the announcement that the work he published was by our Poet, is afforded by the title-page of the collection of his dispersed sonnets, which was ushered into the world as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in very large capitals, as if that mere fact would be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir we have alluded to the fact, that in 1609 Shakespeare was rated to the poor of the Liberty of the Clink in a sum which might indicate that he was the occupant of a commodious dwelling-house in Southwark. The fact that he paid sixpence a week to the poor there, (as high a sum as any body in that immediate vicinity was assessed at,) is stated in the account of the Life of Edward Alleyn,

e story came through the Duke of Buckingham, from eems to have been a conjectural addition by Oldys: in Lintot's advertisement are these:—"That most nce, and great patron of learning, King James the leased with his own hand to write an amicable letter kespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person can testify." Dr. Farmer was the first to give cur- e notion, that the compliment to the Stuart family in vas the occasion of the letter.

buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the immediate the Globe theatre; the registration being in the fol- n, specifying, rather unusually, the occupation of the

07, Dec. 31. Edmund Shakespeare, a player."

[1] The following is a copy of the register:—

"1608, Septemb. 9, Mayry Shaxspere, Wydowe."

printed by the Shakespeare Society; and there it is inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that he paid the rate not for any habitation, good or bad, large or small, but in respect of his theatrical property in the Globe, which was situated in the same district. The parish register of St. Saviour's establishes that, in 1601, the church-wardens had been instructed by the vestry "to talk with the players" respecting the payment of tithes and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not unlikely that some arrangement was made under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed. We may add, that when Henslowe and Alleyn were about to build the Fortune play-house, in 1599–1600, the inhabitants of the lordship of Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, petitioned the privy council in favour of the undertaking, one of their reasons being, that "the erectors were contented to give a very liberal portion of money weekly towards the relief of the poor." Perhaps the parties interested in the Globe were contented to come to similar terms, and the parish to accept the money weekly from the various individuals. Henslowe, Alleyn, Lowin, Town, Juby, etc., who were either sharers, or actors and sharers, in that or other theatres in the same ne bourhood, contributed in different proportions for same purpose, the largest amount being six-pence week, which was paid by Shakespeare, Henslowe, Alleyn.[1]

The ordinary inhabitants included in the same doubtless, paid for their dwellings, according to t several rents, and such may have been the case Shakespeare: all we contend for is, that we ought to conclude that Shakespeare was the tenant of a h in the Liberty of the Clink, merely from the circ stance that he was rated to the poor. It is not unli that he was the occupier of a substantial dwelling-h in the immediate neighbourhood of the Globe, wh his presence and assistance would often be requi and the amount of his income at this period would rant such an expenditure, although we have no re for thinking that such a house would be needed fo family, because the existing evidence is opposed to notion that they ever resided with him in London.

[1] John Northbrooke, in his Treatise against Plays, Players, informs us that in 1577 people contributed weekly to the sup of the poor "according to their ability, some a penny, some pence, another four-pence, and the best commonly giveth bu pence."

Thomas Middleton.

Holyrood House.

CHAPTER XVII.

rence to Shakespeare's income, a document discovered within a few years which enables n some estimate of the sum he annually derived private theatre in the Blackfriars.

he outset the Mayor and aldermen of London hostile to the establishment of players within nct, so near to the boundaries, but beyond the on of the corporation; and they had made uitless efforts to dislodge them. The attempt wed in 1608, when the Attorney General gave n in favour of the claim of the citizens to ex- ir municipal powers within the precinct of lissolved monastery of the Blackfriars. The seems in some shape to have been brought ron Ellesmere, then Chancellor who required Mayor and his brethren proofs that they had any authority in the disputed liberty. The hed lawyers of the day retained by the city ployed in searching for records applicable to ; but no proofs sufficient to satisfy the Chan- m to have been produced.

in this endeavour to expel the King's players f law, the corporation appears to have nego- th them for the purchase of the Blackfriars ith its properties and appurtenances. To this n we are indebted for a paper, which shows t exactness the amount of interest them claim- h sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbage, Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Hem- ry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and John Lowin, with four other persons not named, each the owner of half a share.

We insert the document in a note.[1] We there find that Richard Burbage was the owner of the freehold or fee, as well as the owner of four shares, the value of his whole interest he rated at 1933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* Laurence Fletcher (if it be he, for the Christian name is written

[1] It is thus headed—

"For avoiding of the Playhouse in the Precinct of the Blacke Friers.

	£.	s.	d.
Imp. Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000*l.* for the Fee, and for his foure shares in the summe of 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*	1933	6	8
Item. Laz. Fletcher oweth three shares, which he rateth at 700*l.*, that is, at seven yeares purchase for each share, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, one yeare with another	700	0	0
Item. W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500*l.*, and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellowes, Burbidge and Fletcher; viz. 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*	1433	6	8
Item. Heminge and Condell eche 2 shares . .	933	6	8
Item. Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe . . .	350	0	0
Item. Lowing also one share and an halfe . . .	350	0	0
Item. Foure more playeres with one halfe share to eche of them	466	13	4
Summa totalis .	6166	13	4

Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demaund some recompence for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Players, who are paide by the Sharers at divers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will cost the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at least 7000*l.*"

"Laz") was proprietor of three shares, for which he claimed 700*l.* Shakespeare was proprietor of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, estimated at 500*l.*, as well as of four shares, valued at 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each, or 933*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, at seven years' purchase: his whole demand was 1433*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, or 500*l.* less than that of Burbage, as the fee was considered worth 1000*l.*, while Shakespeare's wardrobe and properties were valued at 500*l.* Heminge and Condell each required 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for their two shares, and Taylor 350*l.* for his share and a half, while the four unnamed half-sharers put in their claim at the same rate, 466*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* This mode of estimating the theatre made its value 6166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* and to this sum was to be added remuneration to the hired men of the company, who were not sharers, as well as to the widows and orphans of deceased actors: the purchase money of the whole property was thus raised to at least 7000*l.*

Each share, out of the twenty into which the receipts of the theatre were divided, yielded, as was alleged, an annual profit of 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and Shakespeare, owning four of these shares, his annual income, from them only, was 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*: he was besides proprietor of the wardrobe and properties, stated to be worth 500*l.*: these, we may conclude, he lent to the company for a certain consideration, and, reckoning wear and tear, ten per cent. seems a very low rate of payment; we will take it, however, at that sum, which would add 50*l.* a year to the 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* making together 183*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, besides what he must have gained by the profits of his pen, upon which we have no data for forming any estimate. Without including any thing on this account, and supposing that the Globe was as profitable for a summer theatre as the Blackfriars was for a winter theatre, it is evident that Shakespeare's income could hardly have been less than 366*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Taking every source of emolument into view, we consider 400*l.* a year the very lowest amount at which his income can be reckoned in 1608.[1]

The document upon which this calculation is founded is preserved among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, but an incidental confirmation of it has more recently been brought to light in the State Paper Office. Sir Dudley Carlton was ambassador at the Hague in 1619, and J. Chamberlaine, writing to him in that year, and mentioning the death of Queen Anne, states that "the funeral is put off to the 29th of the next month, to the great hinderance of our players, which are forbidden to play so long as her body is above ground: one speciall man among them, Burbage, is lately dead, and hath left, they say, better than 300*l.* land."

There can be no doubt that the correspondent of Sir Dudley Carlton was correct, and that Burbage died worth "better than" 300*l.* a year in land, besides his "goods and chattels:" 300*l.* a year at that date was about 1500*l.* of our present money, and we have every reason to suppose that Shakespeare was in as good, if not in better circumstances. Until the letter of Chamberlaine was found, we had no knowledge of the amount of property Burbage had accumulated, he having been during his whole life merely an actor, and not combining in his own person the profits of a successful dramatic author with those of a performer. Nevertheless, it m not be forgotten, that although Shakespeare continue large sharer with the leading members of the compa in 1608, he had retired from the stage about four ye before; and having ceased to act, but still retaining shares in the profits of the theatres with which he w connected, it is impossible to say what arrangement may have made with the rest of the company for t regular contribution of dramas, in lieu of other servic

Thomas Decker.

In the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was vic of Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose memoranda exte from 1648 to 1679,[1] it is stated that Shakespeare "in h elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the sta with two plays every year, and for it had an allowan so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000*l.* a year, as have heard." This passage shows what the opin was as to Shakespeare's circumstances shortly after t Restoration. We take it for granted that the sum 1000*l.* (equal to nearly 5000*l.* now) is a considerab exaggeration, but it may warrant the belief that Shak speare lived in good style and port, late in life, in h native town. It is very possible, too, though we thi not probable, that after he retired to Stratford he co tinued to write, but it is incredible that subsequent his retirement he "supplied the stage with two pla every year." He might not be able at once to relinqui his old habits of composition; but such other evidenc as we possess is opposed to Ward's statement, to whic he himself appends the cautionary words, "as I hav heard." Of course he could have known nothing bu by hearsay forty-six years after our Poet's decease. He might, however, have known inhabitants of Stratfor who well recollected Shakespeare, and, considering th opportunities he possessed, it is singular that he collecte so little information.

We have adverted to the bounty of the Earl of Sout ampton to Shakespeare, which we have supposed t have been consequent upon the dedication of Venu

[1] This 400*l.* in 1609, in the then value of money, is computed as equivalent to 2000*l.* at present, or above $9000.—New York Editor.

[1] Diary of the Rev. John Ward, etc. Arranged by Charl Severn, M. D.

ONIS, and LUCRECE, and coincident in point of
n the building of the Globe theatre. Another
t has been handed down among the papers of
esmere, which proves the strong interest Lord
pton still took, about fifteen years afterwards,
speare's affairs, and in the prosperity of the
to which he was attached: it has distinct
e also to the pending, unequal struggle between
oration of London and the players at the Black-
which we have spoken. It is the copy of
subscribed H. S. (the initials of the Earl) to
bleman in favour of our great dramatist, and
nief performer in many of his plays, Richard

ve a copy of the document in a note:[1] it is
date; but the subject of it shows beyond

opy is without address: it runs as follows:—

rie honored Lord. The manie good offices I haue re-
your Lordship's hands, which ought to make me back-
king further favors, onely emboudeneth me to require
he same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe
ou graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and great-
nds. This which now presseth is to request your Lord-
you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black
no call them selves by authoritie, the servaunts of his
nd aske for the protection of their most gracious Mais-
overeigne in this the tyme of their troble. They are
by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, never
their calling, with the distruction of their meanes of
by the pulling downe of their plaiehouse, which is a
eatre, and hath neuer giuen occasion of anger by anie

These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie;
m by name Richard Burbidge, who humblie sueth for
ship's kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our
oscius, one who fitteth the action to the word, and the

1

dispute that it belongs to this period, while the Lord Mayor and aldermen were endeavouring to expel the players from a situation where they had been uninterruptedly established for more than thirty years. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was attained, because we know his brethren were not allowed to exercise authority, and that the "King's servants" continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitye, industry, and good behaviour, he hath be come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene imployed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father, now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whitt lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Quene Elizabeth, when the companie was called uppon to performe before her Maiestie at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Maiestie King James alsoe, sence his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royal favour to the companie in divers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede allmost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualityes, though it longeth not of your Lo. grauite and wisedome to resort vnto the places where they are wont to delight the publique eare. Their truste and sute is not to bee molested in their way of life, whereby they maintaine them selves and their wives and families, (being both maried and of good reputation) as well as the widows and orphanes of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo most bounden at com.

"Copia vera." "H. S."

Lord Southampton was mistaken when he stated that the Blackfriars theatre had been built nearly fifty years: in 1600 it had been built about thirty-three years.

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Carlisle.

A Play at the Blackfriars.

CHAPTER XVIII.

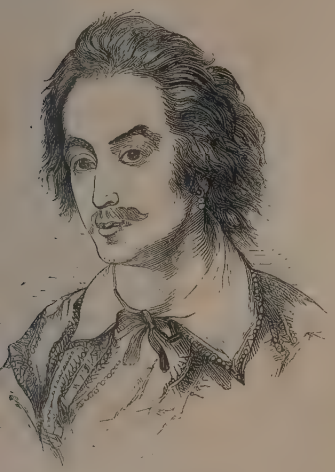
THERE is reason for believing that the question of jurisdiction had been decided in favour of the players before January, 1609–10, because we have an instrument of that date authorizing a juvenile company to exhibit at the Blackfriars, as well as the association which had been in possession of the theatre ever since its original construction. One circumstance may however cast a doubt upon the point, whether it had yet been determined that the corporation of London had no jurisdiction over the Blackfriars.

There seems conclusive proof that almost from the first the Blackfriars theatre had been in the joint possession of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and of a juvenile company called the Children of the Chapel: also known as "her Majesty's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars." It is not to be supposed that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when those acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances. After the opening of the Globe, in 1595, we may presume that the older actors left the Blackfriars theatre to be occupied by the Children of the Chapel from April to October.

The success of the juvenile companies about the commencement of the reign of James I., and end of that of Elizabeth, was great; and we find Shakespeare alluding to it in pointed terms, in HAMLET, which we suppose to have been written in the winter of 1601, or in the spring of 1602. They seem to have gone on increasing in popularity, and very soon after James I. ascended the throne, Queen Anne took a company, called "the Children of the Queen's Revels," under her immediate patronage. They continued to perform at the Blackfriars, and in the very commencement of the year 1610 we find that Shakespeare either was, or intended to be, connected with them. At this period he probably contemplated an early retirement from the metropolis, and might wish to avail himself, for a period, of this new opportunity of profitable employment.

Robert Daborne, the author of two dramas that have been printed, and of others that have been lost, seems to have been a man of good family, and of some interest at court: in January, 1609–10, he procured a royal grant authorizing him and others to provide and educate a number of young actors, to be called "the Children of the Queen's Revels." This was not a new association, because it had existed under that appellation and under those of "the Children of the Chapel" and "the Children of the Blackfriars," from near the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth. Daborne, in 1609–10, was placed at the head of it, and he had, as was not unusual, partners in the undertaking: those partners

Villiam Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, (the cele-
actor, and very clever author,) and Edward
n, who had previously enjoyed a privilege of
ne kind.[1] A draft of the warrant, under which
e and his partners, therein named, (viz. Shake-
Field, and Kirkham, were to proceed,) is found
the official papers of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere;[2]



Nathaniel Field.

eserves notice, that "the Children of the Queen's
were thereby licensed not only to act "trage-
medies," etc., in the Blackfriars theatre, but
here within the realm of England;" so that places
the city authorities had jurisdiction were not
ed.

as one of the masters of the Children of the Queen's
1603–4.
s thus:—
trusty and welbeloved, &c., James, &c. To all Mayors.
Justices of the Peace, &c. Whereas the Queene, our
ife, hath for her pleasure and recreation appointed her
Robert Daiborne, &c., to provide and bring upp a
nt nomber of children, who shall be called the Children
ajesties Revells, knowe ye that we have appointed and
d, and by these presents doe appoint and authorize the
rt Daiborne, William Shakespeare, Nathaniel Field, and
Kirkham, from time to time to provide and bring upp a
nt nomber of children, and them to instruct and exercise
lity of playing Tragedies, Comedies, &c., by the name
ildren of the Revells to the Queene, within the Black-
our Citie of London, or els where within our realme of
Wherefore we will and command you, and everie o
rmitt her said servaunts to keepe a convenient nomber
n, by the name of the Children of the Revells to the
nd them to exercise in the qualitie of playing according
yal pleasure. Provided alwaies, that no playes, &c.
y them presented, but such playes, &c. as have received
bation and allowance of our Maister of the Revells for
being. And these our lres. shall be your sufficient war-
s behalfe. In witnesse whereof, &c., 4° die Janij. 1609.

l Povertie.	Engl. tragedie.
w's Mite.	False Friends.
nio.	Hate and Love.
nen.	Taming of S
aph of Truth.	K. Edw. 2.
nstone.	Mirror of Life.
ll.	

For some unknown reason, perhaps this very contest of jurisdiction, this grant to Daborne and his partners was not carried into effect. The word "stayed" is added at the conclusion of the draft, as if some ground had been discovered for delaying, if not for withholding it. Certain it is, that the new scheme seems to have been abandoned; and whatever Shakespeare may have intended when he became connected with it, he continued, as long as he remained in London, so far as any evidence enables us to judge, to write only for the company of the King's players, who persevered in their performances at the Blackfriars in the winter, and at the Globe in the summer.

It will be seen that to the draft in favour of the directors of the Children of the Queen's Revels, a list is appended, apparently of dramatic performances, in representing which the juvenile company was to be employed. Some of these may be considered known and established performances, such as "Antonio," perhaps the "Antonio and Mellida" of Marston, printed in 1602; "Grisell," for the "Patient Grisell" of Decker, Chettle, and Haughton, printed in 1603; and "K. Edw. 2," for Marlowe's "Edward II.," printed in 1598. Of others we have no information, and only two remind us at all of Shakespeare: "Kinsmen" may mean "The Two Noble Kinsmen," in which some suppose our great dramatist to have been concerned; and "Taming of S." is possibly to be taken for the TAMING OF THE SHREW, or for the older play, with nearly the same title, upon which it was founded.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA and PERICLES were printed in 1609, and we think that they had been written and prepared for the stage only a short time before they came from the press. With the exception of OTHELLO, which came out in quarto, in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1609 and the date of the publication of the folio, in 1623.[1] TIMON OF ATHENS, CORIOLANUS, ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, CYMBELINE, the WINTER'S TALE, and the TEMPEST, seem to belong to a late period of our Poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he relinquished dramatic composition.

Between January, 1609–10, when Shakespeare was one of the parties to whom the warrant for the Children of the Queen's Revels was conceded, and the year 1612, when it has been reasonably supposed that he quitted London to take up his permanent residence at Stratford, we are in possession of no facts connected with his personal history.[2] It would seem both natural and prudent that, before he withdrew from the metropolis, he should dispose of his theatrical property, which must neces-

[1] One copy of the folio is known with the date of 1622 upon the title-page. The volume was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th November, 1623, as if it had not been published until late in that year, unless we suppose the entry made by Blount and Jaggard some time after publication, in order to secure their right to the plays first printed there, which they thought might be invaded.

[2] We ought perhaps to except a writ issued by the borough court in June, 1610, at the suit of Shakespeare, for the recovery of a small sum. A similar occurrence had taken place in 1604, when our Poet sought to recover 1*l.* 15*s.* 0*d.* from a person of the name of Rogers, for corn sold to him. These facts are ascertained from the existing records of Stratford.

sarily be of fluctuating and uncertain value, depending upon the presence and activity of the owner for its profitable management. In his will (unlike some of his contemporaries who expired in London) he says nothing of any such property, and we are left to infer that he did not die in possession of it, having disposed of it before he finally retired to Stratford.

It is to be recollected also that the species of interest he had in the Blackfriars theatre, independently of his shares in the receipts, was peculiarly perishable: it consisted of the wardrobe and properties, which in 1608, when the city authorities contemplated the purchase of the whole establishment, were valued at 500*l.*; and we may feel assured that he would sell them to the company which had had the constant use of them, and doubtless had paid an annual consideration to the owner. The fee, or freehold, of the house and ground was in the hands of Richard Burbage, and from him it descended to his two sons: that was a permanent and substantial possession, very different in its character and durability from the dresses and machinery which belonged to Shakespeare. The nature of Shakespeare's property in the Blackfriars seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth, where he meant to spend the rest of his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five-and-twenty years. Supposing him to have begun his theatrical career at the end of 1586, as we have imagined, the quarter of a century would be completed by the close of 1612, and for aught we know, that might be the period Shakespeare had in his mind fixed upon for the termination of his toils and anxieties.

It has been ascertained that Edward Alleyn, the actor-founder of the college of "God's Gift," at Dulwich, purchased property in the Blackfriars, in April, 1612;[1] and although it may have been theatrical, there seems reason to believe that it was not, but that it consisted of certain leasehold houses, for which, according to his own account-book, he paid a quarterly rent of 40*l.* The brief memorandum upon this point, preserved at Dulwich, certainly relates to any thing rather than to the species of interest which Shakespeare indisputably had in the wardrobe and properties of the Blackfriars theatre: the terms Alleyn uses would apply only to tenements or ground, and as Burbage valued his freehold of the theatre at 1000*l.*, we need not hesitate in deciding that the lease Alleyn purchased for 599*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* was not a lease of the play-house. We shall see presently that Shakespeare himself became the owner of a dwelling-house in the Blackfriars, unconnected with the theatre, very soon after he had taken up his abode at Stratford, and Alleyn probably had made a similar, but a larger investment in the same neighbourhood, in 1612. Whatever became of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre, as a sharer or as the owner of the wardrobe and properties, we need not hesitate in concluding that, in the then prosperous state of theatrical affairs in the metropolis, he was easily able to procure a purchaser.

[1] See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," page 105, where a conjecture is hastily hazarded that it might be Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre. Upon this question we agree with Mr. Knight in "Shakspere, a Biography," prefixed to his pictorial edition of the Poet's works.

He must also have had a considerable stake in th Globe, but whether he was also the owner of the sam species of property there, as at the Blackfriars, we ca only speculate. We should think it probable that, far as the wardrobe was concerned, the same dress were made to serve for both theatres, and that whe the summer season commenced on the Bankside, th necessary apparel was conveyed across the water fro the Blackfriars, and remained there until the compan returned to their winter quarters. There is no hint any existing document what became of our dramatist interest in the Globe; but here again we need n doubt, from the profit that had always attended the u dertaking, that he could have had no difficulty in findi parties to take it off his hands. Burbage, we know, w rich,[1] and he and others would have been glad to ad to their capital, so advantageously employed, by pu chasing Shakespeare's interest.

It is possible, as we have said, that Shakespea continued to employ his pen for the stage after h retirement to Stratford, and the buyers of his shar might even make it a condition that he should do so f a time; but we doubt whether, with his long experienc of the necessity of personal superintendence, he woul have continued a shareholder in any concern of the kin over which he had no control. During the whole his life in connection with the stage, even after he quitte it as an actor, he seems to have been obliged to resid in London, apart from his family, for the purpose watching over his interests in the two theatres to whic he belonged: had he been merely an author, after h ceased to be an actor, he might have composed h dramas as well at Stratford as in London, visiting th metropolis only while a new play was in rehearsal an preparation; but such was clearly not the case, and w may be confident that when he retired to a place distant from the scene of his triumphs, he did not allo his mind to be encumbered by the continuance professional anxieties.

It may seem difficult to reconcile with this cons deration the undoubted fact, that in the spring of 161 Shakespeare purchased a house, and a small piece ground attached to it, not far from the Blackfria theatre, in which we believe him to have disposed his concern in the preceding year. The documen relating to this transaction have come down to us, an the indenture assigning the property from Henry Walke

[1] We have already inserted an extract from an epitaph upo Burbage, in which the writer enumerates many of the character he sustained. The following lines in Sloane MS. No. 178 (pointed out to us by Mr. Bruce,) are just worth preserving account of the eminence of the man to whom they relate:—

"An Epitaph on Mr. RICHARD BURBAGE, the Player.

"This life's a play, scean'd out by nature's art,
Where every man has his allotted parte.
This man hath now, as many men can tell,
Ended his part, and he hath acted well.
The play now ended, thinke his grave to bee
The retiring house of his sad tragedie;
Where to give his fame this be not afraid:
Here lies the best Tragedian ever play'd."

From hence we might infer, against other authorities, that wh was called the "tiring room" in theatres, was so called becaus the actors *retired* to it, and not *attired* in it. It most likel answered both purposes, but we sometimes find it called "th attiring room" by authors of the time.

citizen of London and minstrel of London," to William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman," bears date 10th March, 1612–13:[1] the consideration money was 140*l.*; the house was situated "within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Blackfriars," and we are further informed that it stood "right against his Majesty's Wardrobe." It appears to have been a dwelling-house, with a small yard, not in any way connected with the theatre, which was at some distance from the royal wardrobe, although Heminge, the actor, was, with Shakespeare, a party to the deed, as well as W. Johnson, vintner, and John Jackson, gentleman.

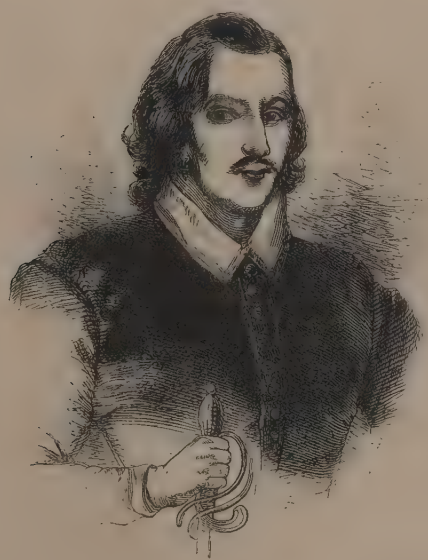
Shakespeare may have made this purchase as an accommodation in some way to his "friend and fellow" Heminge, and the two other persons named; as on the day after the date of the conveyance, Shakespeare mortgaged the house to the vendor, for 60*l.*, having paid down only 80*l.* on the 10th March. It is possible that our Poet advanced the 80*l.* to Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson, expecting that they would repay him, and furnish the remaining 60*l.* before the 29th September, 1613, the time stipulated in the mortgage; but as they did not do so, the house continued his property, and after his death it was necessarily surrendered to the uses of his will by Heminge, Johnson, and Jackson.[1]

Such may have been the nature of the transaction; and if it were, it will account for the apparent want of means on the part of Shakespeare to pay down the whole of the purchase-money: he only agreed to lend 80*l.*, leaving the parties whom he assisted to provide the rest, and by repaying him what he had advanced (if they had done so) to entitle themselves to the house in question.

Shakespeare must have been in London when he put his signature to the conveyance; but we are to recollect, that the circumstance of his being described in it as "of Stratford-upon-Avon" is by no means decisive of the fact, that his usual place of abode in the spring of 1613 was his native town: he had a similer description in the deeds by which he purchased one hundred and seven acres of land from John and William Combe in 1602, and a lease of tithes in 1605, although it is indisputable that at those periods he was generally resident in London. From these facts it seems likely that the great dramatist preferred to be called "of Stratford-upon-Avon," contemplating, as he probably did through the whole of his theatrical life, a return thither as soon as his circumstances would enable him to do so with comfort and independence. We are convinced that anterior to March, 1613, Shakespeare had taken up his permanent residence with his family at Stratford.

[1] It was sold by auction by Messrs. Evans, of Pall Mall, in 1841, for 162*l.* 15*s.* The autograph of our Poet was appended to it, in the usual manner. In the next year the instrument was again brought to the hammer of the same parties, when it produced nearly the sum for which it had been sold in 1841. The autograph of Shakespeare, on the fly-leaf of Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, folio, 1603, (which we feel satisfied is genuine,) had been previously sold by auction for 100*l.*, and it is now deposited in the British Museum. We have a copy of the same book, but it has only upon the title-page the comparatively worthless signature of the reigning monarch.

[1] By his will he left this house, occupied by a person of the name of John Robinson, to his daughter Susanna.



Donne.

House in High Street, Stratford.

CHAPTER XIX.

The immediate members of the Shakespeare family resident at this date in Stratford were few. Richard Shakespeare had died at the age of forty,[1] about a month before William Shakespeare purchased the house in Blackfriars. Since the death of Edmund, Richard had been our Poet's youngest brother, but regarding his way of life at Stratford we have no information. Gilbert Shakespeare, born two years and a half after William, was also probably at this time an inhabitant of the borough, or its immediate neighbourhood. Joan Shakespeare, who was five years younger than her brother William, had been married at about the age of thirty to William Hart, a hatter, in Stratford. Their first child, William, was baptized on 28th August, 1600, and they had afterwards children of the names of Mary, Thomas, and Michael, born respectively in 1603, 1605, and 1608.[2] Our Poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, who, as we have elsewhere stated, was married to Dr. Hall, in June, 1607, had a daughter who was baptized Elizabeth on 21st February, 1607–8; so that Shakespeare was a grandfather before his forty-fifth

Mrs. Hall had no further increase of family.

By whom New Place, otherwise called "the house," was inhabited at this period, we can only jecture. That Shakespeare's wife and his you daughter Judith (who completed her twenty-e year in February, 1612) resided in it we cannot d but as it would be much more than they would re even after the great dramatist's retirement from Lo Mr. and Mrs. Hall were joint occupiers of it, and in keeping up the vivacity of the family circle. S speare himself only completed his forty-eighth y April, 1612, and every tradition and circumstance life tends to establish not only the gentleness and ness, but the habitual cheerfulness of his dispositi

Nevertheless, although we suppose him to separated himself from the labours and anxieties a ant upon his theatrical concerns, he was not witho annoyances of a different kind. We refer to a cha suit in which he seems to have been involved b purchase, in 1605, of a lease of part of the tith Stratford. It appears that a rent of 27*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* had reserved, which was to be paid by certain lessees peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disre ing the consequences, had refused to contribute proportions; and Richard Lane, of Awston, Es Thomas Greene, of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire

[1] The register of Stratford contains the following among the deaths in the parish:—

"1612. Feb. 4. Rich. Shakspeare.

[2] It has been generally stated that Charles Hart, the celebrated actor after the Restoration, was the grand-nephew of Shakespeare, son to the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, but we are without positive evidence upon the point.

lliam Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentle-n," filed a bill before Lord Ellesmere, to compel the sons deriving estates under the dissolved college of atford to pay their shares. What was the issue of suit is not any where stated; and the only important nt in the draft of the bill, in the hands of the Shake-are Society, is, that our great dramatist therein stated value of his "moiety" of the tithes to be 60*l.* per num.

n the summer of 1613 a calamity happened, which do not believe affected our author's immediate in-ests, on account of the strong probability that he had en care to divest himself of all theatrical property ore he finally took up his residence in his birth-place. e Globe, which had been in use for about eighteen rs, was burned down on 29th June, 1613, in con-uence of the thatch, with which it was partially ered, catching fire from the discharge of some atrical artillery. It is doubtful what play was then course of representation: Sir Henry Wotton gives he title of "All is True," and calls it "a new play;" ile Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Annales," inctly states that it was HENRY VIII. It is possible both may be right, and that Shakespeare's historical ma was that night revived under a new name, and refore mistakenly called "a new play" by Sir Henry tton, although it had been nearly ten years on the ge. The Globe was rebuilt in the next year, as we told on what may be considered good authority, at cost of King James and of many noblemen and tlemen, who seem to have contributed sums of money the purpose. If James I. lent any pecuniary aid on occasion, it affords another proof of his disposition encourage the drama, and to assist the players who ed under the royal name.[1]

He must himself have had an escape from a similar disaster at Stratford in the very next year. Fires had broken out in the borough in 1594 and 1595, which had destroyed many of the houses, then built of wood, or of materials not calculated to resist combustion; but that which occurred on the 9th July, 1614, seems to have done more damage than both its predecessors. At the instance of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favour of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorizing the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the restoration of the town; and alleging that within two hours the fire had consumed "fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fair houses, besides barns, stables, and other houses of office, together also with great store of corn, hay, straw, wood and timber." The amount of loss is there stated to be "eight thousand pounds and upwards."

It is certain that Shakespeare's own dwelling, New Place, escaped the conflagration, and his property seems to have been situated in a part of the town which did not suffer from the ravages of the fire.

His name is not found among those of inhabitants whose certificate was stated to be the immediate ground for issuing the royal brief, but it is not at all unlikely that he was instrumental in obtaining it. We are sure that he was in London in November following the fire,[1] and possibly was taking some steps in favour of his fellow-townsmen. However, his principal business seems to have related to the projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighbourhood of Stratford in which he had an interest. Some inquiries as to the rights of various parties were instituted in September, 1614, as we gather from a document which is now before us. The individuals whose claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare," Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopton." All that refers to Shakespeare, like the rest, is placed under the head of "Auncient Freeholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

"Mr. Shakspeare, 4 yard land:[2] noe common, nor ground beyond Gospell bushe: noe ground in Sandfield, nor none in Slow Hill field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton."

The date of this paper is 5th September, 1614, and we may presume that it was chiefly upon this business that Shakespeare came to London in November. It

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This fact, with several other particulars respecting the fate he Blackfriars theatre, the Whitefriars (called the Salis-y Court) theatre, the Phœnix, the Fortune, and the Hope, ich was also at times used for bear-baiting,) is contained in e manuscript notes to a copy of Stowe's "Annales," by Howes, , 1631, in the possession of Mr. Pickering. The burning of Globe is there erroneously fixed in 1612. When it is said the Hope was built in 1610, the meaning must be that it was reconstructed, so as to be adapted to both purposes, stage-s and bear-baiting. The memoranda are thus headed: "A e of such passages as have beene omitted, and as I have seene, e the printing of Stowe's Survey of London in 4to, 1618, and Chronicle at large, 1631."

PLAY HOUSES.—The Globe play house, on the Bank side in thwarke, was burnt downe to the ground in the yeare 1612, new built up againe in the yeare 1613, at the great charge of g James, and many noble men, and others. And now pulled rne to the ground by Sir Mathew Brand on Munday, the 15 April, 1644, to make tenements in the rome of it.

The Black Friers play house, in Black Friers London, which stood many yeares, was pulled down to the ground on Mun-, the 6 day of August, 1655, and tenements built in the roome.

The play house in Salisbury Court, in Fleete streete, was led down by a company of souldiers, set on by the Sectaries hese sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649.

The Phenix, in Druery Lane, was pulled down also this day, ng Saturday the 24th day of March, 1649, by the same souldiers.

The Fortune play house, between White Cross streete and lding Lane, was burned down to the ground in the year 1618. d built againe, with bricke worke on the outside, in the year 2; and now pulld downe on the inside by these souldiers, this 9.

The Hope, on the Banke side in Southwarke, commonly ed the Beare Garden: a play house for stage playes on Mun-s, Wednesdayes, Fridayes, and Saterdayes; and for the baiting of the beares on Tuesdays and Thursdayes—the stage being made to take up and downe when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pulled down to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a peticoate maker in Cannon Streete, on Tuesday the 25 day of March, 1656. Seven of Mr. Godfries beares, by the command of Thomas Pride, then hie Sherefe of Surry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9 day of February, 1655, by a company of souldiers."

[1] This appears in a letter, written by Thomas Greene, on 17th November, 1614, in which he tells some person in Stratford that he had been to see "his cousin Shakespeare," who had reached town the day before.

[2] Malone informs us, without mentioning his authority, that "in the fields of Old Stratford, where our Poet's estate lay, a yard land contained only about twenty-seven acres," but that it varied much in different places: he derives the term from the Saxon *gyrd land virgata terræ*.—SHAKESPEARE, by Boswell. According to the same authority, a yard land in Wilmecote consisted of more than fifty acres.

should appear that Thomas Greene, of Stratford, was officially opposing the inclosure on the part of the corporation; and it is probable that Shakespeare's wishes were accordant with those of the majority of the inhabitants: however this might be, (and it is liable to dispute which party Shakespeare favoured,) the members of the municipal body of the borough were nearly unanimous, and, as far as we can learn from the imperfect particulars remaining upon this subject, they wished our Poet to use his influence to resist the project, which seems to have been supported by Mr. Arthur Mainwaring, then resident in the family of Lord Ellesmere as auditor of his domestic expenditure.

It is likely that Shakespeare saw Mainwaring; as it was only five or six years since his name had b especially brought under the notice of the Lord C cellor, in relation to the claim of the city authoritie jurisdiction in the Blackfriars, Shakespeare may h had an interview with Lord Ellesmere, who seem have been of a very accessible and kindly disposit Greene was in London on the 17th November, and to Stratford a short account of his proceedings on question of the inclosure, in which he mentioned he had seen Shakespeare and Mr. Hall (probably m ing Shakespeare's son-in-law) on the preceding who told him that they thought nothing would

Thomas Greene.

done.[1] Greene returned to Stratford soon afterwards, and having left our Poet in London, at the instance of the corporation, he subsequently wrote two letters, one to Shakespeare, and the other to Mainwaring, (the latter only has been preserved,) setting forth in strong terms the injury the inclosure would do to Stratford, and the heavy loss the inhabitants had not long before susta from the fire. A petition was also prepared and sented to the privy council, and we may gather the opposition was effectual, because nothing was in the business: the common fields of Welcombe, w it had been intended to inclose, remained open for ture as before.

How soon after the matter relating to the inclo had been settled Shakespeare returned to Stratfo how long he remained there, or whether he ever to London again—we are without information. He possibly in the metropolis at the time when a narr poem, founded in part upon his historical play Richard III., was published, which contains the e est allusion, not indeed by name, to our author a his tragedy. It is called "The Ghost of Richard

[1] The memorandum of the contents of his letter (to which we have already referred on page 79) is in these terms, avoiding abbreviations:—

"Jovis, 17 No. My cosen Shakespeare comyng yesterday, I went to see him, how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospel bush, and so upp straight (leaving out part of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in the Salisburys peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaction, and not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothyng done at all."

rd," and it bears date in 1614; but the writer, C. B., gives his initials.[1] We know of no poet of that to whom they would apply, excepting Charles t, who has several pieces in Davison's "Poetical psody," 1602, but he has left nothing behind him ndicate that he would be capable of a work of such ver and variety. It is divided into three portions, "Character," the "Legend," and the "Tragedy" Richard III.; and the second part opens with the owing stanzas, which show the high estimate the ter had formed of the genius of Shakespeare: they exceedingly interesting as a contemporaneous trib- Richard, while narrating his own history, thus lks:—

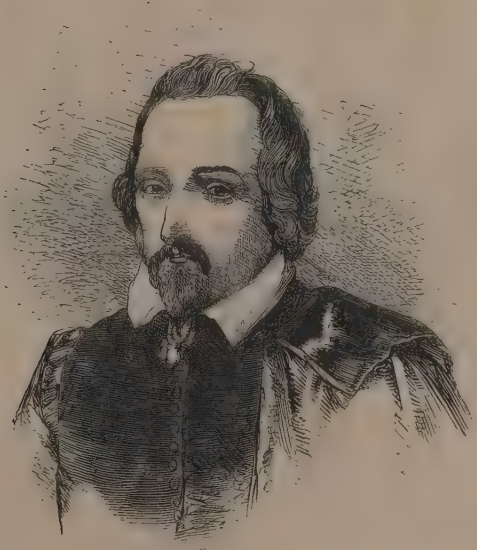
"To him that impt my fame with Clio's quill,
Whose magick rais'd me from Oblivion's den,
That writ my storie on the Muses hill,
And with my actions dignified his pen;
He that from Helicon sends many a rill,
Whose nectared veines are drunke by thirstie men;
Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head with bayes,
And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

nd these not on the title-page, but at the end of the prefatory er: the whole title runs thus:—
The Ghost of Richard the Third. Expressing himselfe in three Parts. 1. His Character. 2. His Legend. 3. His edie. Containing more of him than hath been heretofore red, either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems. *Laurea Desidiæ etur nulla.* Printed by G. Eld: for L. Lisle: and are to be in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tygers head. " 4to.

"Yet if his scœnes have not engrost all grace,
The much fam'd action could extend on stage;
If Time or Memory have left a place
For me to fill, t'enforme this ignorant age,
To that intent I shew my horrid face,
Imprest with feare and characters of rage:
Nor wits nor chronicles could ere containe
The hell-deepe reaches of my soundlesse braine."

The above is the last extant panegyric upon Shakespeare during his lifetime, and it exceeds, in point of fervour and zeal, if not in judicious criticism, any that had gone before it. That C. B. was an author of distinction, and well known to some of the greatest poets of the day, we learn, from the terms they use in their commendatory poems subscribed by no less names than those of Ben Jonson,[1] George Chapman, William Browne, Robert Daborne, and George Wither. The author professes to follow no particular original, whether in prose or verse, narrative or dramatic, in "chronicles, plays, or poems," but to adopt the incidents as they had been handed down on various authorities. As we have stated, his work is one of great excellence; but it would be going too much out of our way to enter here into any further examination of it.

[1] It appears from Henslowe's Diary, that in June, 1602, Ben Jonson was himself writing a historical play, called "Richard Crook-back," for the Lord Admiral's players at the Fortune. We have no evidence that it was ever completed or represented. Ben Jonson's testimony in favour of the poem of C. B. is compressed into a few lines.



Philip Massinger.

Stratford Church.

CHAPTER XX.

The autumn seems to have been a usual time for publishing new books, and Shakespeare having been in London, in November, 1614, as we have remarked, he was perhaps there when "The Ghost of Richard the Third" came out, and, like Ben Jonson, Chapman, and others, might be acquainted with the author. He probably returned home before the winter, and passed the rest of his days in tranquil retirement, and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, whether residing in the country, or occasionally visiting him from the metropolis. "The latter part of his life," says Rowe, "was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the society of his friends;" and he adds what cannot be doubted, that "his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." He must have been of a lively and companionable disposition; and his long residence in London, amid the bustling and varied scenes connected with his public life, independently of his natural powers of conversation, could not fail to render his society most agreeable and desirable. We can readily believe that when any of his old associates of the stage, whether authors or actors, came to Stratford, they found a hearty welcome and free entertainment at his house; and that he would be the last man, in his prosperity, to treat with slight or indifference those with whom, in the earlier part of his career, he had been on terms of familiar intercourse. It could not be in Shakespeare's nature to disregard the c of ancient friendship, especially if it approached h a garb of comparative poverty.

One of the latest acts of his life was bestowi February, 1616, the hand of his daughter Judith Thomas Quiney, a vintner and wine-merchant of ford, the son of Richard Quiney.[1] She must have four years older than her husband, having been bo 2d February, 1585, while he was not born until February, 1589. As there was this difference of in the ages of Judith Shakespeare and her husban being but twenty-seven and she thirty-one,) we receive that fact as some testimony, that our grea matist did not see sufficient evil in such a disprop to induce him to oppose the union.

His will had been prepared as long before its date as 25th January, 1615–16, and this fact is app on the face of it: it originally began "*Vicesimo die Januarij*," (not *Februarij*, as Malone errone read it,) but the word *Januarij* was subsequently s through with a pen, and *Martij* substituted by

[1] The registration in the books of Stratford church is thi "1615–16 Feabruary 10. Tho Queeny tow Judith Shaksp The fruits of this marriage were three sons; viz. Shakes baptized 23d November, 1616, and buried May 8th, 1617; Ri baptized 9th February, 1617–18, and buried 26th February, 1 and Thomas, baptized 23d January, 1619–20, and buried 28t uary, 1638–9. Judith Quiney, their mother, did not die unti the Restoration, and was buried 9th February, 1661–2. The ford registers contain no entry of the burial of her husband

ation. Possibly it was not thought necessary to
r *vicesimo quinto*, or the 25th March might be the
y day the will was executed: if it were, the signa-
es of the testator, upon each of the three sheets of
er of which the will consists, bear evidence (from
want of firmness in the writing) that he was at that
e suffering under sickness. It opens, it is true, by
ing that he was "in perfect health and memory,"
such was doubtless the case when the instrument
prepared, in January; but the execution of it might
deferred until he was attacked by serious indispo-
n, and then the date of the month only might be
red, leaving the assertion as to health and memory
t had originally stood. What was the nature of
kespeare's fatal illness, we have no satisfactory
ns of knowing,[1] but it was probably not of long
ation; and if when he subscribed his will he had
ly been in health, we are persuaded that at the age
nly fifty-two he would have signed his name with
ater steadiness and distinctness. All three signatures
more or less infirm and illegible, especially the first
; but he seems to have made an effort to write his
t when he affixed both his names at length at the
, "By me William Shakspeare."

We cannot doubt that he was attended in his last ill-
s by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who had then been
ried to Susanna Shakespeare more than eight years:
have expressed our opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Hall
d in the same house with our Poet, and it is to be
llected that in his will he leaves New Place to his
ghter Susanna. Hall must have been a man of con-
rable science for the time, and has left behind him
fs of his knowledge and skill in a number of cases
ch had come under his own eye, and which he
cribed in Latin: these were afterwards translated
n his manuscript, and published in 1657 by Jonas
ke, with the title of "Select Observations on English
ies," but the case of Dr. Hall's father-in-law is not
d there, because unfortunately the "observations"
begin in 1617. One of the earliest of them shows
an epidemic, called "the new fever," then pre-
ed in Stratford and "invaded many." Possibly
kespeare was one of these; though, had such been
fact, it seems likely that, when speaking of "the
y Beaufou," who suffered under it on July 1st, 1617,
Hall would have referred back to the earlier
ance of his father-in-law.[2] He does advert to a
tertian ague, of which, at a period not mentioned, he had cured Michael Drayton, ("an excellent poet," as Hall terms him,) when he was, perhaps, on a visit to Shakespeare. However, Drayton was a native of Warwickshire, and Dr. Hall may have been called in to attend him elsewhere.

We are left, therefore, in utter uncertainty as to the immediate cause of the death of Shakespeare at an age when he would be in full possession of his faculties, and when in the ordinary course of nature he might have lived many years in the enjoyment of the society of his family and friends, in that grateful and easy retirement which had been earned by his genius and industry, and to obtain which had apparently been the main object of many years of toil, anxiety, and deprivation.

Whatever doubt may prevail as to the day of the birth of Shakespeare, none can exist as to the day of his death. The inscription on his monument in Stratford church tells us—

"*Obiit Anno Domini* 1616.
Ætatis 53, *die* 23 *Apr.*"

And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same day of the same month, supposing him, as we have every reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 23d April, 1564. It was usual about that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tomb-stones, tablets, and monuments; and such was the case with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of Augu. 1623:"[1] Dr. Hall "deceased Nove. 25. A°. 1635:"[2] Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died April 4, A. 1647:"[3]

The Rev. John Ward's Diary, to which we have before refer-
contains the following undated paragraph:—
Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meet-
and, itt seems, drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a fe-
r there contracted."
That credit may be due to this statement, preceded as it is by
words "it seems," implying a doubt on the subject in the
er's mind, we must leave the reader to determine. That
kespeare was of sober, though of companionable habits, we
thoroughly convinced; he could not have written seven-and-
y plays (not reckoning alterations and additions now lost) in
and-twenty years had he been otherwise, and we are sure
, that if Drayton and Ben Jonson visited him at Stratford,
would give them a free and hearty welcome. We have no
on to think that Drayton was at all given to intoxication,
ough it is certain that Ben Jonson was a bountiful liver.
He several times speaks of sicknesses in his own family, and
he manner in which he had removed them: a case of his own,
hich he mentions his age, accords with the statement in his
ription, and ascertains that he was thirty-two when he mar-
Susanna Shakespeare in 1607. "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford, my wife," is more than once introduced in the course of the volume, as well as "Elizabeth Hall, my only daughter." Mrs. Susanna Hall died in 1649, aged sixty-six, and was buried at Stratford. Elizabeth Hall, her daughter by Dr. Hall, (baptized on the 21st February, 1607-8,) and grand-daughter to our Poet, was married on the 22d April, 1626, to Mr. Thomas Nash, (who died in 1647,) and on 5th June, 1649, to Mr. John Bernard, of Abingdon, who was knighted after the Restoration. Lady Bernard died childless in 1670, and was buried, not at Stratford with her own family, but at Abingdon with that of her second husband. She was the last of the lineal descendants of William Shakespeare.

[1] The inscription, upon a brass plate, let into a stone, is in these terms:—we have to thank Mr. Bruce for the use of his copies of them, with which we have compared our own,

"Heere lyeth interred the Body of Anne, Wife of William Shakespeare, who departed this life the 6th day of Augu. 1623. being of the age of 67 yeares.

Ubera, tu mater, tu lac, vitamq; dedisti,
Væ mihi: pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallem amoveat lapidem bonus angel' ore'
Exeat ut Christi corpus imago tua.
Sed nil vota valent, venias cito Christe resurget
Clausa licet tumulo mater, et astra petit."

[2] The following is the inscription commemorating him:—

"Heere lyeth the Body of John Hall, Gent: Hee marr: Susanna y^e^ daughter and coheire of Will: Shakespeare, Gent. Hee deceased Nove. 25. A°. 1635, aged 60.

Hallius hic situs est, medica celeberrimus arte,
Expectans regni gaudia læta Dei.
Dignus erat meritis, qui Nestora vinceret annis,
In terris omnes, sed rapit æqua dies.
Ne tumulo quid desit, adest fidissima conjux,
Et vitæ comitem nunc quoq; mortis habet."

[3] His inscription, in several places difficult to be deciphered, is this:—

"Heere resteth y^e^ Body of Thomas Nashe, Esq. He mar. Elizabeth the daug. and heire of John Halle, Gent. He died April 4. A. 1647, Aged 53.

Susanna Hall "deceased the 11th of July, A°. 1649."[1] Thus, though the Latin inscription on the monument of our great dramatist may, from its form and punctuation, appear not so decisive as those we have quoted in English, there is no ground for disputing that he died on 23d April, 1616. It is quite certain from the register of Stratford that he was interred on the 25th April, and the record of that event is placed among the burials in the following manner:—

"1616. April 25, Will' Shakspere, Gent."

Whether from the frequent prevalence of infectious disorders, or from any other cause, the custom of keeping the bodies of relatives unburied, for a week or more after death, seems comparatively of modern origin. Anne Shakespeare was buried two days after she died;[2] Dr. Hall and Thomas Nash were buried on the day after they died;[3] and although there was an interval of five days between the death and burial of Mrs. Hall, in 1649, it is possible that her corpse was conveyed from some distance, to be interred among her relations at Stratford.[4] Numerous similar instances prove that in the time of Shakespeare, as well as before and afterwards, the custom was to bury persons very shortly subsequent to their decease. In the case of our Poet, concluding that he expired on the 23d April, there was an interval of two days before his interment.

We have printed his will at the end of the memoir precisely as in the original, as it was filed in the Prerogative Court, probate having been granted on the 22d June, 1616. His daughter Judith is there called by her Christian name, although she had been marri Thomas Quiney more than a month anterior actual date of the will, and although his eldest da Susanna is mentioned by her husband's patron It seems evident, from the tenor of the whole ment, that when it was prepared Judith was no ried,[1] although her speedy union was contemplate attorney or scrivener, who drew it, had first w "son and daughter," (meaning Judith and her int husband,) but erased the words "son and" after as the parties were not yet married, and were no and daughter" to the testator. Quiney might be nated Shakespeare's son, though only his son-i as the degrees of consanguinity were not at tha strictly marked, and in the same will Elizabeth called the testator's "niece," when she was, in fa grand-daughter.

The bequest which has attracted most attentio interlineation in the following words, "Item I vnto my wief my second best bed with the furni Upon this passage, Malone and others have foun charge against Shakespeare, that he only remem his wife as an afterthought, and then merely gav "an old bed." As to the last part of the accusa may be answered, that the "second best bed" wa bably that in which the husband and wife had when he was in Stratford earlier in life, and every since his retirement from the metropolis: the be was doubtless reserved for visitors: if, therefo were to leave his wife any express legacy of the it was most natural and considerate that he shoul her that piece of furniture, which for many year had jointly occupied. As to the rest of the charg great dramatist has been relieved from the stigma thrown upon him, by the mere remark, that S speare's property being principally freehold, the w by the ordinary operation of the law of England, be entitled to her third or dower.[2] It is extraor that this explanation should never have occurr Malone, who was educated to the legal profession that others should have followed him in his imputation is not remarkable, recollecting how most of Shakespeare's biographers have been to r errors, rather than take the trouble to inquire for selves, to sift out truth, and to balance probabiliti

Fata manent omnes hunc non virtute carentem,
Ut neque divitiis abstulit atra dies;
Abstulit, at referet lux ultima: siste, viator,
Si peritura paras per male parta peris."

[1] The inscription to her runs thus:—
"Heere lyeth y^e^ body of Susanna, Wife to Iohn Hall, Gent: y^e^ daughter of William Shakespeare, Gent. Shee deceased y^e^ 11th of July, A°. 1649, aged 66."
Dugdale has handed down the following verses upon her, which were originally engraved on the stone, but are not now to be found, half of it having been cut away to make room for an inscription to Richard Watts, who died in 1707.

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare
To weepe with her that wept for all?
That wept, yet set her selfe to cheere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

The register informs us that she was buried on the 16th July, 1649.

[2] The following is copied from the register:—
"1623. August 8. Mrs. Shakspeare."

[3] Their registrations of burial are in these terms:—
"1635. *Nov.* 26. *Johannes Hall, medicus peritissimus.*"
"1647. April 5. Thomas Nash, Gent."

[4] The register contains as follows:—
"1649. July 16. Mrs. Susanna Hall, widow."

[1] Another trifling circumstance leading to the conclusi the will was prepared in January, though not executed March, is that Shakespeare's sister is called Jone Hart, a Jone Hart, *widow*. Her husband had died a few days Shakespeare, and was buried 17th April, 1616, as "Will hatter." She was buried on 4th November, 1646. Both e are contained in the parish registers of Stratford.

[2] This vindication of Shakespeare's memory from the sup neglect of his wife we owe to Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial spere." When the explanation is once given, it seems so that we wonder it was never before mentioned; but like discoveries of different kinds it is not less simple than impo and it is just that Mr. Knight should have full credit for it.

Monument at Stratford.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONUMENT to Shakespeare was erected anterior to publication of the folio edition of his "Comedies, ories, and Tragedies" in 1623, because it is thus tioned by Leonard Digges, in the earliest copy of mendatory verses prefixed to that volume:—

"—— when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

his is the most ancient notice of it; but how long re 1623 it had been placed in the church of Strat-upon-Avon, we have no means of deciding. It esents the Poet sitting under an arch, with a cushion re him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting a sheet of paper: it has been the opinion of the judges that it was cut by an English sculptor, haps Thomas Stanton,) and it is every way probable the artist was employed by Dr. Hall and his wife, that the resemblance was as faithful as a bust, not elled from the life, but under living instructions, some picture or cast, could be expected to be. kespeare is there considerably fuller in the face, in the engraving on the title-page of the folio of , which must have been made from a different original. It seems likely that after he separated himself from the business and anxiety of a professional life, and withdrew permanently to his native air, he became more robust, as the half-length upon his monument conveys the notion of a cheerful, good-tempered, and somewhat jovial man. The expression, we apprehend, is less intellectual than it must have been in reality, and the forehead, though lofty and expansive, is not strongly marked with thought: on the whole, it has rather a look of gaiety and good humour than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry.

On a tablet below the bust are the following inscriptions:—

"Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret. Olympvs habet.
Stay, Passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom envious Death hath plast
Within this monvment: Shakspeare; with whome
Quick natvre dide: whose name doth deck ys Tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt

Obiit ano Do. 1616.
Ætatis. 53. die 23 Apr."

On a flat grave-stone in front of the monument, and not far from the wall against which it is fixed, we read these lines; and Southwell's correspondent (whose letter was printed in 1838, from the original manuscript dated 1693) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:—

"Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbeare
To digg the dvst encloased heare:
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

The half-length on the title-page of the folio of 1623, engraved by Martin Droeshout, has certainly an expression of greater gravity than the bust on Shakespeare's monument; and, making some allowances, we can conceive the original of that resemblance more capable of producing the mighty works Shakespeare has left behind him, than the original of the bust: at all events, the first rather looks like the author of LEAR and MACBETH, and the last like the author of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING and the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR: the one may be said to represent Shakespeare during his later years at Stratford, happy in the intercourse of his family and friends, and the cheerful companion of his neighbours and townsmen; and the other, Shakespeare in London, revolving the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat burdened by the the cares of his professional life. The last, therefore, is obviously the likeness which ought to accompany his plays, and which his "friends and fellows," Heminge and Condell, preferred to the head upon the "Stratford monument," of the erection of which they must have been aware.

There is one point in which both the engraving and the bust in a degree concur,—we mean in the length of the upper lip, although the peculiarity seems exaggerated in the bust. We have no such testimony in favour of the truth of the resemblance of the bust[1] as of the engraving, opposite to which are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Ben Jonson, and doubtless from his pen. Let the reader bear in mind that Ben Jonson was not a man who could be hired to commend, and that, taking it for granted he was sincere in his praise, he had the most unquestionable means of forming a judgment upon the subject of the likeness between the living man and the dead representation.[2] We give Ben Jonson's testimonial exactly as it stands in the folio of 1623, for it afterwards went through various literal changes.

[1] It was originally, like many other monuments of the time, and some in Stratford church, coloured after the life, and so it continued until Malone, in his mistaken zeal for classical taste and severity, and forgetting the practice of the period at which the work was produced, had it painted one uniform stone-colour. He thus exposed himself to much merited ridicule. It was afterwards found impossible to restore the original colours.

[2] Besides, we may suppose that Jonson would be careful how he applauded the likeness, when there must have been so many persons living who could have contradicted him had the praise not been deserved. Jonson does not speak of the painter, but of the "graver," who we are inclined to think did full justice to the picture placed in his hands. Droeshout was a man of considerable eminence in his branch of art, and has left behind him undoubted proofs of his skill—some of them so much superior to the head of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623, as to lead to the conviction, that the picture from which he worked was a very coarse specimen of art.

"TO THE READER.

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was euer writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.
B. I."

With this evidence before us, we do not hesit decide that the most authentic likeness of the great is that in Droeshout's engraving; and although it not be recommended by so high a style of art as other imputed resemblances, there is certainly no which has such undoubted claims to our notice o grounds of fidelity and authenticity.

The fact that Droeshout was required to emplo skill upon a bad picture may confirm our reliance the likeness: had there been so many pictures of S speare as some have contended, but as we are far believing, Heminge and Condell, when they were ing for an appropriate ornament for the title-pag their folio, would hardly have chosen one which an unskilful painting, if it had not been a striking re blance. If only half the pictures said, within th century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact the life, the Poet must have possessed a vast sto patience, if not a larger share of vanity, when he de so much time to sitting to the artists of the day; ar player-editors could have found no difficulty in proc a picture, which had better pretensions to their app To us, therefore, the very defects of the engra which accompanies the folio of 1623, are a recomm tion, since they show that it was both genuine faithful.

Aubrey is the only authority, beyond the infer that may be drawn from the portraits, for the per appearance of Shakespeare; and he thus sums u Poet's physical and moral endowments:—"He handsome well-shaped man, very good company of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." have every reason to suppose that this is a corre scription of his personal appearance, but we are u to add to it from any other source, unless indee were to rely upon a few equivocal passages i "Sonnets." Upon this authority it has been sup by some that he was lame, and certainly the t seventh and eighty-ninth Sonnets, without allowi a figurative mode of expression, might be tak import as much. If we were to consider the literally, we should imagine that some accident ha fallen him, which rendered it impossible that he s continue on the stage, and hence we could easily ac for his early retirement from it. We know that was the case with one of his most famous predece Christopher Marlowe,[1] but we have no sufficient r for believing it was the fact as regards Shakesp he is evidently speaking metaphorically in both p where "lame" and "lameness" occur.

[1] This circumstance, had he known it, would materially aided the modern skeptic, who argued that Shakespear Marlowe were one and the same

His social qualities, his good temper, hilarity, vivacity, l what Aubrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, l smooth wit," (in our author's own words, "pleasant thout scurrility, witty without affectation,") cannot be ubted, since, besides what may be gathered from his rks, we have it from various quarters; and although hing very good of this kind may have descended us, we have sufficient to show that he must have en a most welcome visitor in all companies. The thet "gentle" has been frequently applied to him, ice by Ben Jonson; and if it be not to be understood cisely in its modern acceptation, we may be sure t one distinguishing feature in his character was neral kindliness: he may have been "sharp and sentious," but never needlessly bitter or ill-natured: wit had no malice for an ingredient. Fuller speaks the "wit-combats" between Shakespeare and Ben son at the convivial meetings at the Mermaid club, ablished by Sir Walter Raleigh;[1] and he adds, "which o I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an Eng- man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was lt far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his permances: Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, ser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all es, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by quickness of his wit and invention."[2] The simile is ll chosen, and it came from a writer who seldom said thing ill.[3] Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity l slowness is a witticism between him and Shakeare, said to have passed at a tavern. One of the mmolean manuscripts contains the following:—

Mr. Ben Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at vern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson
Who was once one:

gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writt

That, while he liv'd, was a *slow* thing,
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing."

t is certainly not of much value, but there is a great ference between the estimate of an extempore joke the moment of delivery, and the opinion we may m of it long afterwards, when upon paper, and trans-

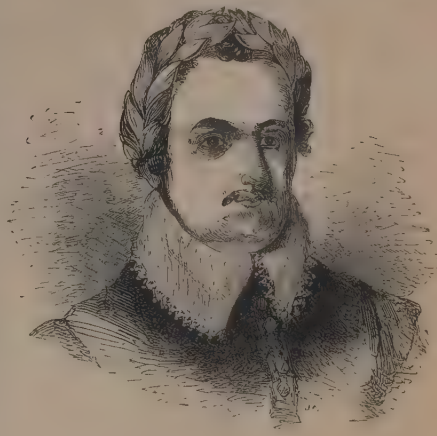
Gifford, (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i.,) fixes the date of the ablishment of this club, at the Mermaid in Friday-street, about 3, and he adds that "here for many years Ben Jonson re- ed with Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, ew, Martin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at distant period, call up a mingled feeling of reverence and pect." Of what passed at these many assemblies Beaumont s speaks, addressing Ben Jonson:—

"—— What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

Mitre, in Fleet-street, seems to have been another tavern ere the wits and poets of the day hilariously assembled. "Worthies." Part. iii.

Fuller has another simile respecting Shakespeare and his uirements, which is worth quoting. "He was an eminent ince of the truth of that rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur*; one ot made, but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little, hat as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, are pointed and smooth even as they are taken out of the h, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him." course Fuller is here only referring to Shakespeare's classical uirements: his "learning" of a different kind, perhaps, exded that of all the ancients put together.

mitted to posterity under great names. The same excuse may be made for two other pieces of unpretending pleasantry between the same parties, which we subjoin in a note, because they relate to such men, and have been handed down to us upon something like authority.[1]



Michael Drayton.

Of a different character is a production preserved by Dugdale, at the end of his "Visitation of Salop," in the Heralds' College: it is an epitaph inscribed upon the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in Tongue church; and Dugdale, whose testimony is unimpeachable, distinctly states that "the following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian:"—

"Written upon the east end of the tomb.

"Ask whose lies here, but do not weep;
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones;
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

"Written on the west end thereof.

"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall out-live marble and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

1 "Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy?—'No, faith, Ben, (sayes he) not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.'—'I pr'ythee what?' says he. 'I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a douzen of Latten spoones, and thou shalt translate them.'"

Of course the joke depends upon the pun between Latin, and the mixed metal called *latten*. The above is from a MS. of Sir R. L'Estrange, who quotes the authority of Dr. Donne. It is inserted in Mr. Thoms's amusing volume, printed for the Camden Society, under the title of "Anecdotes and Traditions." The next is from a MS. called "Poetical Characteristics," formerly in the Harleian Collection:—

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe theatre—*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

"*Jonson.* If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?
"*Shakespeare.* Little, or much of what we see, we do;
We are both actors and spectators too."

With Malone and others, who have quoted them, we feel satisfied of the authenticity of these verses, though we may not think, as he did, that the last line bears such "strong marks of the hand of Shakespeare."[1] The coincidence between the line—

"Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name,"

and the passage in Milton's Epitaph upon Shakespeare, prefixed to the folio of 1632—

"Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid,"

is worthy of notice.

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative (with as little interruption of its thread as, with such disjointed materials, seemed possible) the particulars respecting the life of the "myriad-minded Shakespeare,"[2] with which our predecessors were acquainted, or which, from various sources, we have been able, during a long series of years, to collect. Yet, after all, comparing what we really know of our great dramatist with w we might possibly have known, we cannot but aware how little has been accomplished. "Of Wil Shakespeare," says one of our greatest living aut of our greatest dead one, "whom, through the mo of those whom he has inspired to body forth the m fications of his immense mind, we seem to know be than any human writer, it may be truly said that scarcely know any thing. We see him, so far as w see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from objectivity in which he is manifested: he is Fals and Mercutio, and Malvolio, and Jacques, and Po and Imogen, and Lear, and Othello; but to us h scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality past time, the man Shakespeare."[1] We cannot fla ourselves that we have done much to bring the rea better acquainted with "the man Shakespeare," if we have done any thing we shall be content; instead of attempting any character of our own, we subjoin one, in the words of the distinguished wr we have above quoted, as brief in its form as it is c prehensive in its matter:—"The name of Shakesp is the greatest in our literature,—it is the greate all literature. No man ever came near to him in creative powers of the mind; no man had ever s strength at once, and such variety of imagination."

If the details of his life be imperfect, the history his mind is complete; and we leave the reader to from the contemplation of "the man Shakespeare the study of THE POET SHAKESPEARE.

[1] The following reaches us in a more questionable shape: it is from a MS. of the time of Charles I., preserved in the Bodleian Library, which contains also poems by Herrick and others.

"AN EPITAPH.

"When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth. As he lived he died,
The saying in him strongly verified,
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and died as well.
Wm. Shakespeare."

[2] Coleridge's "Table Talk."—Mr. Hallam in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," somewhat less literally translates the Greek epithet, μυριονους, "thousand-souled."

[1] Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe, (v and iii.)

The Falcon Tavern. Resort of Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.[1]

Vicesimo Quinto Die Martij Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Rex Anglie &c. Decimo quarto & Scotie xlix° Annoq; Domini 1616.

W^mj Shackspeare

In the name of god Amen I William Shackeare of Stratford vpon Avon in the countie of warr nt in perfect health & memorie god be praysed doe ke & Ordayne this my last will & testament in nner & forme followeing That ys to saye First I mend my Soule into the handes of god my Creator ping & assuredlie beleeving through thonelie merites Jesus Christe my Saviour to be made partaker of e everlastinge And my bodye to the Earth whereof ys made Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my Daugh- Judyth One hundred & Fyftie poundes of lawfull glish money to be paied vnto her in manner & forme oweing That ys to saye One hundred pounds in charge of her marriage porcion[3] within one yeare er my deceas with consideracion after the Rate of pe Shillinges in the pound for soe long tyme as the ne shalbe vnpaied vnto her after my deceas & ftie poundes Residewe thereof vpon her Surrendring or gyving of such sufficient Securitie as the overseers this my Will shall like of to Surrender or graunte her estate & Right that shall discend or come vnto after my deceas or that shee[5] nowe hath of in or to e Copiehold tenemente with thappurtenances lyeing being in Stratford vpon Avon aforesaied in the saied ntie of warr being parcell or holden of the mannour Rowington vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall & her res for ever Item I Gyve & bequeath vnto my saied ughter Judith One hundred & Fyftie Poundes more hee or Anie issue of her bodie be Lyving att thend three yeares next ensueing the Daie of the Date of s my Will during which tyme my executours to paie consideracion from my deceas according to the Rate resaied And if she dye within the saied terme with- issue of her bodye then my will ys & I Doe gyve bequeath One Hundred Poundes thereof to my Neece zabeth Hall & the Fiftie Poundes to be sett fourth my executours during the lief of my Sister Johane rte & the vse and proffitt thereof Cominge shalbe ed to my saied Sister Ione & after her deceas the ed l^li shall Remaine Amongst the children of my saied Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them But if my saied Daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three Yeares or anie yssue of her bodye then my will ys & soe I Devise & bequeath the saied Hundred & Fyftie Poundes to be sett out by my executours & overseers[1] for the best benefitt of her & her issue & the stock[2] not to be[3] paied vnto her soe long as she shalbe marryed & Covert Baron[4] but my will ys that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paied vnto her during her lief & after her deceas the saied stock and consideracion to bee paied to her children if she have Anie & if not to her executours or assignes she lyving the saied terme after my deceas Provided that if such husbond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed vnto or attaine after doe sufficientlie Assure vnto her & thissue of her bodie landes Awnswereable to the porcion by this my will gyven vnto her & to be adiudged soe by my executours & overseers then my will ys that the saied Cl^li shalbe paied to such husbond as shall make such assurance to his owne vse Item I gyve & bequeath vnto my saied sister Ione xx^li & all my wearing Apparrell to be paied & deliuered within one yeare after my Deceas And I doe will & devise vnto her the house[5] with thappurtenances in Stratford wherein she dwelleth for her naturall lief vnder the yearlie Rent of xii^d Item I gyve & bequeath[6] vnto her three souns William Harte Hart & Michaell Harte Fyve Poundes A peece to be paied within one Yeare after my deceas[7] her Item I gyve & bequeath unto the saied Elizabeth Hall[8] All my Plate (except my brod silver & gilt bole[9]) that I now have att the Date of this my will Item I gyve & bequeath vnto the Poore of Stratford aforesaied tenn poundes to Mr Thomas Combe my Sword to Thomas Russell Esquier Fyve poundes & to Frauncis Collins of the Borough of warr in the countie of warr gentleman thirteene poundes Sixe shillinges & Eight pence to be paied within one Yeare after my Deceas Item I gyve & bequeath to Hamlett Sadler[10]

[1] The words "by my executours and overseers," are interlined.

[2] The words "the stock" are interlined.

[3] The words "to be" are interlined.

[4] After "Baron" the words "by my executours & overseers" are erased with the pen.

[5] The words "the house" are interlined.

[6] The first sheet ends with the word "bequeath," and the testator's signature is in the margin opposite.

[7] After "deceas" follow these words, struck through with the pen, "to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours with thadvise and direccions of my overseers for her best profitt vntill her mariage and then the same with the increase thereof to be paied vnto:" the erasure ought also to have included the word "her," which follows "vnto."

[8] The words "the saied Elizabeth Hall" are interlined above *her*, which is struck through with the pen.

[9] This parenthesis is an interlineation.

[10] "Hamlett Sadler" is an interlincation above *Mr. Richard Tyler thelder*, which is erased.

The following is from an extract transcript of the original ll deposited in the Prerogative Office, London, the only differe being that we have not thought it necessary to give the legal tractions of the scrivener: in all other respects, even to the employment of capital letters, and the omission of points, our y is most faithful.

Before "Daughter" *sonne and* was originally written, but ick through with the pen.

The words "in discharge of her marriage porcion" are interd.

The word "of" is interlined.

The words "that shee" are interlined

J^s

xxvi^{s} viij^{d} to buy him A Ringe to William Raynoldes gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy him A Ringe[1] to my god-son William Walker xx^{s} in gold to Anthonye Nashe gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} & to Mr John Nashe xxvj^{s} viij^{d} [2] & to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burbage & Henry Cundell xxvj^{s} viij^{d} Apeece to buy them Ringes[3] Item I Gyve will bequeath & devise vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towardes the performans thereof[4] All that Capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenances in Stratford aforesaid[5] Called the new place wherein I nowe Dwell & two Messuages or tenementes with thappurtenances scituat lyeing & being in Henley streete within the borough of Stratford aforesaid And all my barnes stables Orchardes gardens landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoeuer scituat lyeing & being or to be had Receyved perceyved or taken within the townes Hamletes Villages Fieldes & groundes of Stratford vpon Avon Oldstratford Bushopton & Welcombe or in anie of them in the said countie of warr And alsoe All that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenances wherein One John Robinson dwelleth scituat lyeng & being in the blackfriers in London nere the Wardrobe & all other my landes tenementes & hereditamentes whatsoeuer To have & to hold All & singuler the saied premisses with their appurtenances vnto the saied Susanna Hall for & during the terme of her naturall lief & after her deceas to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing & to the heires Males of the bodie of the saied first Sonne lawfullie yssueinge & for defalt of such issue to the second Sonne of her bodie lawfully issueinge & to the heires males of the bodie of the saied Second Sonne lawfullie yssueinge and for defalt of such heires to the third Sonne of the body of the saied Susanna Lawfullie yssueing & of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing And for defalt of such issue the same soe to be & Remaine to the Fourth[1] F sixte & Seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfulie issue one after Another & to the heires[2] Males of the bo of the saied Fourth fifth Sixte and Seaventh sonnes fullie yssueing in such manner as yt ys before Lymi to be & Remaine to the first second & third Sonns of bodie & to their heires Males And for defalt of issue the saied premisses to be & Remaine to my sa Neece Hall & the heires Males of her bodie lawfu yssueing & for defalt of such issue to my Daughter Ju & the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie issueinge for defalt of such issue to the Right heires of me saied William Shackspeare for ever Item I gyve my wief my second best bed with the furniture[3] I I gyve & bequeath to my saied Daughter Judith broad silver gilt bole All the rest of my goo Chattel Leases plate Jewels & household stuffe wha euer after my Dettes and Legasies paied & my fune expences discharged I gyve devise & bequeath to Sonne in Lawe John Hall gent & my Daughter Susa his wief whom I ordaine & make executours of this Last will & testament And I doe intreat & Appoint saied[4] Thomas Russel Esquier & Frauncis Collins gen be overseers hereof And doe Revoke All former w & publishe this to be my last will and testament Witness whereof I have herevnto put my hand[5] Daie & Yeare first aboue written.

"By me William Shakspeare

Witnes to the publishing hereof Fra: Collyns
Julyus Shawe
John Robinson
Hamnet Sadler
Robert Whattcott

Probatum corã Magr. Willim Byrde Dcorē Comiss. &c. xxiij^{do} mensis Junij Anno Dni 1616 Juram^{to} Johannis Hall vnius ex &c Cui &c De bene &c Jur Reservat ptate &c. Susame alt ex &c cū venit &c petit

(Inv^{t} ex^{t})

[1] The words "to William Raynoldes gent xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy him A Ringe" are interlined.

[2] After "xxvj^{s} viij^{d}" *in gold* was originally written, but erased with the pen.

[3] The words "& to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burbage & Henry Cundell xxvj^{s} viij^{d} to buy them Ringes" are interlined.

[4] The words "for better enabling of her to performe this my will & towardes the performans thereof" are interlined.

[5] The words "in Stratford aforesaid" are interlined.

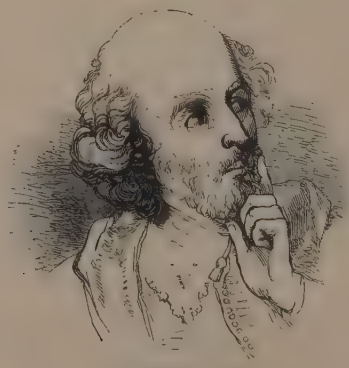
[1] After "Fourth" the word *sonne* was first written, but er with the pen.

[2] The second sheet ends with the word "heires," and the nature of the testator is at the bottom of it.

[3] The words "Item I gyve vnto my wief my second best with the furniture" are interlined.

[4] The words "the saied" are interlined.

[5] The word "hand" is interlined above *seale*, which is er with the pen.



Roubiliac's Bust.

The Bear Garden.

FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

The Dedication prefixed to the folio of 1623.[1]

he most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren.
Villiam Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine
the Kings most Excellent Maiesty.
And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman
his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the
ost Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular
ood Lords.

nt Honourable,

Vhilst we studie to be thankful in our particular, for many fauors we haue receiued from your L. L we falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most rse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rash-e in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, n we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we can-but know their dignity greater, then to descend to reading of these trifles: and, while we name them es we haue depriu'd our selues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue prosequuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vse the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alue, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes. to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly obserued, no man to come neere your L. L. but

[1] The following is an exact copy of the title-page of the folio of . It is faced. on a fly-leaf, by the verses of Ben Jonson (see 3,) on the head of Shakespeare, engraved by Droeshout, ch occupies the centre:—
Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. lished according to the True Originall Copies. London ted by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623."
the bottom of the last leaf of the volume is the following phon: "Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, nithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623."
he title-page of the folio of 1632 has "The second Impression" "true Originall Copies," and the imprint at the bottom is llows:—"London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Paul's Church-yard. 1632." The colophon on the last leaf is, "Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, for John Smethwick, William Aspley, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and Robert Allot, 1632."

In the third and fourth folios the head of Shakespeare is made a frontispiece, facing the title-page, with Ben Jonson's verses printed under it. After "The third Impression," in the folio of 1664, these words are added, "And unto this Impression is added seven Playes, never before Printed in Folio, viz. Pericles Prince of Tyre. The London Prodigall. The history of Thomas Ld Cromwell. Sir John Oldcastle Lord Cobham. The Puritan Widow. A Yorkshire Tragedy. The Tragedy of Locrine."

with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of yovr H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also craue our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many Nations, (we haue heard,) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your seruant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS,[1]

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, and you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soeuer your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Iudge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so as you rise to the iust rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, Buy. Censure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liu'd to haue set forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But s hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death de from that right, we pray you doe not envie his Fr the office of their care, and paine, to haue collecte publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd the where (before) you were abus'd with divers stoln surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed b frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors, that ex them: even those, are now offer'd to your view and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, ab in their numbers, as he conceiued thē: Who, as h a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle exp of it. His mind and hand went together: And he thought, he vttered with that easinesse, tha haue scarse receiued from him a blot in his p But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his v and give them you, to praise him. It is your reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers c ties, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hol for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could b Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: A then you doe not like him, surely you are in manifest danger, not to vnderstand him. And leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you can bee your guides: if you neede them not, yo leade your selues, and others. And such Reade wish him.

IOHN HEMINGE
HENRIE CONDE

THE WORKES OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEA

Containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Trag
Truely set forth, according to their first Origin

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPALL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYES.

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armyn.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Vnderwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson
Samuell Crosse.	Iohn Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	Iohn Rice.

[1] We give the Address to the "variety of Readers," and the Dedication, which follows it, precisely as they stand in the original, to the observation of the most minute point. The Dedication was omitted in the folio of 1664, but inserted again in the folio of 1685. This address also precedes the folio of 1623. Malone and others have conjectured that it was written by Ben Jonson, and it is certainly much in his style.

[1] This heading precedes the list of the Actors in the f 1623, and in the three subsequent editions in the same We spell the names precisely as they stand in the first fol

COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1623.

he Memory of the deceased Author, Master William Shakespeare.

ake-speare, at length thy pious fellows give
world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
tomb thy name must: when that stone is rent,
time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
we alive shall view thee still: this book,
n brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
to all ages; when posterity
loath what's new, think all is prodigy
is not Shake-speare's, every line, each verse,
shall revive, redeem thee from thy herse.
ire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
s, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
hall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
ugh miss'd) until our bankrout stage be sped
ossible) with some new strain t' out-do
ons of Juliet, and her Romeo;
ll I hear a scene more nobly take,
when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake:[1]
hese, till any of thy volume's rest,
with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
ire, our Shake-speare, thou canst never die,
crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. Digges.

eonard Digges prefixed a long copy of verses to the edition
akespeare's Poems in 1640, octavo, in which he makes this
ge, referring to Julius Cæsar, more distinct; he also there
s of the audiences Shakespeare's plays at that time drew, in
arison with Ben Jonson's. This is the only part of his pro-
on worth adding in a note.

have I seen, when Cæsar would appear,
d on the stage at half-sword parley were
utus and Cassius, O, how the audience
ere ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!
hen, some new day, they would not brook a line
tedious, though well-labour'd Catiline;
janus too, was irksome: they priz'd more
onest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.
d though the Fox and subtil Alchymist,
ng intermitted, could not quite be mist,
ough these have sham'd all th' ancients, and might raise
eir author's merit with a crown of bays,
t these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,
ted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
d door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
l, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,
is so pester'd: let but Beatrice
d Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice
e cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.
ief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
hose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look." etc.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.

We wonder'd, Shake-speare, that thou went'st so soon
From the world's to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy spectators, that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

I. M.[1]

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise:
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:[2]
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line:

[1] Perhaps the initials of John Marston.

[2] Referring to lines by William Basse, then circulating in MS., and not printed (as far as is now known) until 1633, when they were falsely imputed to Dr. Donne in the edition of his poems in that year. All the MSS. of the lines, now extant, differ in minute particulars.

And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
(And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made, as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shi
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage:
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
night,
And despair's day, but for thy volume's light!

BEN JONS

*Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic P
Master William Shakespeare.*

Those hands which you so clapp'd, go now
wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shakespeare's da
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poet's king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to th
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's public tiring-house,) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLA

COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE FOLIO OF 1632.[1]

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author, Master William Shakespeare, and his Works.

Spectator, this life's shadow is:—to see
This truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader. But observe his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick strain,
Then weep: so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,—
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could,)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost behold.

An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.[2]

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Doth make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

[1] In addition to those in the folio of 1623, also reprinted in 1632. The folios of 1664 and 1685 contain no others.

[2] These lines, like the preceding, have no name appended to them in the folio, 1632, but the authorship is ascertained by the publication of them as Milton's, in the edition of his Poems in 1645, octavo. We give them as they stand there, because it is evident that they were then printed from a copy corrected by the author variations are interesting, and Malone pointed out only one that certainly the least important. Instead of "weak witne line 6, the folio, 1632 has "*dull* witness:" instead of "liv monument," in line 8, the folio has "*lasting* monument:" is of "heart," in line 10, the folio has "*part*," an evident mis and instead of "itself bereaving," in line 13, the folio has "A bereaving."

On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems.[1]

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
That deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shows: to give a stage
(Ample, and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Give pale trunks, that the present age
Lives in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
And so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
In which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
The time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines: now to move
A killing pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves:—
This, and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
They say his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lin'd vesture, rich, and neat.
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

I. M. S.

[1] These lines are subscribed I. M. S. in the folio 1632, "probably Jasper Mayne," says Malone. Most probably not, because Mayne has left nothing behind him to lead us to suppose that he could have produced this surpassing tribute. I. M. S. may possibly be John Milton, *Student*, and no name may have been appended to the other copy of verses by him prefixed to the folio of 1632, in order that his initials should stand at the end of the present. We know of no other poet of the time capable of writing the ensuing lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton.

Francis Beaumont.

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME AND AUTOGRAPHS.

The right orthography of the great Poet's name has been, for the last sixty years, as disputed and doubtful a question as any other of the many points which have perplexed and divided his editors and critics. *Shake-speare*, *Shakespeare*, *Shakspeare*, *Schackspeere*, *Shaxspeare*, *Shakspear*, *Shakespear*, *Shakspere*, *Shaxpere*, are among the variations, of more or less authority; besides one or two others, like *Shaxbred*, which are evidently blunders of a careless or ignorant scribe. More recent and minutely accurate researches seem to me to have proved, from the evidence of deeds, parish-registers, town-records, etc., (see the various extracts in Collier's "Life,") that the family name was *Shakspere*, with some varieties of spelling, such as might occur among illiterate persons in an uneducated age. The evidence that the Poet himself considered this as his family name, (which before seemed most probable,) has been, within a few years, confirmed by the discovery of his undoubted autograph, in a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in folio—a book, of his familiarity with which there are many traces in his later works, and which he has used in the way of direct imitation, and almost of transcription, in the Tempest—act ii. scene 1. (See the notes in this edition.) I, therefore, fully agree with Sir Frederick Madden, in his tract on this point, and with Mr. Knight, in his Biography and Pictorial edition of Shakespeare, that the Poet's legal and habitual signature was *William Shakspere*. Yet I, nevertheless, concur with Dr. Nares, (Glossary,) Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and others, in retaining the old orthography of "Shakespeare," by which the Poet was alone known as an author, in his own day and long after. The following reasons seem to me conclusive: Whether from the inconvenience of the Stratford mode of spelling the name not corresponding, in London, with its fixed pronunciation, or for some other reason, the Poet, at an early period of his literary and dramatic career, adopted, for all public purposes, the orthography of *Shakespeare*. His name appears thus spelled in the first edition of his Venus and Adonis, (1593,) where the dedication of the "first heir of his invention" to the Earl of Southampton, is subscribed at full length, "*William Shakespeare*." This very popular poem passed through at least six editions, during the author's lifetime, between 1593 and 1606, and several more within a few years after his death, in all of which the same spelling is preserved. This was followed, in 1594, by his poem of Lucrece, where the same orthography is preserved, in the signature to the dedication to the same noble friend and patron. All the preceding editions, of which there were at least four during the author's life, retain the same orthography. Agai his Sonnets, first printed in 1609, we have nearly same orthography, it differing only in printing the n *Shake-speare*.

All the editions of Shakespeare's several poems d from those of his plays published during his life in typographical accuracy which denotes an author's care, while the contemporary old quarto editions o plays, published separately, commonly swarm gross errors either of the printer or the copyist. A all those editions of his genuine plays, thus publi during his life, as well as others falsely ascribed to concur in the same mode of spelling the name—it b given invariably either *Shake-speare*, or *Shakespe* His name appears thus in at least sixty title-page single plays, published by different printers, durin own life. Finally, in the folio collection of 1623, m by his friends Heminge and Condell, we find the s orthography, not only in the title and dedication, list of performers, but in the verses prefixed by Poet's personal friends, Ben Jonson, Holland, Digg the only variance being that the editors and Ben son write "Shakespeare," and Digges has the n "Shake-speare." All the succeeding folios retain same mode, and two at least of those were publis while many of the Poet's contemporaries still li Moreover, all the Poet's literary contemporaries, have left his name in print, give it in the s way,—as Ben Jonson, several times; Drayton, Mer (in his often quoted list of Shakespeare's works w ten before 1598;) Allot, (in his collection called "English Parnassus;")—with several others.

So again, in the next generation, we find the s mode universally retained,—as, for example, by Mil by Davenant, who was certainly the Poet's god and who seems to have been willing to pass for illegitimate son; and by the pains-taking Fuller. last writer, in his notice of Shakespeare, in his "W thies of England," refers to "the warlike sound of surname, (whence some may conjecture him of a r tary extraction,) *Hasti-vibrans*, or *Shake-speare*."

The heraldic grant of armorial bearing confirme the Poet, in his ancestors' right, bearing the crest Falcon, supporting (or brandishing) a spear, etc., se to be founded on the very same signification and nunciation of the name. Thus *Shakespeare* remai the only name of their great dramatist known to English public, from 1593, for almost two centu after, until, in the last half of the last century, authority of Malone and his fellow-commentators s stituted, in popular use, *Shakspeare*—a version of

ıe which has the least support of any of the varia-
s.

'he result of the whole evidence on this point, which
egard to any other English author would hardly be
th examining, but which has its interest to thou-
ls of Shakespeare's readers on both sides of the
ntic, is simply this: The Poet, for some reason,
ıght fit to adapt the spelling of his name to the
ular mode of pronouncing it, according to the pro-
ciation of London, and his more cultivated readers;
this was done in his public, literary, and dramatic
racter only,—while as a Warwickshire gentleman,
a burgher of Stratford-upon-Avon, he used his old
ily orthography, in the form he thought most
ıentic.

uch variations in the spelling of surnames were not
ll unusual in the Poet's age, and before, and half a
tury after, of which many instances have fallen under
own casual observation. The reason of a fact which
should now think strange, I suppose may be found
he changes of the habits and of the law of ordinary
iness. When half the business of life is transacted,
ıow, by checks, notes, bills, receipts, and all those
rmal evidences of contract that the old law con-
ptuously designated as mere "parole contracts,"
ough written, the identity of spelling, like a certain
ilarity of hand-writing, becomes of absolute neces-
for all persons who have any business of any kind.
he older modes of life, where few transactions were
d without the attestation of a seal and witnesses,
ı law and usage were satisfied with the similarity
ounds, (the *idem sonans* of the courts;) and a man
ht vary his signature as he pleased. Thus the Poet
ld see no objection to having, like his own Falstaff,
name for his family and townsfolk, and another for
public—*Shakspere* for his domestic use and his
cerns at Stratford-upon-Avon, and *Shakespeare* for
rest of England;—*we* may add, though *he* did not,
posterity, and the whole world.

Ve subjoin the substance of Mr. Knight's remarks
the Poet's several autographs, with his fac-similes of
m. These are conclusive as to the modern error of
lling the name with Malone, *Shakspeare*, as well as
the fact of the Poet's own private signature; but,
y agreeing with them on both points, we still see no
son for the adoption of the name as he wrote it for
private use, in place of that variation which he
ears to have deliberately chosen for his poetic and
matic surname, and by which he was known and
ntioned by all his literary contemporaries.

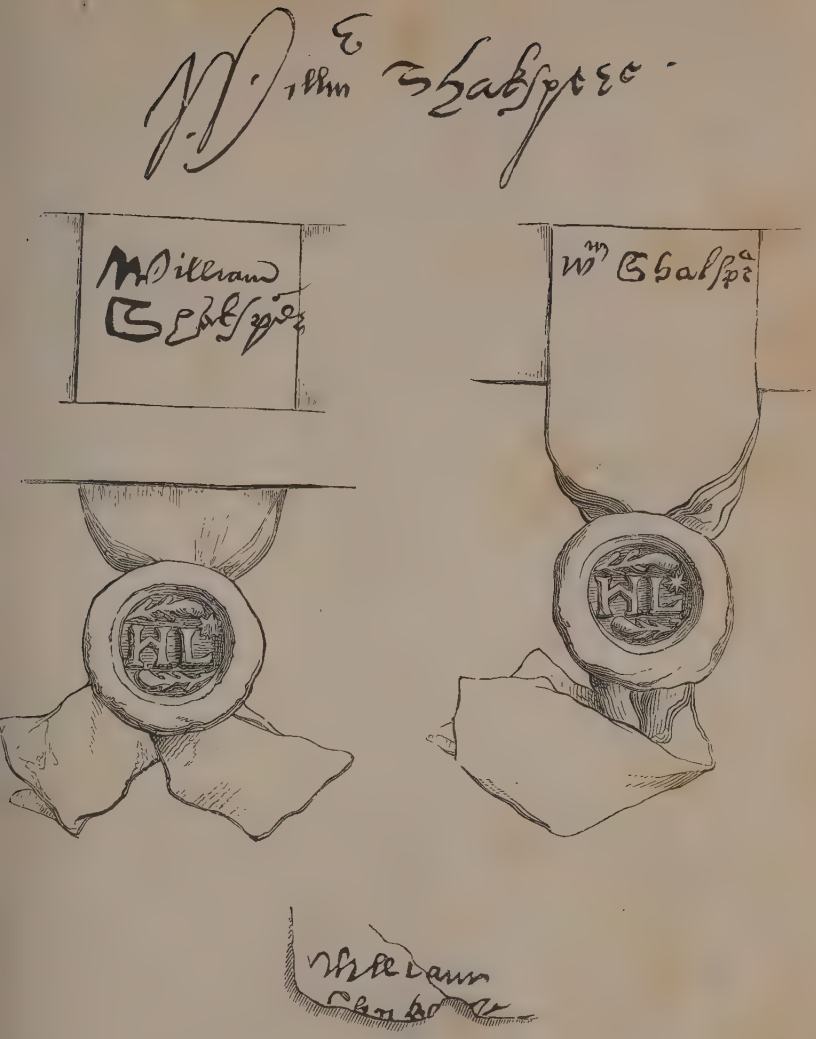
'The will of Shakespeare, preserved in Doctors'
mmons, is written upon three sheets of paper. The
ne is subscribed at the right-hand corner of the first
et; at the left-hand corner of the second sheet; and
mediately before the names of the witnesses upon
third sheet. These signatures, engraved from a
cing by Stevens, were first published in 1778. The
t signature has been much damaged since it was
ed by Stevens. It was long thought that, in the
t and second of these signatures, the Poet had writ-
his name *Shakspere*, but in the third *Shakspeare;*
l Stevens and Malone held, therefore, that they had
hority in the hand-writing of the Poet for spelling his
ne *Shakspeare* They rested this mode of spelling

not upon the mode in which it was printed during the Poet's life, and in the genuine editions of his own works, which was *Shakespeare*, but upon this signature to the last sheet of his will, which they fancied contained an *a* in the last syllable. When William Henry Ireland, in 1795, produced his 'Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments,' it was necessary that he should fabricate Shakespeare's name, and the engraving published by Stevens enabled him to do so. He varied the spelling, as he found it said to be varied in the signatures to the will; but he more commonly spelled the name with the *a* in the final syllable. His confidence in the Shakespeare editors supplied one of the means for his detection. Malone, in his 'Inquiry,' (1796,) has a confession upon this subject, which is almost as curious as any one of Ireland's own:—'In the year 1776, Mr. Stevens, in my presence, traced with the utmost accuracy the three signatures affixed by the Poet to his will. While two of these manifestly appeared to us *Shakspere*, we conceived that in the third there was a variation; and that in the second syllable an *a* was found. *Accordingly we have constantly so exhibited the Poet's name ever since that time.* It ought certainly to have struck us as a very extraordinary circumstance, that a man should write his name twice one way, and once another, on the same paper: however, it did not; and I had no suspicion of our mistake till, about three years ago, I received a very sensible letter from an anonymous correspondent, who showed me very clearly that, though there was a superfluous stroke when the Poet came to write the letter *r* in his last signature, probably from the tremor of his hand, there was no *a* discoverable in that syllable; and that this name, like both the others, was written *Shakspere*. Revolving this matter in my mind, *it occurred to me, that in the new fac-simile of his name which I gave in* 1790, *my engraver had made a mistake in placing an* A *over the name which was there exhibited*, and that what was supposed to be that letter was only a mark of abbreviation, with a turn or curl at the first part of it, which gave it the appearance of a letter. * * * * * If Mr. Stevens and I had maliciously intended to lay a trap for this fabricator to fall into, we could not have done the business more adroitly.'

"The new fac-simile to which Malone alludes continued to be given with the *a* over the name, in subsequent editions; and we have now no alternative but to copy it from the engraving. It was taken from the mortgage deed executed by Shakespeare, on the 11th of March, 1613. When Malone's engraver turned the *re* of that signatnre into an *a*, the deed was in the possession of Mr. Wallis, a solicitor. It was subsequently presented to Garrick; but after his death was no where to be found. Malone, however, traced that the counterpart of the deed of bargain and sale, dated the 10th of March, 1613, was also in the possession of Mr. Wallis: and he corrected his former error by engraving the signature to that deed in his 'Inquiry.' He says, 'Notwithstanding this authority, I shall still continue to write our Poet's name *Shakspeare*, for reasons which I have assigned in his Life. But whether in doing so I am right or wrong, it is manifest that he wrote it himself *Shakspere;* and therefore if any original letter or other manuscript of his shall ever be discovered, his name will appear in that form.' This prophecy has been

partly realized. The autograph of Shakespeare, corresponding in its authority with the other documents, was found in a small folio volume, the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, having been sixty years in the possession of the Rev. Edward Patteson, minister of Smethwick, near Birmingham. In 1838 the volume was sold by auction, and purchased by the British Museum, for one hundred pounds. The deed of bargain and sale, the signature of which was copied by Malone in 1796, was sold by auction in 1841, and was purchased by the Corporation of London, for o hundred and forty-five pounds.

"We subjoin fac-similes of the six authentic au graphs of Shakespeare. That at the head of the p is from the 'Montaigne' of Florio; the left, with seal, is from the counterpart of the Conveyance in possession of the Corporation of London; the rig with the seal, is from Malone's fac-simile of the M gage deed which has been lost; the three others from the three sheets of the Will."



King John.

Ruhm

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAY—ITS CONNECTION WITH THE OLDER CHRONICLE DRAMA ON THE SAME SUBJECT—SHAKESPEARE'S SUPPOSED SHARE IN THAT PREVIOUS DRAMA—HIS MODE OF TRANSMUTATION OF THE OLD MATERIALS INTO THE PRESENT TRAGEDY—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

THIS historical drama, or "History," as the folio editors designate it, was first printed in their collection, in 1623, under the title of the "Life and Death of King John," having never before been separately printed, during the author's life, as most of his works produced before LEAR had been. It, however, unquestionably does not belong, as that circumstance would indicate that it did, to the later period of his matured genius, when the attraction of his name and works was too valuable to his theatrical associates to allow them to permit his plays (to use a phrase of the times) "being staled by the press." Meares mentions KING JOHN, in his list of Shakespeare's works, before 1598; but, indeed, that weighty evidence is hardly needed to authorize our assigning its production to that second, or—if we admit PERICLES and ANDRONICUS to be the juvenile essays of his muse—to that third period of his literary progress, when, after the success of his first comedies, his style and versification gained a larger freedom, his characters a deeper stamp of truth and individuality, as well as a richer variety, and his exhibitions of emotion, passion, and suffering, more minuteness and accuracy, as well as more vividness of painting; while the flowing lines, with a certain regularity of pause—the somewhat diffuse and perspicuous diction—still distinguish his manner quite as much from that of OTHELLO and LEAR, as it otherwise varies from that of the TWO GENTLEMEN OF RONA. In these respects, the contrast between the English historical plays and the Roman tragedies is worthy notice—the former being more assimilated, in their general poetic tone, to the MERCHANT OF VENICE, as the er are to the great tragic master-pieces of the author's zenith of power. Yet in both classes alike—the glish and the Roman histories—in KING JOHN, as in CORIOLANUS, we can trace the same overflowing crea- mind, which crowded HAMLET, and MACBETH, and LEAR, with character, passion, allusion, reason, poetry, il the language bent under the weight of thought and sentiment. In KING JOHN and its companions, these racteristics of style are seen but occasionally, appearing as in their very rudiments; while in the later works y appear in a calmer and moderated exercise, rather as the effect of habit than of effort.

n addition to the general interest which the true admirer of Shakespeare must always feel, in contemplating l comparing the successive and differing *phases* of the genius of him so justly described, by an admirable critic, ' the greatest name in our literature—the greatest name in all literature," (HALLAM's *Literature of Europe*,) play of KING JOHN has a special interest and value, as opening to us, as it were, the great Poet's study, and bling us to analyze one of the many varieties of his modes of composition. In many of his dramas, the old end, or poem, or play, (such as that of LEAR,) from which he drew the leading incidents, or the characters and nes familiar to his audience, when it had once served this purpose, and that of exciting his invention, was own aside and used no more. In others, and especially in the historical plays, we trace the Poet diligently dis- rring from his "Plutarch," or his old English chroniclers, names, story, incidents, characters, dialogues, and n pouring life and beauty over the dry skeleton of history, or, as it may happen, into the mouldering relics of old nance. Again we find him, in HAMLET and ROMEO AND JULIET, and in the broad comedy of the MERRY VES OF WINDSOR, working up his own earlier vigorous but imperfect sketches, pruning out their defects, or iching these "first heirs of his invention," with the treasures of his exercised intellect or varied observation of . Again, in the TAMING OF THE SHREW, we are surprised to find him, when in the full exercise of his original prolific power, and enjoying an established popular reputation, yet employing himself in the recasting and im- ving a favourite comedy, by an author of no unmerited popularity, without any attempt to conceal the origi- groundwork; heightening its humour and laugh-provoking extravagance, infusing a more life-like individuality its personages, and, as his subject warmed and expanded in his mind, pouring through its scenes strains of ler and sweeter melody, until at last—probably to his own surprise—he found that he had produced another more brilliant and joyous comedy, with the same characters, scenes, and situations, and on the very same plot.

King John presents another variety of the processes of his dramatic laboratory. He found on the stag chronicle historical drama, in two parts, entitled "The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with Discouerie of K. Richard *Cordelion's* base Sonne, (vulgarly named the Bastard *Fawconbridge*.) Also the de of K. John at Swinstead Abbey, as it had been sundry times acted by the Queene's Players." This was the old fashion of chronicle plays—a series of historical events, thrown into dramatic dialogue and action, c nected mainly by the chronological succession of events, without any thought of unity of action, or consequer of unity of interest. It places on the stage successively all the leading incidents of John's reign, which were at time most likely to interest or excite a London audience. Of these, as the spirit of religious controversy and v fare was predominant in the public mind, just after the accession of Elizabeth, John's collision with the Pope, his plunder of the monasteries, were made most prominent; while the modern reader is surprised to find tha the old play, as in Shakespeare's tragedy, John's contest with his Barons, on the great questions of political rig and his signing the *Magna Charta*, are passed over without notice. The solution of this omission, in both ca is simply that, although the influence and effect of the Great Charter were felt in the administration of justice, protection of the rights of property, and the institutions and habits which had grown up under it; yet in itsel was little mentioned or known, out of the courts, until, in the reign of James I. and afterwards, it was mad "household word" in the mouths of Englishmen, by the frequent appeals in parliament, and through the press the ancient rights of the subject, against the royal claims and prerogative.

These two parts of the old play were first printed without the name of any author, in 1591; but afterwards 1611, when not only Shakespeare's own name, but the title of his own King John, had become attractive to ge ral readers, the old "Troublesome Raigne" was reprinted with a half ascription of it to Shakespeare, as "writ by W. Sh." In 1622, after his death, and the year before his own King John first appeared in print, it was ag republished, with a bolder, but still not absolute ascription to him as its author, as by "W. Shakespeare"— abbreviation of the name not found in the old title-pages of our Poet's works, after his name had become popu This piece has been put within the reach of Shakespearian students by two modern editions—one in collection of Stevens and Nichols, of "Six old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his," etc.; and the other Stevens's accurate reprint (1775) of the "Twenty Plays of Shakespeare," as first printed in quarto. The "Troul some Raigne of K. J." was inserted in that collection, on the supposition that these two parts were of Shakespea juvenile authorship, and that he became "so thoroughly dissatisfied with the play as to have written it alm entirely anew, reserving only a few of the lines, and the conduct of several scenes." Pope had before, in one his notes, affirmed, without giving any authority or reason for it, that "the old play was written by Shakespe and Rowley;" though there is no mention of Rowley's name in any edition or any contemporary publicat Stevens afterwards retracted the opinion of Shakespeare's having any share in the older drama. In this opi there now seems a general critical concurrence, with the partial exception of the German critics who adopt a mid theory of Ulrici's, that the "Troublesome Raigne" was Shakespeare's own enlargement and adaptation of a older drama, which he had thus improved, in some very early stage of his juvenile dramatic attempts.

But the external evidence of Shakespeare's concern in the "Troublesome Raigne," is almost nothing; the absence of his name in the first edition, the mere initials, which might apply to others, in the second, w any play that might be taken for his would be eagerly bought, and finally the something bolder ascription to after his death, and before the publication of the "King John" then actually on the stage,—all tend to confirm opinion of Dr. Farmer, that the older play was written by Rowley, or some still preceding dramatist, and t when Shakespeare's own King John was on the stage, and called for by the public, but could not be procu from the players who owned the copy, this older one was reprinted, as his, by some piratical bookseller. On other hand, the internal evidence of diction, manner, versification, and management of the plot, are all repugn to the opinion that the older play was Shakespeare's. There is no circumstance adduced, as in the cases Pericles and Andronicus, to throw the production of the play back to the days of boyish authorsh but it was printed in 1591, and cannot be traced further back. It is, therefore, to be compared with writings of that period, with Love's Labour's Lost, and the comedies which immediately succeeded it, and pr ably with the first or *chrysalis* form of Romeo and Juliet, as we have it in the first quarto. With these the chronicle play has little in common, and nothing but the most positive evidence could authorize the conclus that it came from the same hand.

Moreover, his entire and thorough re-writing of the chronicle drama affords a strong indication that Shakespe had no claim to its dialogue or poetry, for this is a process which no author would unnecessarily apply to his o work, and it is one which we know with certainty, that he was not in the habit of using in his enlargements improvements, from those of Love's Labour's Lost, to the more thorough re-writing of much of Romeo and Jul and of Hamlet. This argument is the stronger from the consideration that there is much of the ordinary dialo of the older play, necessary for the conduct of the plot, unmarked by any special excellence or defect, which it been written by him, he would of course have preferred retaining, with such modifications only as might required to adapt it to the new matter, instead of actually re-writing the whole as he appears to have done. must add, that there are some words of touching tenderness in the dying speech of Arthur in the old play, (note, act iv., scene 3,) which, had the thought been originally his own, I cannot but think that he would h expanded and improved instead of throwing them aside, as the poetical property of another which he did not c to use; whilst the historical incidents and personages drawn from the old chronicles or from prior plays, he mi justly regard as the common property of every dramatist who might choose to employ them. My own impressi are therefore strongly in accordance with the opinions of the best English authorities, (Farmer, Stevens, Knig

er, etc.), that Shakespeare had no hand whatever in the two parts of "The Troublesome Raigne,"—which parts, by the way, have themselves a contrast of manner that give reason to think that more than one author employed in their preparation. Still, it is within the bounds of possibility that these may have been among espeare's earlier essays in historic tragedy, and it is just to add, that if such were the case it would not be at screditable to his genius, though the contemptuous remarks of some of the editors would give their readers a rent impression. It does not furnish choice extracts such as those by which the taste of Charles Lamb has made second rate Elizabethan dramatists familiar to modern readers, but as a whole it compares advantageously enough the dramas of its time; less extravagant in diction and imagery than many of them, it puts the historical per-ges and their actions as related by the more popular English chroniclers on the scene with spirit and distinct-whilst the Bastard, whether drawn from tradition or from the author's invention, is strongly marked as a geous, active, ambitious soldier, and though a little "robustious," noisy, and ranting, yet not more so than the dramatic military heroes of his time, who were generally expected to "split the ears of the groundlings."

is piece Shakespeare set himself to work upon, scene by scene, and almost sentence by sentence. The pre-tion of the old piece enables us to follow him throughout every step of the process, and the comparison is alike us and instructive. The "Troublesome Raigne" is (as has already been said) an acted chronicle, directed governed in its arrangement of scenes by the chronological order of events. It is transmuted, without any ng change of structure, into an historical tragedy. We can see the poetic alchemist at work, with his small o pamphlet play before him, using it, as he did afterwards his folio of North's "Plutarch," or Hall and Hol-ned's "Chronicles," as his main stock of materials. He looks around, then takes Hollingshed from the shelf, t is merely to suggest some thought that may be incorporated in the other narrative, not to correct the history furnish new scenes and characters. Those scenes or characters are too familiar to be disturbed; he alters only evate them into a higher region of poetry and feeling. The two parts of the chronicle dramatic story are ressed into one dramatic action, retaining all the incidents and circumstances, but often compressing the gue in some of the scenes, throwing others, like that of the preaching of the Prophet of Pomfret, or the Bas-plunder of the Abbeys, into brief narrative, and again giving bolder prominence to the points on which the interest of the remodelled tragedy was designed to rest. For this last purpose, the Poet has elevated the cter of Constance from the fond and wronged mother, somewhat quick-tempered and sharp-tongued, of the lay, to a majesty of maternal grief rivalling the high conceptions of Grecian poetry and art. The reverence due nother's sorrows is heightened and saddened by the lofty bearing and noble eloquence of one fitted to be nother of a royal race. Every thing that can touch the natural sympathies in the youth, the innocence, the ing affection of Arthur, is beautifully and touchingly elaborated,—not a little at the expense of historical racy as to the Prince, who was no longer a child when his uncle's prisoner, and also beyond the representa-r conception of the older dramatist. Thus his fate, his mother's sorrows, his uncle's guilt, and the retributive e that closes the drama become the central points of interest, and give to the narrative the depth and continuous of interest that mere dramatic history could not attain. Subservient to the general effect, and powerfully ibuting to it, yet in itself a master-piece of tragic art, is the whole of the dialogue in which we see John—

> —— "sound the depths of Hubert's soul,
> Whilst in his own contending passions roll."—CHURCHILL (*Rosciad*).

ese scenes owe nothing to the older play, being entirely original, except so far as they may have been sug-d by some very slight or transient expressions in Hollingshed's narrative. They are worthy of being placed e side of corresponding scenes in RICHARD, in OTHELLO, and in MACBETH, all exhibiting varied forms of tempta-o the worst crimes, differently modified by the fears, the remorse, the craft, the hardened conscience or the mined will of the several tempters. It is evidently for the purpose of giving a predominating interest to the gs of Arthur, that Shakespeare in his re-working of the older drama, from the very beginning impresses upon udience the notice of Arthur's legitimate right to his grandfather's throne, and of the usurpation of John, an on which Mr. Hallam ("Middle Ages") says has become general through Shakespeare's representation of the r; for in John's own times, the accession of one of the legitimate race, elder in years, by election over an nearer in blood, was so far from a usurpation that it was familiar to the policy of the old feudal tenures. For ume object, the revolt of Salisbury, Pembroke, and their companions, was made in the remodelled tragedy to g directly and wholly from the supposed murder of Arthur. This varies both from historical authority, and the older play, which merely assigns—

> "His cousin's death, that sweet unguilty child,"

losing accusation against "that tyrant John," whilst Essex and his friends allege as the main cause of their iracy—

> "The servile yoke, that pained us with toil,
> On strong instinct hath formed this conventicle,
> To ease our necks of servitude's contempt."

hilst the dramatic chronicle was thus condensed into a dark tragedy of the sorrows of Constance, the wing wrongs of her engaging child, and the guilt of John, a false and selfish tyrant, whose sins are unredeemed y of the nobler qualities of talent and courage or wit that gild the crimes of Iago and Richard—the author also hat this sad tale would receive deeper truth, and a more living reality, from frequent contrast and gay . This contrast he supplies from the constant flashes of high spirits and gay courage, which his own genius s out so abundantly from the original hard and rough character of Cœur-de-lion's son. He is made the relief to the purely tragic portion of the action, and yet, being himself the secondary hero upon whom the

audience's sympathy is to repose, he is in himself a tragi-comedy of the higher order, a compound of Hotspu Mercutio, a character of which we sometimes meet the resemblance amongst young soldiers and sailors, and had been drawn at a later period, I should say more Irish than English. But Shakespeare drew him fro own countrymen, and he belongs to a class rather than a nation. If the Poet had any other model in his eye living nature, it was the historical and legendary character of Richard himself, whose son hath "the very sp Plantagenet."

Thus Shakespeare's KING JOHN, in one sense the least original of its author's works,—for there is not a incident or character, scarcely a whole scene, not substantially to be found in the older play,—is in anothe higher respect, that of feeling, poetry, dramatic skill, and ethical truth, one of his most original productions.

It resembles one of those extensive but commonplace landscapes, such as may be travelled over a hundred without fixing its features upon the memory, but which at once acquires a unity and depth of expressio sentiment, combining or recalling swarms of joyous or solemn associations, when presented to the mind single point of view, under the lights of Ruysdael, or the colouring of Cole.

Mr. Collier has well summed up some of the principal points of difference between the old and the re-w drama.

"How long the old 'King John' had been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was orig printed, we have no precise information, but Shakespeare found it there, and took the course usual with dram of the time, by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He conv the 'two parts' into one drama, and in many of its main features followed the story, not as he knew it in hi but as it was fixed in popular belief. In some particulars he much improved upon the conduct of the incid for instance, in the first act of the old 'King John,' Lady Faulconbridge is, needlessly and objectionably, m spectator of the scene in which the bastardy of her son Philip is discussed before King John and his m Another amendment of the original is the absence of Constance from the stage when the marriage between and Blanch is debated. A third material variation ought not to be passed over without remark. Although S speare, like the authors of the old 'King John,' employs the Bastard forcibly to raise money from the monas in England, he avoids the scenes of extortion and ribaldry of the elder play, in which the monks and nun turned into ridicule, and the indecency and licentiousness of their lives exposed. Supposing the old 'King to have been brought upon the stage not long after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when the hat Roman Catholics was at its height, such an exhibition must have been extremely gratifying to the taste of v audiences. Shakespeare might justly hold in contempt such a mode of securing applause; or, possibly, his religious tenets might induce him to touch lightly upon such matters. Certain it is, that the elder drama co much coarse abuse of the Roman Catholics, and violent invective against the ambition of the pontiff, little of is found in Shakespeare. It is, however, easy to discover reasons why he would refuse to pander to p prejudice, without supposing him to feel direct sympathy with the enemies of the Reformation."

The text as printed in the first folio presents few difficulties, and where typographical inaccuracies occur, style does not abound in those bold and original combinations, or deflexions of words from their ordinary elsewhere familiar to the Poet,—the proper corrections are easily and satisfactorily ascertained. With bu exception—the "brooded watchful day," (see note, act iii., scene 3.),—there is, I think, no reading susce of much doubt.

SCENES AND COSTUMES.

The architectural scenes, costumes, etc. in this play, are chiefly from sketches from remains of the times, o old drawings or prints, by Mr. Poynter, the excellent antiquarian draftsman of the pictorial edition.

Mr. Planché, in the pictorial edition, collects his authorities for the costume of this play chiefly from the mental effigies and seals of the principal sovereigns and nobles mentioned.

"The effigy of King John in Worcester cathedral, which, by the examination of the body, was proved to p a fac simile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords a fine specimen of the royal costume of the p A full robe or supertunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descending to the mid leg, is g round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendant in front. An under tu cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same stuff, lined with green silk, depends fro shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs by straps of silk, or cloth, of a blue colour, striped with green and yellow or gold. The collar and sleeves of the supertunic have borders o studded with jewels. The backs of the gloves were also jewelled.

"A kneeling effigy of Philip Augustus, engraved in Montfaucon, shows the similarity of fashion in Franc England. The nobles, when unarmed, were attired in the same manner, viz., in the tunic, supertunic, and m with hose, short boots, or shoes, of materials more or less rich. Cloth, silk, velvet, and gold, and silver ti with occasionally furs of considerable value, are mentioned in documents of the period. A garment cal bliaus (from whence probably the modern French blouse,) appears to have been a sort of supertunic or surc vogue, and in winter it was lined with fur. The common Norman mantle used for travelling, or out of exercise, had a capuchon to it, and was called the capa.

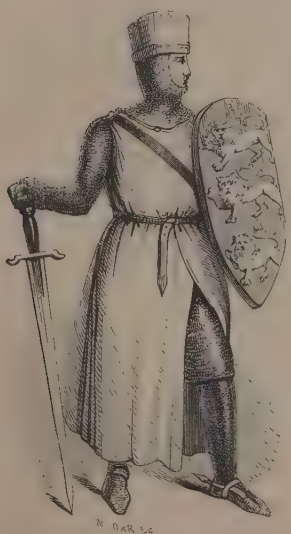
"The capuchon, or hood, with which this garment was furnished, appears to have been the usual coveri the head; but hats and caps, the latter sometimes of the Phrygian form, and sometimes flat and round lik Scotch bonnet, are occasionally met with during the twelfth century. The beaux, during John's reign, curle crisped their hair with irons, and bound only a slight fillet round the head, seldom wearing caps, in order that locks might be seen. The beard was closely shaven, but John and the nobles of his party are said to have beard and mustache out of contempt for the discontented Barons. The fashion of gartering up the long ho Norman chausses, sandal-wise, prevailed amongst all classes; and when, on the legs of persons of rank, bandages are seen of gold stuff, the effect is very gorgeous and picturesque.

"The dress of the ladies may be understood from an examination of the effigies of Eleanor, Queen of Henr and of Isabella, Queen of King John, and the figure of Blanch of Castile on her great seal. Although these p ages are represented in royal costume, the general dress differed nothing in form, however it might in mat

onsisted of one long full robe or gown, girdled round the waist, and high in the neck, with long tight sleeves
ne wrist; the collar sometimes fastened with a brooch; the head bound by a band or fillet of jewels, and covered
the wimple or veil. To the girdle was appended, occasionally, a small pouch or aulmoniere. The capa was
in travelling, and in winter pelisses (Pelices, pelisons) richly furred [whence the name] were worn under it.
King John orders a grey pelisson with nine bars of fur to be made for the Queen. Short boots, as well as shoes,
e worn by the ladies. The King orders four pair of women's boots, one of them to be *fretatus de giris*
broidered with circles), but the robe, or gown, was worn so long that little more than the tips of the toes are
in illuminations or effigies of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and the colour is generally black, though
e can be no doubt they were occasionally of cloth of gold or silver richly embroidered.
Gloves do not appear to have been generally worn by females; but, as marks of nobility, when they were
n they were jewelled on the back.
The mantle and robe or tunic, of the effigy of Queen Eleanor, are embroidered all over with golden crescents.
may have been some family badge, as the crescent and star are seen on the great seal of Richard I.; and that
arch is said to have possessed a mantle nearly covered with half moons and orbs of shining silver.
The armour of the time consisted of a hauberk and chausses made of leather, covered with iron rings set up
ewise in regular rows, and firmly stitched upon it, or with small overlapping scales of metal like the Lorica
mata of the Romans.
The hauberk had a capuchon attached to it, which could be pulled over the head or thrown back at pleasure.
er this was sometimes worn a close iron skull-cap, and at others the head itself was surmounted by a 'chapel
er,' or a large cylindrical helmet, flattened at top, the face being defended by a perforated plate or grating,
d the 'aventaile,' (*avant taille,*) fastened by screws or hinges to the helmet. A variety of specimens of this
y vizored head-piece may be seen on the seals of the Counts of Flanders, in Olivarius Vredius' 'History;' and
seal of Prince Louis of France exhibits a large and most clumsy helmet of this description. The seal of King
n presents us with a figure of the monarch, wearing over his armour the military surtout, as yet undistinguished
rmorial blazonry. On his head is either a cylindrical helmet, without the aventaile, or a cap of cloth or fur.
difficult, from the state of the impressions, to decide which. He bears the knightly shield, assuming at this
od the triangular or heater shape, but exceedingly curved or embowed, and emblazoned with the three lions,
opards, *passant regardant*, in pale, which are first seen on the shield of Richard I.
The spur worn at this period was the goad or pryck spur, without a rowel. The principal weapons of the
hts were the lance, the sword, and the battle-axe. The shape of the sword may be best ascertained from the
y of King John, who holds one in his hand; the pommel is diamond shaped, and has an oval cavity in the
re for a jewel.
The common soldiery fought with bills, long and cross-bows, slings, clubs, and a variety of rude but terrific
pons, such as scythes fastened to poles, (the falcastrum,) and a sort of spear, with a hook on one side, called
guisarme. The arbalast, or cross-bow, is said to have been invented in the previous reign, but Wace mentions
having been known to the Normans before the Conquest. Engines of war, called the mangonell and the pe-
a, for throwing heavy stones, are mentioned by Guliel. Britto, in his 'Phillippeis,' (lib. 7:)—

Interea grossos petraria mittit ab intus
Assidue lapides mangonellusque minores.

In the close rolls of John is an order to the Bailiff of Porchester, to cause machines for flinging stones, called
arire and mangonelli, to be made for the king's service, and to let Drogo de Dieppe and his companions have
and other things necessary for making of them. Philip sent to his son Louis a military engine, called the
roisine, (bad neighbour,) to batter the walls of Dover Castle."



King John.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING JOHN.
PRINCE HENRY, his Son; afterwards King Henry III.
ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne; Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne (the elder brother of KING JOHN).
WILLIAM MARESHALL, Earl of Pembroke.
GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.
WILLIAM LONGSWORD, Earl of Salisbury.
ROBERT BIGOT, Earl of Norfolk.
HUBERT DE BURGH, Chamberlain to the KING.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son of SIR ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.
PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, his Half-brother, bastard Son to King Richard the First.
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.
PETER of Pomfret, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.
MELUN, a French Lord.
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to KING JOHN.

ELINOR, the Widow of King Henry II., and Mother of KING JOHN
CONSTANCE, Mother to ARTHUR.
BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to KING JOHN.
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard and ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France

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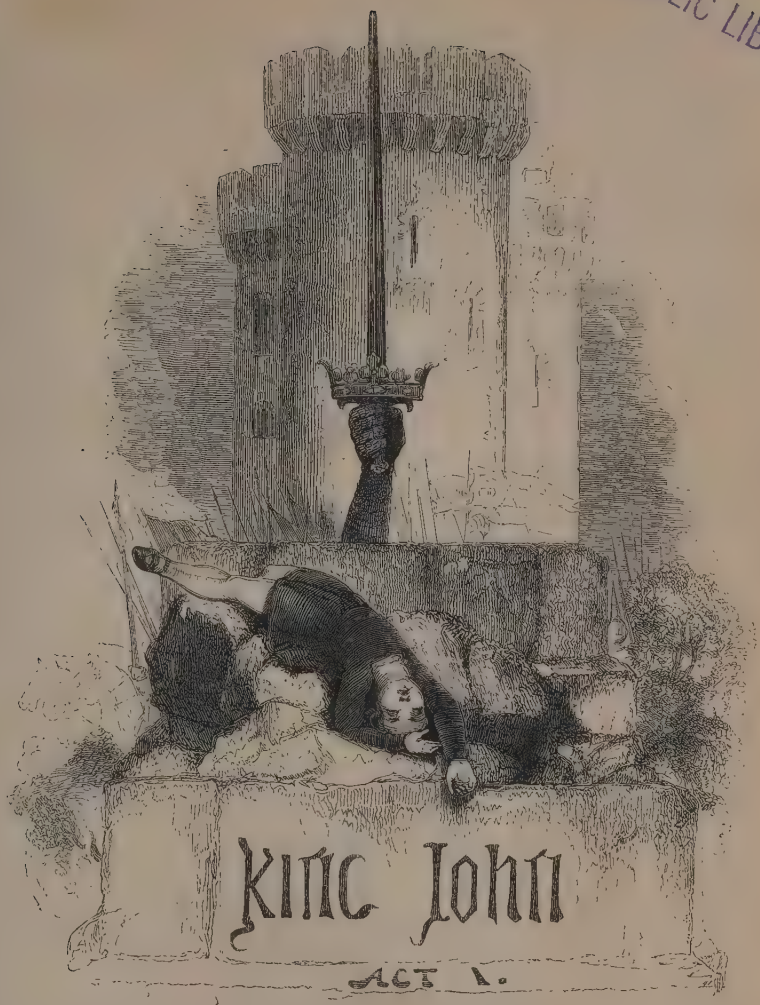


ENE I.—Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

ter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, SEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
my behaviour, to the majesty,
e borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,
hur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
this fair island, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* CHATILLON *and* PEMBROKE.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known, and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his pa
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, spea
What doth move you to claim your brother's la

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my fat
With that half-face, would he have all my land
A half-faced groat five-hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father li
Your brother did employ my father much.—

Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my la
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my moth

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embass
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and sho
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brothe
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have ke
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brothe
My brother might not claim him, nor your fathe
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no fo
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulc bridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shap
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thi
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-f things goes,"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake t fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take r chance.

face hath got five hundred pounds a year,
ell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
m, I'll follow you unto the death.
i. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
st. Our country manners give our betters way.
John. What is thy name?
st. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
p, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
l thou down Philip, but rise more great;
sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
st. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:
ather gave me honour, yours gave land.—
blessed be the hour, by night or day,
n I was got sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.
Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.
Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

t of honour better than I was,
many a many foot of land the worse.
, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
d den, sir Richard."—"God-a-mercy, fellow;"—
if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
new-made honour doth forget men's names:
too respective, and too sociable,

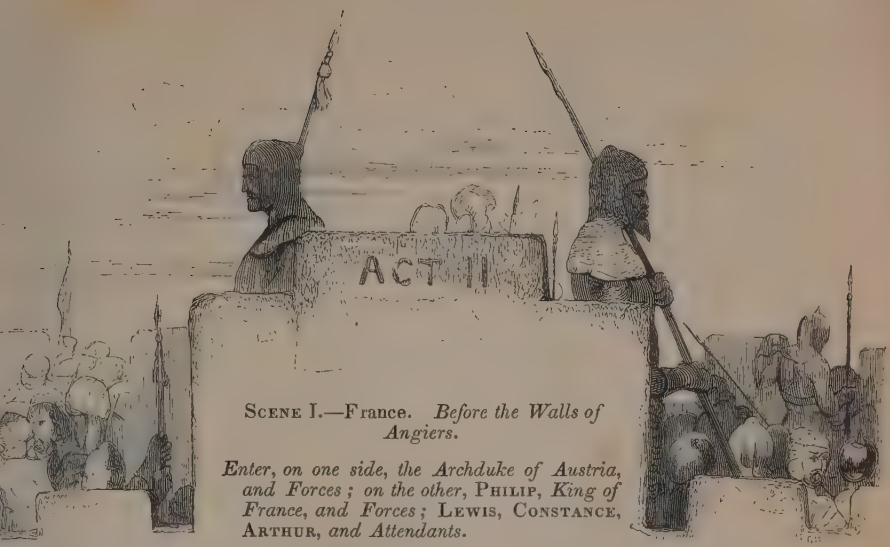
For your conversion. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of countries:—"My dear sir,"
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
"I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—

"O sir," says answer, "at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:"—
"No, sir," says question, "I, sweet sir, at yours:"
And so, ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po,
It draws toward supper, in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;
And so am I, whether I smack, or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn,
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?
Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so?
Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.
Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* GURNEY.
Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do
We know his handy-work.—Therefore,
mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy b
too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend
honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward
Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Ba
like.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoul
But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my fa
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mo
Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a F
bridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion w
father.
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed
Heaven! lay not my transgression to my ch
That art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defen
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get ag
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispos
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mothe
With all my heart I thank thee for my fathe
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me beg
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not
[*E*



SCENE I.—France. *Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, *King of France, and Forces;* LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
thur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
chard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
d fought the holy wars in Palestine,
this brave duke came early to his grave·
d, for amends to his posterity,
our importance hither is he come,
spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
d to rebuke the usurpation
thy unnatural uncle, English John:
ıbrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
ıe rather, that you give his offspring life,
adowing their right under your wings of war.
ive you welcome with a powerless hand,
t with a heart full of unstained love:
elcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.
Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
seal to this indenture of my love;
ıat to my home I will no more return,
l Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
gether with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
hose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
d coops from other lands her islanders,
en till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
ıat water-walled bulwark, still secure
d confident from foreign purposes,
en till that utmost corner of the west
lute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
ill I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
l your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
ainst the brows of this resisting town:—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land:
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
[*Drums heard within.*
The interruption of their churlish drums

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepar'd.

Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the Bastard*, PEMBROKE, *and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's, in the name of God.
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. John. From whom hast thou this great co
mission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?
K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that st
good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.
K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.
K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France
Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping so
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the worl
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

oy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
father never was so true begot:
nnot be, an if thou wert his mother.
li. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
nst. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
ust. Peace!
zst. Hear the crier.
ust. What the devil art thou?
zst. One that will play the devil, sir, with you, a may catch your hide and you alone. are the hare of whom the proverb goes, se valour plucks dead lions by the beard. moke your skin-coat, an I catch you right: h, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
anch. O! well did he become that lion's robe, did disrobe the lion of that robe.
zst. It lies as sightly on the back of him, reat Alcides' shoes upon an ass.— ass, I'll take that burden from your back, ay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
ust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears h this abundance of superfluous breath?
. *Phi.* Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
ew. Women and fools, break off your conference.— John, this is the very sum of all: land, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine, ght of Arthur do I claim of thee. thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
. *John.* My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.— ur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand, out of my dear love I'll give thee more, n e'er the coward hand of France can win: mit thee, boy.
li. Come to thy grandam, child.
nst. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child: grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will it a plum, a cherry, and a fig: re's a good grandam.
rth. Good my mother, peace! uld that I were low laid in my grave; not worth this coil that's made for me.
li. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
nst. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no! grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames, w those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes, ich heaven shall take in nature of a fee: with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd lo him justice, and revenge on you.
li. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
onst. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth! not me slanderer: thou, and thine, usurp dominations, royalties, and rights, his oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son, rtunate in nothing but in thee: sins are visited in this poor child; canon of the law is laid on him, ng but the second generation noved from thy sin-conceiving womb.
. *John.* Bedlam, have done.
onst. I have but this to say,— That he is not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sin and her, the plague On this removed issue, plagu'd for her, And with her plague her sin: his injury Her injury the beadle to her sin, All punish'd in the person of this child, And all for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that! a will! a wicked will; A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate. It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim To these ill-tuned repetitions.— Some trumpet summon hither to the walls These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak, Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself. You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects, Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.— These flags of France, that are advanced here Before the eye and prospect of your town, Have hither march'd to your endamagement: The cannons have their bowels full of wrath, And ready mounted are they, to spit forth Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls: All preparation for a bloody siege, And merciless proceeding by these French, Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates; And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones, That as a waist o girdle you about, By the compulsion of their ordnance By this time from their fixed beds of lime Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made For bloody power to rush upon your peace. But, on the sight of us, your lawful king, Who painfully, with much expedient march, Have brought a countercheck before your gates, To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks, Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle; And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire, To make a shaking fever in your walls, They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke, To make a faithless error in your ears: Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits, Forwearied in this action of swift speed, Crave harbourage within your city walls.
K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both. Lo! in this right hand, whose protection Is most divinely vow'd upon the right Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet, Son to the elder brother of this man, And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys. For this down-trodden equity, we tread In warlike march these greens before your town, Being no further enemy to you, Than the constraint of hospitable zeal In the relief of this oppressed child, Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born blood those,—

Bast. Some bastards, too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his c

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worth
We for the worthiest hold the right from both

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all t souls,
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers arms!

Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, e'er since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—[*To* AUSTRIA.]—Si were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no mor

Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion ro

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To* LEWIS.]—an the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our rig [*Ex*

The Battle—near Angiers.

Angiers.

SCENE II.—The Same.

ums and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
by the hand of France this day hath made
h work for tears in many an English mother,
se sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
y a widow's husband grovelling lies,
ly embracing the discolour'd earth,
victory, with little loss, doth play
n the dancing banners of the French,
are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
nter conquerors, and to proclaim
ur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
John, your king and England's, doth approach,
mander of this hot malicious day.
r armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
er return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
re stuck no plume in any English crest,
is removed by a staff of France:
colours do return in those same hands,
did display them when we first march'd forth;
like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
lusty English, all with purpled hands,
d in the dying slaughter of their foes.
your gates, and give the victors way.
t. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
n first to last, the onset and retire
oth your armies; whose equality
ur best eyes cannot be censured:
d hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King JOHN, *with his power,* ELINOR, BLANCH, *and the Bastard; at the other, King* PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, *and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver water keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.
O! now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings of our fear; until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O, prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away! [*Aside.*

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she-is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;
Our ears are cudgell'd: not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fist of France.
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promises a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls
Are capable of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

in this book of beauty read, I love,
dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
all that we upon this side the sea
cept this city now by us besieg'd)
l liable to our crown and dignity,
ll gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
tles, honours, and promotions,
he in beauty, education, blood,
ls hand with any princess of the world.
. *Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
ew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
onder, or a wondrous miracle,
shadow of myself form'd in her eye,
ch, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.
Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;

f you will, to speak more properly,
ll enforce it easily to my love.
ther I will not flatter you, my lord,
t all I see in you is worthy love,
n this,—that nothing do I see in you,
ugh churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
t I can find should merit any hate.
. *John.* What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?
lanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
at you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
. *John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?
ew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
I do love her most unfeignedly.
. *John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.
Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

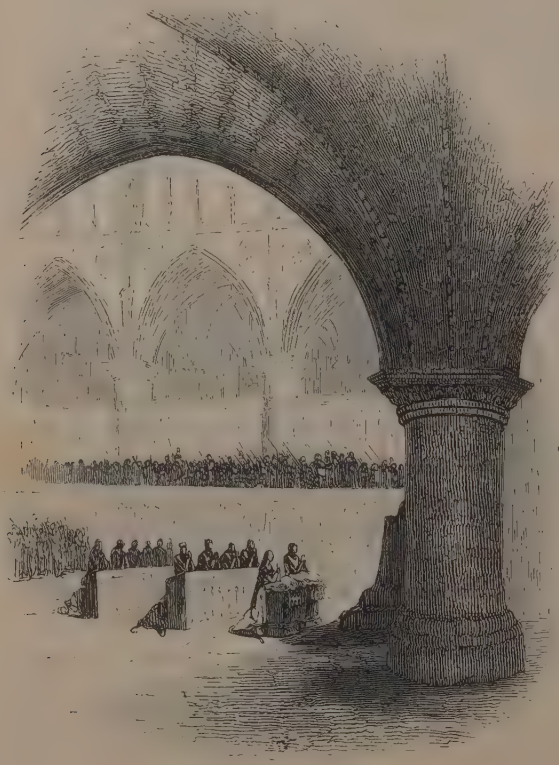
Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, mai
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodi
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee? [



Marriage of Lewis and Blanch.

NE I.—The Same. *The French King's Tent.*

nter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

nst. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
e blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends?
l Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
vell advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
nnot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
st, I may not trust thee, for thy word
t the vain breath of a common man:
ve me, I do not believe thee, man;
e a king's oath to the contrary.
shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
I am sick, and capable of fears;
ess'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
dow, husbandless, subject to fears;
man, naturally born to fears;
though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
hey will quake and tremble all this day.
t dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
dost thou look so sadly on my son?
t means that hand upon that breast of thine?
holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
ese sad signs confirmers of thy words?
speak again; not all thy former tale,
his one word, whether thy tale be true.
l. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
give you cause to prove my saying true.
nst. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
h thou this sorrow how to make me die;
let belief and life encounter so,
oth the fury of two desperate men,
ch in the very meeting fall, and die.—
is marry Blanch! O, boy! then where art thou?
ce friend with England! what becomes of me?—
w, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight:
news hath made thee a most ugly man.
l. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
spoke the harm that is by others done?
nst. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wer grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She sits on the ground.*

Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day!
[*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have
cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?
Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterf
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tr

CONST. Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!
Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a
war.
O Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs
Aust. O, that a man should speak those w
to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recr
limbs.
Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recr
limbs.
K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget
self.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the p
Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaver
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mothe
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogato
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Engl
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest

l tithe or toll in our dominions;
as we under heaven are supreme head,
nder him, that great supremacy,
ere we do reign, we will alone uphold,
nout th' assistance of a mortal hand:
ell the pope; all reverence set apart
im, and his usurp'd authority.
. *Phi.* Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
. *John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
led so grossly by this meddling priest,
ding the curse that money may buy out,
by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
hase corrupted pardon of a man,
, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
gh you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
I, alone, alone do me oppose
nst the pope, and count his friends my foes.
and. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
u shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:
blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
n his allegiance to an heretic;
meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
nized, and worshipp'd as a saint,
takes away by any secret course
hateful life.
nst. O! lawful let it be,
I have room with Rome to curse awhile
l father Cardinal, cry thou amen
ny keen curses; for without my wrong
re is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
and. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
nst. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
cannot give my child his kingdom here,
he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
refore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
and. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
go the hand of that arch-heretic,
raise the power of France upon his head,
ss he do submit himself to Rome.
li. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
nst. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.
ust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
ast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
ust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
use—
ast. Your breeches best may carry them.
. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
nst. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
ew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
rchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
he light loss of England for a friend:
go the easier.
lanch. That's the curse of Rome.
nst. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
keness of a new untrimmed bride.
lanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
from her need.
nst. O! if thou grant my need,

Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.
Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.
Aust. Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chaf'd lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O, fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.— [*Exit Bast*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire.
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—arms let's hie! [*Ex*

Scene II.—The Same. *Plains near Angi*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard w
Austria's *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wond hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, r up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Ex*

Scene III.—The Same.

Alarums; excursions; retreat. Enter King J
Elinor, Arthur, *the Bastard*, Hubert, *Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall behind, [*To* Eli
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad: [*To* Arth
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die grief.

K. John. Cousin,—[*To the Bastard.*]—awa England: haste before;
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewe [*Exit Bast*

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a w [*She takes* Arthur *a*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O! my ge Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

s in this bosom, dearly cherished.
me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
I will fit it with some better time.
eaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
ay what good respect I have of thee.
ub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
so yet;
hou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,
it shall come, for me to do thee good.
l a thing to say,—but let it go.
sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
nded with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,)

King John. Dost thou understand me?

f that thou could'st see me without eyes,
r me without thine ears, and make reply
nout a tongue, using conceit alone,
nout eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
n, in despite of brooded watchful day,
uld into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;
by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.
ub. So well, that what you bid me under-
take,
ugh that my death were adjunct to my act,
eaven, I would do it.
John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
d Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye
rond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
s a very serpent in my way;
wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin: go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *The French King's Tent.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example. Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo now, now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Constance.
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. Phi. O, fair affliction, peace!
Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were,
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your h
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore w
do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"
But now, I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of gri
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your ch
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent ch
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [E
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
[E
Lew. There's nothing in this world, can m
me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's ta
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath
In this which he accounts so clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner
Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

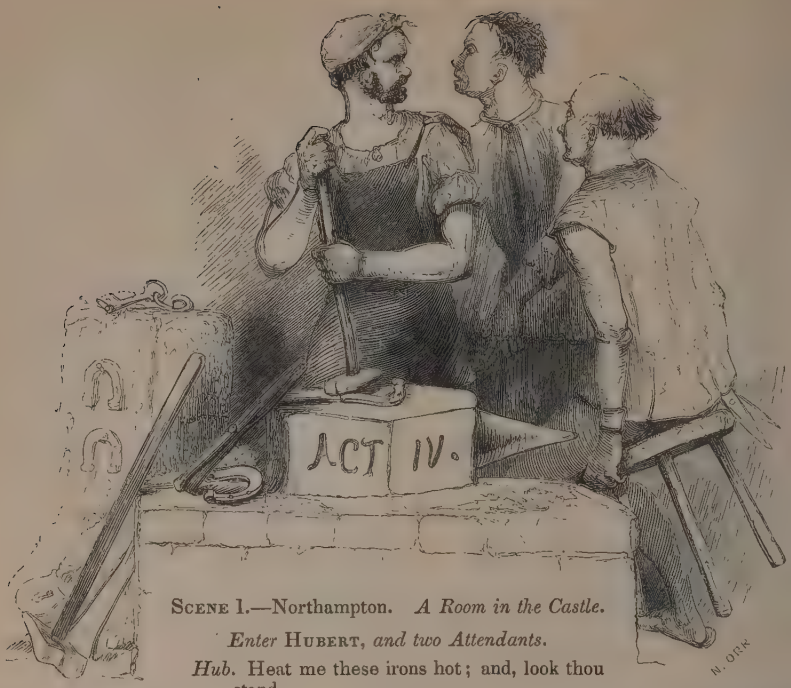
nd. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
ven the breath of what I mean to speak
blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
f the path which shall directly lead
oot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
ptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
ıe, that stands upon a slippery place,
s nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
it, for it cannot be but so.
w. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
nd. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
then make all the claim that Arthur did.
w. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
nd. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
ıe that steeps his safety in true blood
find but bloody safety, and untrue.
act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
l his people, and freeze up their zeal,
none so small advantage shall step forth
ıeck his reign, but they will cherish it:
ıtural exhalation in the sky,
ape of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd.—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*

A Room of State



SCENE I.—Northampton. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.
1 *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France.
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possessio my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine ey
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I
Arth. Have you the heart? When your h did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your gr
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will.
If heaven be pleas'd that you will use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine ey
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to d
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah! none but in this iron age would d
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my te
And quench his fiery indignation,

n in the matter of mine innocence:
, after that, consume away in rust,
for containing fire to harm mine eye.
you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
f an angel should have come to me,
told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me!

th. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
ub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
th. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
ook upon the iron angerly.
st but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
tever torment you do put me to.
ub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1 *Attend.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted fac
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch abou
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspecte
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your ness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness wil

K. John. Some reasons of this double coron
I have possess'd you with, and think them str
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fe
I shall indue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not we
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of t
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself, and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restra
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears, which, as they say, att
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?—
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask.
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his yo

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with
[HUBERT *whispers the K*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody d
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled brea
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand.—
l lords, although my will to give is living,
suit which you demand is gone and dead:
ells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
l. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
m. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,
re the child himself felt he was sick.
must be answer'd, either here, or hence.
John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?
k you, I bear the shears of destiny?
e I commandment on the pulse of life?
l. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,
greatness should so grossly offer it.
rive it in your game; and so farewell.
m. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
find th' inheritance of this poor child,
ittle kingdom of a forced grave.
blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
ee foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
must not be thus borne: this will break out
ll our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
re is no sure foundation set on blood,
ertain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

arful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
ul a sky clears not without a storm:
down thy weather.—How goes all in France?
ess. From France to England.—Never such a
power
any foreign preparation,
levied in the body of a land.
copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
when you should be told they do prepare,
tidings come that they are all arriv'd.
John. O! where hath our intelligence been
drunk?
ere hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
t such an army could be drawn in France,
she not hear of it?
ess. My liege, her ear
opp'd with dust: the first of April, died
r noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
lady Constance in a frenzy died
ee days before: but this from rumour's tongue
y heard; if true, or false, I know not.
John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
v wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
er whose conduct came those powers of France,
t thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
ess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER *of Pomfret.*

John. Thou hast made me giddy
h these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
head with more ill news, for it is full.
ast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
n let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
ler the tide; but now I breathe again
t the flood, and can give audience
ny tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out
so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!
[*Exit* HUBERT, *with* PETER.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
before.—
O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentle-
man.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exe*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before the Castle*

Enter ARTHUR, *on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they di
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me q
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps d*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bo
[*A*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmu Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardi
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of Fran
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him t
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we mee

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well-met, distemp lords.
The king by me requests your presence straig
Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of u
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it w
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I th were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners no
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies h
[*Seeing* ART
Pem. O death! made proud with pure princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath d
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a g
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you thi
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

nurder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
e wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
t ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
sented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
l this, so sole and so unmatchable,
ll give a holiness, a purity,
the yet unbegotten sin of times;
l prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
mpled by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence

Pem. All murders past do stand excus d in this.

e incense of a vow, a holy vow,
er to taste the pleasures of the world,
er to be infected with delight,
conversant with ease and idleness,
I have set a glory to this hand,
giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

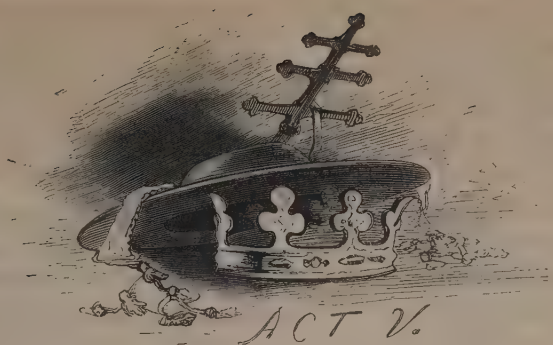
Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
hur doth live: the king hath sent for you.
Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—
unt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Must I rob the law?
[*Drawing his sword.*
Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours.
ould not have you, lord, forget yourself,
tempt the danger of my true defence;

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
Big. Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, sir.
Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.
Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And sharleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*Exe*

Altar at St. Edmund's Bury.—Group of Priests and Barons.



ACT V.

NE I.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

r *King* JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and Attendants.*

John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
circle of my glory.
nd. Take again
[*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*
n this my hand, as holding of the pope,
sovereign greatness and authority.
John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
the French;
from his holiness use all your power
top their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
discontented counties do revolt,
people quarrel with obedience,
aring allegiance, and the love of soul,
tranger blood, to foreign royalty.
inundation of mistemper'd humour
s by you only to be qualified:
n pause not; for the present time's so sick,
present medicine must be minister'd,
verthrow incurable ensues.
nd. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
your stubborn usage of the pope;
since you are a gentle convertite,
ongue shall hush again this storm of war,
make fair weather in your blustering land.
his Ascension-day, remember well,
your oath of service to the pope,
to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit.*
John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet
that before Ascension-day at noon,
rown I should give off? Even so I have.
suppose it should be on constraint;
heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

st. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there
holds out,
Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
nobles will not hear you, but are gone
ffer service to your enemy;
wild amazement hurries up and down
little number of your doubtful friends.
John. Would not my lords return to me again,
r they heard young Arthur was alive?
st. They found him dead, and cast into the
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?
O! let it not be said.—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with
me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
time.
Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I
know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.*

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France.
The next is this:—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threat'ning colours now wind u
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fir
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Ro
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath R borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this w

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—
[*Trumpet sou*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English ki
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unheard sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms

om out the circle of his territories.
at hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
dive like buckets in concealed wells;
crouch in litter of your stable planks;
lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks;
hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
en at the crying of your nation's crow,
inking this voice an armed Englishman:
all that victorious hand be feebled here,
at in your chambers gave you chastisement?
! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
d like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
d you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
u bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
your dear mother England, blush for shame:
r your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
ke Amazons come tripping after drums;
eir thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
eir needl's to lances, and their gentle hearts
fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace:
e grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
e hold our time too precious to be spent
ith such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
rike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
ead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
d so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
echo with the clamour of thy drum,
d even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
at shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
und but another, and another shall,
loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
d mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
ot trusting to this halting legate here,
hom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
warlike John; and in his forehead sits
bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
ies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
esires your majesty to leave the field,
nd send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
hat was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *Another Part of the Same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others.*

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, king John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN *wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold:
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* MELUN.

SCENE V.—The Same. *The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS, *and his Train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measur'd backward their own ground,
In faint retire. O! bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil we bid good night,
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
Lew. Here.—What news?
Mess. The count Melun is slain: the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.
Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Night.*

Enter the Bastard, and HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend.—What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Bast. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and endless night,
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black bro night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what's the ne
Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the n
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill n
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a mon
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
Bast. How did he take it? who did tast him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his maje
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords ar come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them
And they are all about his majesty.
Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty hea
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd.
Away, before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [*Ex*

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead-Ab*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIG

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blo
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwel house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and h belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orc here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BI
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.
P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extre
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them, insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wo
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last h
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that d should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

e-enter BIGOT, *and Attendants, who bring in King* JOHN.

. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
ould not out at windows, nor at doors.
re is so hot a summer in my bosom,
t all my bowels crumble up to dust:
a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
n a parchment, and against this fire
I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare;—dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

KING JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room!

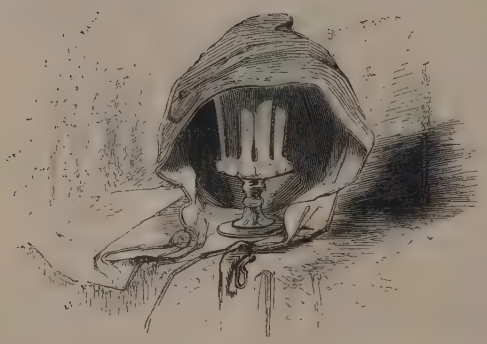
P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
t might relieve you!
K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
hin me is a hell; and there the poison
s a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

ast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion,
spleen of speed to see your majesty.
K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye:
tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
turned to one thread, one little hair:
heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
ich holds but till thy news be uttered,
then all this thou seest is but a clod,
module of confounded royalty.
ast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
ere, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
[*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as we.
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we m
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O! let us pay the time but n
woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home agai
Come the three corners of the world in arms
And we shall shock them. Nought shall m
rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*E*



The Muse of History after Raffaelle.

NOTES ON KING JOHN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

n my behaviour"—"In my behaviour" means, In vords and actions that I am now going to use. So, e fifth act of this play, the Bastard says to the ch king—

—— Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

" The thunder of my cannon shall be heard."

Ve have the same anachronism in HAMLET and in BETH. It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers gunpowder was invented about a century later than ime of John, and that the first battle-field in which on were used is commonly supposed to have been of Cressy. And yet the dramatic Poet could not well avoided this literal violation of propriety, here and in the second act, when he talks of 'bul- vrapp'd in fire.' He uses terms which were fami- o his audience, to present a particular image to senses. Had he, instead of cannon, spoken of the onell and the petraria,—the stone-flinging ma- s of the time of John,—he would have addressed elf to the very few who might have appreciated xactness; but his words would have fallen dead the ears of the many. We have other anachro- in this play, which we may as well dismiss at in connexion with the assertion of the principle which they are to be defended. In the first act, ave the 'half-faced groat' of Henry VII., and the e-farthing rose' of Elizabeth. The mention of coins conveys a peculiar image, which must have rejected if the Poet had been bound by the same that govern an antiquary. So in the fifth act, e the Dauphin says he has 'the best cards for the ,' the Poet had to choose between the adoption of usion full of spirit and perfectly intelligible, or the itution of some prosaic and feeble form of speech, night have had the poor merit of not anticipating se of playing cards in Europe, by about a century half. We are not aware of any other passage in lay which has afforded 'the learned' an opportu- which they have not lost in speaking of these pas-) of propounding the necessity of constructing a of art upon the same principles of exactness that produce a perfect chronological table."—KNIGHT.

'arewell, CHATILLON"—Spelled *Chatillion* in the and so Anglicised for the sake of the verse else- e, as in the first line of the play.

" — the MANAGE"—i. e. The *conduct*. Shakespeare uses it also in RICHARD II., and in the TEMPEST. So too in the old "King John," which preceded this play:—

Till I had, with an unresisted shock,
Control'd the *manage* of proud Angiers' walls.

" — ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP, *his bastard brother*"—Shakespeare, in adopting the character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, proceeded on the following slight hint:—

Next them a bastard of the king's deceas'd,
A hardie wild-head, rough and venturous.

The character is compounded of two distinct person ages. *"Sub illius temporis curriculo Falcasius de Brente, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque Bastardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat."*—(MATHEW PARIS.) Hollingshed says that "Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who, in the year following, killed the Viscount de Limoges, to revenge the death of his father." Perhaps the name of Faulconbridge was suggested by the following passage in the continuation of Harding's "Chronicle," (1543:)—"One *Faulconbridge*, th' erle of Kent his *bastarde*, a stoute-hearted man."—MALONE *and* STEVENS.

" I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother."

In the old "King John," the mother of Philip and Robert being present while the legitimacy of the former is canvassed, Robert says—

And here my mother stands to prove him so;—

(i. e. not the legitimate son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.) The mother affects to be very indignant at the accusation.

" But WHE'R *I be as true begot*"—Printed "But *where* I be," etc., in the folios; and *where* is often used in this sense, by old poets, when the metre required but a single syllable. So in act ii. scene 1, of this play:—

Now shame upon you, *whe'r* she does, etc.

" — a TRICK *of Cœur-de-lion's face*"—"Trick," here and elsewhere in SHAKESPEARE, means *peculiarity*. Gloster remembers the "trick" of Lear's voice. Helen, thinking of Bertram, speaks—

Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.

Falstaff notes the "villainous *trick*" of the prince's eye. In all these cases, "trick" seems to imply *habitual manner*. In this view it is not difficult to trace up the

expression to the same common source as "trick" in its ordinary acceptation; as, habitual manner, artificial habit, artifice, entanglement, (from *tricare*.) Wordsworth has the Shakespearian use of "trick" in the "Excursion," (book i.:)—

—— Her infant babe
Had from its mother caught the *trick* of grief,
And sigh'd among its playthings.

"— *that half-face*"—This is a correction by Theobald, which appears just, the first folio giving "half that face."

"*A* HALF-FAC'D *groat*"—The "half-face" is the *profile;* and the allusion had probably become proverbial, for it occurs also in a play, the "Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington," (1601:)—

You *half-fac'd* groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face.

The profile of the sovereign is given in one or two of our early coins; but Henry VII. was the first king who made an extensive issue of coins with the half-face.

"*Shall, then, my father's will be of no force,*
To dispossess that child which is not his?"

I do not find that any of the English commentators have explained the difficulty which this question must present to most readers; why the father's will, in favour of the younger, did not settle the title to the land, independently of the point of legitimacy or illegitimacy of the elder brother. The dramatist is, however, both legally and historically accurate. From the time of the Norman conquest, lands in England ceased to be devisable, as they had been under the Saxon law. This remained in force until the statute of wills, in 32 Henry VIII., authorising the devises of real estate, under some restrictions, afterwards reenacted and extended under Charles II. (See II. Blackstone's "Commentaries," 374–6.) One of the exceptions to this rule was in the county of Kent, which did not apply here, as the lands are described in Northamptonshire. I do not mention this as bearing on the question of Shakespeare's asserted legal studies, because it is taken from the old "King John," and it is probable it was founded on a traditional account of a true incident. This probability is confirmed by another agreement with the history of the common law, not likely to have been invented. The *Aula Regis* of the first Norman kings was the highest court, followed the person of the king, was composed of his officers of state, sitting in his hall wherever he was, and in theory, and sometimes in fact, held by the king in person. This was changed, by *Magna Charta*, to a stationary court, at Westminster Hall, with regular judges. Thus King John, in the early part of his reign, was the last sovereign who could thus have had "a controversy come from the country to be judged by him." A few years later it would have come before the Common Pleas, at Westminster Hall.

"*Lord of thy presence*"—i. e. Great, and entitled to the respect due to his rank, in his own person, though without estate. King John, in act ii. scene 2, says of himself—

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of thee.

"*Look, where three-farthings goes*"—The three-farthing silver piece of Elizabeth was, as the value may import, extremely thin;—and thus the allusion of Faulconbridge, "my face so thin." "It was once the fashion," says Burton, ("Anatomy of Melancholy,") "to stick real flowers in the ear;" and thus the thin face and the rose in the ear, taken together, were to be avoided—

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes;—

for the three-farthing piece was not only thin, and therefore might be associated with the "thin face," but it bore a rose, which assimilated with the rose in the ear. This coin was called the "three-farthing rose."

"*Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.*"

Shakespeare, with poetical propriety, confers upon the Bastard the surname by which the royal house of Anjou was popularly known. "Plantagenet" was not the family name of that house, though it had be stowed upon an ancestor of John from the broom bonnet—the *Planta genista.*

"*Something about, a little from the right,*" et

"This speech, composed of allusive and pro sentences, is obscure. I am (says the sprightly k your *grandson*—a little *irregularly*, but every cannot get what he wishes the legal way. H dares not go about his designs by day, must ma motions in the night; he, to whom the door is must climb the window, or leap the hatch. This ever, shall not depress me; for the world never in how any man got what he is known to possess, lows that to have is *to have*, however it was c and that he who wins, shot well, whatever was hi whether the arrow fell near the mark, or far off JOHNSON.

"— *thou wast got i' the way of honesty*"—Allud the proverb, that "bastards are born lucky." wishes his brother good fortune, because Robe not a bastard: had he been illegitimate, the wi cording to the proverb, would have been needles

"*Good* DEN"—An abbreviation of "good *eve evening;* but sometimes used for "good *day.*"

"*For your* CONVERSION"—This is the reading folio, but was altered, by Pope, to *conversing.* Bastard, whose "new-made honour" is a "conversi a *change of condition*—would say that to *remember* names (opposed, by implication, to *forget*) is t spective, (*punctilious, discriminating,*) and too so for one of his newly attained rank.

"*He and his tooth-pick*"—One of the characte of the "picked man of countries" was the use of a pick; while the Englishman, who adhered to hi customs, would "suck" his teeth. It is unneces cite passages to show that the toothpick was cons a foreign frivolity. Gascoigne, Ben Jonson, Ove and Shirley, have each allusions to the practice.

"— PICKED *man of countries*"—The "travelled the "pert, conceited, talking spark," of the m fable, is the old "picked man of countries." To " is the same as to *trim*. Stevens says it is a me derived from the action of birds in picking their fe "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," occ LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"— *like an* ABC-BOOK"—In the old copies printed, "like an *absey-book;*" and so it must b nounced for the measure. Knight retains the old

"— BLOW *a* HORN *before her*"—The allusion course, double—to the "horn" of a *post*, and horn of such a husband as Lady Faulconbridge ha dered hers.

"COLBRAND *the giant*"—"Colbrand" was the l giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited, in the ence of King Athelstan. This line reads as if q from an old romance or ballad, in which the acts o and Colbrand were celebrated.

"*Philip? sparrow*"—"Philip" was the old given to a "sparrow," from a fanciful resemblan tween that name and the sparrow's note—*phip,* The Bastard means, that he is no longer to be by an appellation which belongs to so insignifica animal.

"— *Basilisco-like*"—"Basilisco" is a cowardly gart in the old play of "Soliman and Perseda," (who claims to be a knight. The piece must have popular, and has been attributed to Thomas Ky author of the "Spanish Tragedy." "Soliman an seda" was anterior to KING JOHN, and in it we with just the same substitution of "knave" for "kn in a passage which Theobald pointed out:—

Basilisco. I, the aforesaid Basilisco, *knight;* good fellow,
Piston. Knave, good fellow, *knave.*

Heaven! lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence," etc.

We have restored the reading of the old copy, which ars to us more in Shakespeare's manner than the mary text—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge.
Thou art the issue of my dear offence, etc.

Faulconbridge is not invoking Heaven to pardon ransgression; but she says to her son, For Heaven's lay not (thou) the transgression to my charge that ne issue of it. The reply of Faulconbridge immely deprecates any intention of upbraiding his er."—KNIGHT.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts," etc.

ere is an old metrical romance of "Richard Cœurn," wherein this celebrated monarch is related to acquired this distinguishing appellation by having ked out a lion's heart, to whose fury he was exposed e Duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a of the fist. The story is also related by several e ancient chroniclers.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

By this brave duke came early to his grave," etc.

the old "King John," the king of France tells Ar-

Brave Austria, cause of Cordelion's death,
Is also come to aid thee in thy wars.

(as Stevens observes) is an historical error; Richard ving lost his life at the siege of Chaluz, long after d been ransomed out of Austria's power. Leopold, of Austria, who threw Richard I. into prison, was l by a fall from his horse, in 1195, four years be-John ascended the throne.

At our IMPORTANCE"—i. e. At our *importunity*. espeare many times uses *important* for *importu-*

" To cull the plots of best advantages."

at is, To mark such stations as might most overawe own.

His marches are EXPEDIENT"—i. e. *Expeditious*.

- UNDER-WROUGHT his lawful king"—i. e. *Underd*: the opposite to *over-reached*.

- draw this BRIEF"—"Brief" meant, in the time of espeare, an *abstract*, or a short *statement*, gener-a sense now retained only in legal usage, for the act of arguments and authorities used by counsel.

" And this is Geffrey's, in the name of God."

We have restored the punctuation of the original. aps we should read, according to Monck Mason, *his* is Geffrey's.' In either case, it appears to us King Philip makes a solemn asseveration that this ur) is Geffrey's son and successor, or that 'Gef-right' is his (Arthur's)—in the name of God; as-g the principle of legitimacy, by divine ordinance. e sentence is commonly given—

—— In the name of God,
How comes it then, etc.—

o is only employing an unmeaning oath."—KNIGHT.

- FROM thy articles"—It has been suggested that ight to read—

To draw my answer *to* thy articles;—

he old wording is very intelligible; the answer of was to be drawn *from* the articles of the king of ce, just before propounded.

- great Alcides' SHOES *upon an ass*"—The ass was *ar* the shoes, and not to bear them upon his back, eobald supposed, and therefore would read *shows*. "shoes of Hercules" were often alluded to in the medies, in this manner; as, "Hercules' shoe on a "—Hercules' shoes on a child's feet.

" — his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin," etc.

"The key to this obscure passage is contained in the last speech of Constance, where she alludes to the denunciation of the *second commandment*, of 'visiting the iniquities of the parents upon the children unto the *third* and *fourth* generation.' Young Arthur is here represented as not only suffering *from* the guilt of his grandmother, but also by her in person—she being made the very instrument of his sufferings. So that he is plagued on her account, and with her *plague*, which is her *sin*—i. e. (taking, by a common figure, the cause for the consequence,) the *penalty* entailed upon it. *His* injury, or the evil *he* suffers, *her* sins bring upon him; and *her* injury, or the evil *she* inflicts, he suffers from *her*, as the beadle to her sin, or executioner of the punishment annexed to it."—HENLEY.

" — to cry AIM"—i. e. To give the word for taking "aim;" a phrase derived from archery, which came to mean, to *assist*, to *encourage* in any thing.

" — Enter CITIZENS *upon the walls*"—The economy of the old stage could only allow one citizen to make his appearance. "Enter a *Citizen* upon the walls" is the direction in the folios.

" To pay that duty, which you truly OWE,
To him that OWES *it,*" etc.

This passage affords an instance of the use of the verb "owe" in its two senses; to "owe," as we now ordinarily employ it, and to *own*, which it formerly signified, and of which sense examples in Shakespeare and his contemporaries are endless.

" 'Tis not the ROUNDER *of your old-fac'd wall,*" etc.

We agree with Knight in retaining the genuine English of the original. The modern editions have turned the word into the French *roundure*.

SCENE II.

" Heralds, from off our towers we might behold," etc.

In the old copies, this speech has the prefix of *Hubert*. Possibly the actor of the part of Hubert also personated the citizen, in order that the speeches might be well delivered, and this may have led to the insertion of his name in the manuscript. On this ground, nearly all the editors, including Collier, assign these speeches to a citizen, which is supported by a similar assignment in the old "King John." On the other hand, Mr. Knight adheres to the old assignment of speaker, and thus explains his reason:—

"Without any assigned reason the name of the speaker has been altered, by the modern editors, to *Citizen*. The folio distinctly gives this, and all the subsequent speeches of the same person, to the end of the act, to *Hubert*. The proposition to the kings to reconcile their differences by the marriage of Lewis and Blanch would appear necessarily to come from some person in authority; and it would seem to have been Shakespeare's intention to make that person Hubert de Burgh, who occupies so conspicuous a place in the remainder of the play. In the third act John says to Hubert—

—— thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom.

It might be his 'voluntary oath' as a citizen of Angiers, to John, which called for this expression. We, therefore, retain the name as in the original."

" — AUSTRIA, and forces"—The simple direction in the old folios is worth preserving:—"Enter the two Kings with their powers, *at several doors*."

" — MOUSING the flesh of men"—"'Mousing,' like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Pope; and *mouthing*, which he substituted, has been adopted in subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason. 'Mousing' is *mammocking*, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a

mouse. So, in a MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM:—"Well *moused*, Lion." Again, in the 'Wonderful Year,' by Thomas Decker, (1603:)—'Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses.'"—MALONE.

"*You* EQUAL POTENTS"—"Potents" may (as Stevens says) be put for *potentates;* but by "equal potents" the Bastard seems rather to mean, that the victory being undecided, the two kings are *equi-potent*.

"*Kings of our fear*"—"The change of this passage is among the most remarkable examples of the unsatisfactory nature of conjectural emendation. Warburton and Johnson, disregarding the original, say, 'Kings are our fears.' Malone adopts Tyrwhitt's conjecture—'King'd of our fears;'—and so the passage runs in most modern editions. If the safe rule of endeavouring to understand the existing text, in preference to guessing what the author ought to have written, had been adopted in this and other cases, we should have been spared volumes of commentary. The two kings peremptorily demand the citizens of Angiers to acknowledge the respective rights of each—England for himself, France for Arthur. The citizens, by the mouth of Hubert, answer—

A greater power than we denies all this.

Their quarrel is undecided—the arbitrament of Heaven is wanting:—

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear—

on *account* of our fear, or *through* our fear, or *by* our fear, we hold our former scruple, kings—

—— until our fears, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Through and *by* had the same meaning, for examples of which see Tooke's 'Diversions of Purley,' (vol. i. p. 379;) and so had *by* and *of*—as, 'he was tempted *of* the devil,' in our translation of the Bible; and as in Gower—

But that arte couth thei not fynde
Of which Ulisses was deceived." KNIGHT.

The present edition, also, adheres to the old reading, but without adopting Knight's interpretation or punctuation. I understand "Kings of our fear" (as the words are printed in the folio) to be meant as an address to the two sovereigns:—"We say to you, sovereigns whom we fear, that we must bar our gates against both, until that fear is dissipated by the victory or withdrawal of one of you." If this is not satisfactory, "King'd of our fear" must be adopted, which is supported by the use of a similar figure in LEAR:—"her passion sought to be king o'er her." *King'd*, too, is used for a verb, in HENRY V. Then the sense would be, "our fear *kings* us," till we know whom we may safely acknowledge.

"—*these* SCROYLES *of Angiers*"—i. e. *Scabs* of Angiers—(from the French *escroulles*.) Ben Jonson uses it twice in the same sense.

"*Do like the* MUTINES *of Jerusalem*," etc.

That is, the *mutineers* of Jerusalem. In that case, seditious parties of Jerusalem combined their forces against the Roman besiegers: here, the besiegers were to unite against the inhabitants of the town. This incident of the siege of Jerusalem is related in Joseph Ben Gorion's "Historie of the Latter Tymes of the Jewes Common-Weale," translated by Peter Morwyng, originally published in 1558. Henslowe, in his "Diary," mentions a play of "Titus and Vespasian," under date of April, 1591, in which the combination of "the mutines of Jerusalem" against the Roman besiegers might form an incident. There is nothing of the allusion in the old "King John."

"—SOUL-FEARING *clamours*"—"To *fear* is often used, by the old writers, in the sense of to *make afraid*. Thus, in Sir Thomas Elyot's 'Governor,' the 'good husband' setteth up 'shailes to *fear* away birds.' In North's 'Plutarch,' Pyrrhus, 'thinking to *fear*' Fabricius denly produces an elephant. Shakespeare has examples. Antony says—

Thou canst not *fear* us, Pompey, with thy sails.

Angelo, in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, would—

—— make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.

But this active sense of the verb *fear* is not its ex meaning in SHAKESPEARE; and in the TAMING SHREW, he exhibits its common use as well in th ter as in the active acceptation:—

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio *fears* his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me if I be *afeard*.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sens
I meant Hortensio is *afeard* of you." KNI

"—*the lady* BLANCH"—"The lady 'Blanch daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Casti was niece to King John, by his sister Elianor." VENS.

"*If not complete of, say, he is not she*," etc

That is, If the Dauphin be not complete of, these qualities, it is merely because he is not H Hanmer, and subsequent editors, changed "of the interjection *O!* which is merely modernizi expression.

"—*at this* MATCH,
"*With swifter* SPLEEN *than powder can enforce,*

Shakespeare repeatedly uses the word "splee *hasty action* of any kind—a sense, as applied to cal haste, thought by Nares to be peculiar to him also uses it, as his contemporaries do, for any movement of the passions; as *anger*. Thus, in scene 8, the Bastard says to Salisbury—

—— if thou but frown on me,
Or teach thy hasty *spleen* to do me shame, etc.

With Johnson, we unwillingly suspect that the Po in his mind a play on words, in "the double se *match* for nuptials, and the *match* of a gun."

"*Here's a* STAY"—As the citizens have just asked the kings to "stay,"—

Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to *stay*,—

the Bastard ridicules their proposed "stay" bei companied by so many bold and big words. Th tors, however, generally have not so understo Johnson proposed to read, "Here's a *flaw*." S explains it thus:—"A *stay* here seems to mean *porter* of a cause. 'Here's an extraordinary part maintainer that shakes,' etc. Baret translates *c vel firmamentum reipublicæ* by 'the *stay*, the mainteyner and succour of,' etc. Becket propo read, 'Here's a *say*,' (i. e. a *speech;*) and this agree with the subsequent part of Faulconbr speech."

"*Then do I give* VOLQUESSEN"—"This (say vens) is the ancient name for the country now the *Vexin;* in Latin, *Pagus Velocassinus*. Tha of it called the *Norman Vexin* was in dispute be Philip and John." In the old "King John," Phil mands these provinces as the dower of Blanch:—

Then, I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main,
Poiters, and Anjou, these five provinces,
Which thou, as king of England, hold'st in France.

John agrees to cede them, but not until he has con his mother.

"—*at your highness' tent*"—In the old "King J Constance is present at the discussion and contrac inveighs bitterly against it after the rest of the c ters, excepting Arthur, have withdrawn.

"—ROUNDED *in the ear*"—i. e *Whispered* in th The more usual, as well as more proper, old spell *rown*—from the Saxon *runian*, (to whisper.)

"—*tickling* COMMODITY"—i. e. Personal *inter expediency*—a sense once common, though long lete.

– the BIAS *of the world*"—The allusion is to the " in a *bowl*. The world is of itself well-balanced— run even; but the bias interest, the sway of mo-

Makes it take head from all indifference.

Cupid's Whirligig" (1607) we have—"O, the world e a *bias bowl*, and it runs all on the rich men's "

– FEISED *well*"—i. e. *Poised*, or *balanced* well.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

widow, husbandless"—This was not the fact. stance (says Malone) was at this time married to rd husband, Guido, brother to the viscount of rs. She had been divorced from her second hus- Ranulph, earl of Chester." In the old "King " Constance speaks of herself as a widow:—

If any power will hear a widow's plaint, etc.

nd though thou now confess thou didst but jest, With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce," etc. e sense is, obviously, that in spite of the confes- hat the bad news just communicated was but in et she cannot gain any interval of repose for her bed mind. The ordinary punctuation gives a ent and erroneous sense:—

And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce, etc.

– SWART"—i. e. *Brown*, inclining to black. In y VI. (Part I. act i. scene 2,) we meet with the again:—

And whereas I was black and *swart* before.

e COMEDY OF ERRORS, we have "*Swart* like my but her face nothing so clean kept."

'or grief is proud, and makes his owner STOOP."

What is called an 'emendation,' by Hanmer, still its place in all the editions but Malone's: it is—

For grief is proud and makes his owner *stout*.

neaning of the passage appears to us briefly thus: ance refuses to go with Salisbury to the kings— ill instruct her sorrows to be proud; for grief is l in spirit, even while it bows down the body of ner. The commentators substituted the ridiculous *stout*, because they received 'stoop' in the sense bmission. Constance continues the fine image ghout her speech:—

To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble;—

grief is 'proud.'

Here I and sorrows sit;—

grief 'makes his owner stoop,' and leaves the cal power 'no supporter but the huge firm earth.' ued friend, for whose opinion we have the highest d, has no doubt that 'stoop' is the word, but that neaning is, makes its owner stoop *to it*—to 'grief.' hinks that the *and* joins and assimilates the two s of the sentence, instead of contrasting and sepa- them."—KNIGHT.

rief (which the Poet personifies) is proud even he compels his owner to stoop, as Constance did earth, to receive the homage of monarchs."—COL-

" To me, and to the state of my great grief, Let kings assemble," etc.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, the father of Hero, ssed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued ief, that a thread might lead him. How is it that in Leonato and Lady Constance produces effects ly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? w softens the mind while it is yet warmed by but hardens it when it is congealed by despair. ss, while there remains any prospect of relief, is and flexible; but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn: angry alike at those that injure, and those that do not help—careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions."—JOHNSON.

" — the HIGH TIDES"—i. e. *Solemn seasons;* times to be observed above others. We now say, *high days*, and *holy days*.

"BUT *on this day*"—i. e. *Except* on this day.

" O, Lymoges! O, Austria"—"Shakespeare, in the person of Austria, has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Richard Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison in a former expedition, (in 1193;) but the castle of Chaluz, before which he fell, (in 1199,) belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges. The archer who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. Austria, in the old play, is called Lymoges, the Austrich duke. Hollingshed says, 'The same year Philip, bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honour of Coniacke, killed the viscount of Lymoges in revenge of his father's death,' etc."—BLAKE.

" This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee."

In the old "King John," this speech thus stands in prose, which Shakespeare has done little more than convert into not very unprosaic verse:—

"I, Pandulph, Cardinal of Milan, and Legate from the see of Rome, demand of thee, in the name of our holy father the Pope, Innocent, why thou dost (contrary to the laws of our holy mother the Church, and our holy father, the Pope) disturb the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of Stephen Langton, whom his holiness hath elected Archbishop of Canterbury? this, in his holyness name, I demand of thee."

" What EARTHLY *name to interrogatories*
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?"

Earthy, the old reading, defended and retained by some editors, is a common misprint, in old books, for "earthly." The sense is, What name, as the authority of interrogating a sovereign, can compel him to answer?

"— ROOM *with* ROME"—"Rome" was formerly pronounced *Room;* and Shakespeare indulges in a play upon words, even when the utterer is strongly moved.

" Your breeches best may carry them"—This may be a proverbial sarcasm; but the allusion is now lost. Stevens notes something similar in the old play of "King Leir," (1605:)—

Mum. We'll have a pair of slops for the nonce
Will hold all your mocks.

"— *a new* UNTRIMMED *bride*"—i. e. A *virgin* bride, for which sense there is abundant authority in the old dramatists.

"— *this kind* REGREET"—"A 'regreet' is an exchange of *salutation*. So in Heywood's 'Iron Age,' (1632:)—

So bear our kind *regreets* to Hecuba."

STEVENS.

" A CHAF'D *lion by the mortal paw*," etc.

The original has "*cased* lion," which is retained in several modern editions, and interpreted to mean "a lion in a *case*, or cage—i. e. a *caged* lion." But *cased*, in that age, had quite another meaning, now obsolete: it meant *flayed*, stripped of the skin; and so Shakespeare himself uses it. Z. Jackson, the ingenious typographical critic, suggested *chased* lion, which may perhaps be the word. But *chaf'd* lion is as likely to have been thus misprinted, and suits the context better, as an image familiar to Shakespeare. Thus, in HENRY VIII.:—

—— so looks the *chafed* lion
Upon the huntsman, etc.

" The truth is then most done not doing it."

The meaning of this and the three preceding lines is obscure, and Johnson's emendation—

Is't not amiss when it is truly done?

would clear the text with little violence. Collier retains the old text, taking the sense of "Is not amiss when it is truly done" to be, "what you have sworn to do amiss, is not amiss when it is done truly, as it ought to be; that is, not done at all."

" —the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn," etc.

"The entire speech of Pandulph is full of verbal subtleties, which render the intricate reasoning more intricate. The Poet unquestionably meant to produce this effect. We have restored the reading of one of the most difficult passages:—

—— the truth thou art unsure
To swear, *swears* only not to be forsworn.

All the modern editions read *swear*. The meaning seems to be this:—The truth, (that is, the *troth*,) for which you have made an oath the surety, against thy former oath to heaven—this troth, which it was unsure to swear—which you violate your surety in swearing—has only been sworn (swears only) not to be forsworn; but it is sworn against a former oath, which is more binding, because it was an oath to religion—to the principle upon which all oaths are made."—KNIGHT.

" Clamours of hell, be MEASURES"—i. e. Solemn *dances.*

" — O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour"—Most readers, I think, will agree in the impression that this is a solemn and respectful appeal to the Dauphin's sense of honour. But Mrs. Siddons gave it another effect, and her analysis of this part was as profound and critical as her personation of it was admirable. Mr. Campbell ("Life of Siddons") says, "When she patted Lewis on the breast with the word, 'Thine honour?—Oh, thine honour,'—there was a sublimity in the laugh of her sarcasm."

SCENE II.

" — Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes."

The old "King John" (1591) partakes more of the barbarism of the stage when it was written, and Philip spurns and tramples on Austria's head:—

Lie there, a prey to every ravening fowl,
And as my father triumph'd in thy spoils,
And trod thine ensigns underneath his feet,
So do I tread upon thy cursed self.

SCENE III.

" Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back," etc.

By the old ecclesiastical law, it was decreed that sentence of excommunication was to be "explained in order in English, with bells tolling and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentences."

" Sound ON *into the drowsy* RACE *of night,"* etc.

"We prefer the old reading, on all accounts. Many commentators would read *one* instead of 'on,' which is contradicted by the 'midnight bell,' in a preceding line. There is more plausibility for reading *ear* instead of 'race,' recollecting that of old *ear* was spelled *eare*, and the words might be mistaken by the printer; but still 'race,' in the sense of *course*, or *passage*, conveys a finer meaning. The midnight bell, with its twelve times repeated strokes, may be poetically said to 'sound on into the drowsy race of night;' one sound produced by the 'iron tongue' driving the other 'on,' or *forward*, until the whole number was complete, and the prolonged vibration of the last blow on the bell only left to fill the empty space of darkness."—COLLIER.

" — in despite of BROODED *watchful day"*—I doubted whether Pope is not right in his elega poetical conjectural reading of *"broad-eyed* wa day." This compound epithet was first used by S speare's contemporary, Chapman, in his translat Homer; and is a word in Shakespeare's own ta language. But I yield to the authority of nearly critics, in retaining the old reading "brooded," a for *brooding*, and explained by Stevens, Malon others, as an allusion to the vigilance of animals brooding, or with a brood of young ones under protection. The king says of Hamlet:—

—— there's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on *brood.*

Milton also, in "L'Allegro," desires Melancholy t

—— tind out some uncouth cell
Where *brooding* darkness spreads his *jealous* wings.

Brooded may be used for "brooding," as *delight delighting*, and *discontented* for *discontenting*, in places of these plays. To sit *on brood*, or *abrood*, old term applied to birds during the period of i tion.

SCENE IV.

" — CONVICTED *sail"*—i. e. *Overpowered*, baffle stroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were, in our au time, synonymous. (See Minshew's Dictionary, "To *convict*, or convince, Lat. *convictus;* overco So, in MACBETH:—

—— their malady *convinces*
The great assay of art.

Pope reads, "*collected* sail;" and the change was ad by subsequent editors. (See also Florio's "Italia tionary," 1598: "*Convitto;* vanquished, *convicted* vinced.")

" — a MODERN *invocation"*—i. e. A *common*, or *nary* invocation; a sense in which the word ofte curs. The use here resembles that in ROMEO AN LIET, (act iii. scene 2:)—

Which *modern* lamentation might have mov'd.

Knight boldly alters it to "a *mother's* invocation."

" I will not keep this form upon my head," etc

Collier observes, that in the modern edition thi is followed by the stage-direction, "Tearing off her dress;" though nothing of the kind is found in th copies. Constance perhaps wore no head-dress her hair, as we gather from the preceding part scene, and when she says, "I will not keep this upon my head," she begins again to disorder her which she had previously knit up at the words now, I envy at their liberty," etc.

" — the sweet WORLD'S *taste"*—The old copy *word's.* The alteration was by Pope. Malone it unnecessary; and that by the "sweet word" meant. Pope's emendation is countenanced by let's—

How weary, *stale, flat,* and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world.

"— SCAPE *of nature"*—The old reading is " of nature," which Knight retains, as meaning "t dinary course of nature,"—the commonest thing is seen. But this sense can hardly be drawn fro known use of the word *scope.* "Scape," propose Pope, is a word of frequent use, in old authors, fo outbreak, or deviation from ordinary rule, wh physical or moral.

" — they would be as a CALL"—The caged which lure the wild ones to the net, are terme fowlers "call-birds." The image in the text is ably derived from a term of falconry.

" Strong reasons make STRANGE *actions"*—" S reading of the first folio. It has been generally al into *strong.* The old reading restored gives us a observation instead of an epigrammatic one. S reasons make (i. e. *justify*) a large deviation from mon courses."—KNIGHT.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

lorthampton"—Such has been the usual locality ied to this scene, but on no authority, though it nswer the purpose as well as any other. "The s, (says Malone,) that Arthur was first confined at e, and afterwards at Rouen, where he was put to ." The old stage-direction is merely, "Enter rt and Executioners," and all that is clear seems that in Shakespeare, as well as in the old "King " the scene is transferred to England.

- By my CHRISTENDOM"—Arthur asseverates by aptismal office—by his *christening*. The word is in this sense, in All's Well that Ends Well; t is found in Gower:—

> A light, as though it were a sonne
> From heaven into the place come,
> Where that he toke his *christendome*.

- though HEAT *red-hot*"—"Heat" is used as a par- e, as in our translation of the Bible: "He com- ed that they should heat the furnace one seven times than it was wont to be *heat*."—(*Daniel.*)

- TARRE him on"—The expressive word to "tarre" ccurs in Hamlet, (act ii. scene 2,) and in Troi- nd Cressida, (act i. scene 8,) in the same sense, *provoke*, or *excite*. It would seem to have been d from the imitative sound made in provoking dogs ht.

Scene II.

- GUARD a title"—To "guard," as in Measure for ure, Much Ado about Nothing, and the Mer- t of Venice, means generally to *ornament*, as with e or lace; and in that sense it is here used.

f what in REST *you have, in right you hold*," etc. e construction of this passage is, "If you have a title to what you now have in 'rest,' (i. e. *quiet*,) then *is it* that your fears should move you," etc. ns thinks it should be, "what in *wrest* you hold:" vhat you hold by seizure and violence, is also right- held,"—an address which Salisbury would hardly re to the king. Knight denies that "rest" here s *quiet*, and says, "it is employed to mean a *fixed ion*," as a phrase taken from the old games at cards.

- good exercise"—"In the middle ages, the whole ation of princes and noble youths consisted in mar- xercises, etc. These could not be easily had in a n, where mental improvements might have been led as well as any where else; but this sort of ation never entered into the thoughts of our active, ke, but illiterate nobility."—Percy.

' How I have sped among the clergymen," etc. is is the brief compression of what formed a bus- and probably, in its day, a very popular scene in ld plays, in which Philip, in plundering the con- , finds a young man concealed in the chest where kept the treasury of the brotherhood, "in silver n gold," according to the hard-money usages of imes. This incident Tho. Campbell regrets that espeare did not retain, as affording a scene which hands would give the comic relief he thinks the dy needs. As a question of dramatic skill, surely Bastard's buoyant spirits and unflagging variety give e relief which the mind requires; while, taking it in a r point of view, Knight well rejoins:—"When did Shakespeare lend his authority to fix a stigma upon classes of mankind, in deference to popular preju- One of the most remarkable characteristics of espeare's John, as opposed to the grossness of Bale, he ribaldry of his immediate predecessor, is the absence of all invective or sarcasm against the ish church, apart from the attempt of the pope to t a base submission from the English king. Here, d, we have his nationality in full power;—but how ent is that from fostering hatreds between two es of one people."

" — here's a prophet"—"This man (says Douce) was a hermit in great repute with the common people. Notwithstanding the event fell out as he had prophesied, the poor fellow was dragged at horses' tails through the streets of Warham, and, together with his son, who was as innocent as his father, hanged afterwards upon a gibbet." (See Hollingshed's "Chronicle," under the year 1213.) In the old "King John," there is a scene between the prophet and the people, and another just before, of the Bastard ransacking and plundering the abbeys, both of them poor and coarse, and with good taste condensed into this short scene, so far as was needed for the story.

" On your SUGGESTION"—"Suggestion" is used, as it was frequently of old, in a stronger sense than now, for *temptation, art, influence*.

" — five moons were seen to-night"—In the old "King John," the five moons were in some way made visible to the audience: the stage-direction is, "There the five moons appear."

> "*Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste*
> *Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,*") etc.

The commentators of the last century were puzzled with this, and their notes afford an amusing proof how easily changes of custom make language obscure, which in its day needed no explanation. The fashion of Shakespeare's time is now well understood through a similar fashion in our own; but half a century ago this passage was almost unintelligible. Johnson says, "Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes."

" Makes ill deeds done"—The original is "makes deeds ill done;" but this might apply to good deeds unskilfully performed—so that there seems to have been an accidental transposition, which this edition follows those of Knight in correcting.

" Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause," etc.

"There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another. The account of the timidity of guilt is drawn, *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind: particularly that line in which John says, that 'to have bid him tell his tale in express words' would have 'struck him dumb.' Nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges."—Johnson.

> *" — turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,*
> *As bid me tell my tale*," etc.

That is, Turn'd *such* an eye of doubt, etc., as bid (or *bade*) me tell my tale. Malone and others read *And* for "As."

" The dreadful motion of a murderous thought," etc.

"Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication; for we find, from a preceding scene, that the 'motion of a murderous thought' had entered into him, and that very deeply; and it was with difficulty that the tears, the entreaties, and the innocence of Arthur, had diverted and suppressed it."—Warburton.

"The critic here is correct as to the fact; but the Poet was dramatically justified in representing Hubert, since he had not acted on his 'murderous thought,' as anxious to claim the merit of having never entertained it. This is one of Shakespeare's touches of reality."

"—*foul* IMAGINARY *eyes of blood*"—One of the most frequent confusions of shades of meaning, in our old poets, which strikes the modern reader, is that of the active and passive significations, as *delighted* and *delightful;* as here "imaginary eyes," for *imagining*, or *image-forming* eyes.

SCENE III.

"*The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.*"

"Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit;* and, indeed, as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it, or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians, however, say, that John, coming in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in ordor to give some colour to a report which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince, attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned." —MALONE.

"*O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.*"

In the old "King John," after his fall, Arthur speaks thus:—

> Ho! who is nigh? Somebody take me up:
> Where is my mother? Let me speak with her:
> Who hurts me thus?—speak, ho! where are you gone?
> Ah me, poor Arthur, I am here alone.
> Why called I mother? how did I forget?
> My fall, my fall hath killed my mother's son.
> How will she weep at tidings of my death!
> Sweet Jesu! save my soul; forgive my rash attempt:
> Comfort my mother; shield her from despair,
> When she shall hear my tragic overthrow.

This fond recurrence of the dying youth to his mother is natural and affecting; and I can only account for Shakespeare's throwing it aside, upon the same reason that in LEAR he has purposely avoided one or two touching incidents of the old play, as thoughts pre-occupied by his predecessors, whose works he had taken for the groundwork of his plot, while it was his aim to give a new and original poetical character to the familiar plot.

"*Whose* PRIVATE *with me*"—i. e. Whose private *account* of the Dauphin's affection to our cause is much more ample than the letters.

> "*Till I have set a glory to this* HAND,
> *By giving it the worship of revenge.*"

This is the original reading, giving the obvious sense of "till I have given renown to my hand, by bestowing on it the honour of revenge." "Worship" is thus taken for *dignity*, honour, in its old use, still retained in the title of "your worship," "the worshipful." "Glory" is similarly used in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA:—

> —— Let Æneas live,
> If to my sword his fate be not the *glory*.

But many editions adopt the alteration of Pope, who thought that we should read "a glory to this *head*," pointing to the head of the dead prince, and using *worship* in its common acceptation. A *glory* is a circle of rays, such as is represented surrounding the heads of saints and other holy persons. The solemn confirmation of the other lords may support this sense. Gray, the poet, (says Dr. Farmer,) was much pleased with this correction.

"*Do not prove me so*"—"Dr. Johnson has, I think, mistaken the sense of this passage, which he explains—'Do not make me a murderer, by compelling me to kill you; I am hitherto not a murderer.' By 'Do not *prove* me so,' Hubert means, 'Do not *provoke* me, or *try my patience* so.' This was a common acceptation of the word. 'To assay, to *prove*, to try, to tem to do evil.' (BARET, *in* V. *prove.*)"—SINGER.

"*The* UNOWED *interest*"—i. e. *Unowned* interes interest which has no acknowledged owner. title being disputed and Arthur's sister, on wh title devolved, not in possession.

Queen Elinor.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*An empty casket*"—The most poetical lines of "King John" relate to the death of Arthur, of when his body is first found by the peers, it is sa

> —— Lo! lords, the wither'd flower,
> Who in his life shin'd like the morning's blush,
> Cast out a-door.

"— FORAGE, *and run*"—"'Forage' here see mean to *range abroad;* which Dr. Johnson says original sense: but *fourrage*, the French source is formed from the low Latin *foderagium*, foo sense of ranging therefore appears to be seconda NARES.

SCENE II.

"*Return the* PRECEDENT"—i. e. What we no the *draught* of the instrument to be copied out.

"*And not* TO SPEND *it so unneighbourly.*"

To "spend" it, taking "to" as the prefix of the tive, is quite clear, and, though not in strict gramm congruity with the context, would hardly be cons as inaccurate in coloquial use. But Stevens and print it *to-spend*, as used in the sense which *to* as tensive or augmentative adjunct anciently had; the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, "*to-pinch* the u knight"—pinch him well, thoroughly.

"*Between* COMPULSION, *and a brave respect*!

"This 'compulsion' was the necessity of a re tion in the state; which, according to Salisbury's ion, (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *en cause*,) could only be procured by foreign arms the *brave respect* was the love of his country."— BURTON.

"*Acquainted me with interest* TO *this land.*"

This was the phraseology of Shakespeare's tim in KING HENRY IV., (Part II:)—

> He hath more worthy interest *to* the state,
> Than thou the shadow of succession.

in Dugdale's "Antiquities of Warwickshire :"—
had a release from Rose the daughter and heir
John de Arden, of all her *interest to* the manor
limore."

Vive le roy! as I have BANK'D *their towns?*"
doubtful in what sense we are to take "bank'd;"
er Lewis means to say that he has thrown up *em-
ents* before the towns, or whether he uses
'd" in reference to passing towns on the banks of
ames, in the same way that we use the verb *coast.*
old "King John" Lewis thus mentions "Roches-
s having submitted, and he may here refer to that
her places on the river's banks :—

Your city, Rochester, with great applause,
By some divine instinct laid arms aside;
And from the hollow holes of Thamesis
Echo apace replied, *Vive le roi!*

measure, which in this play has much regularity,
es "*Vive*" to be pronounced in two syllables,
ng the final *e;* which I take to be the old Nor-
ronunciation, and perhaps the general old French
I recollect such a habit of sounding the final *e,*
it is now mute, among the old Huguenots of the
and third generations in America, who had
n French from their childhood. In the old "King
Vive seems to be sounded in the same way.
'd their towns" may be either, "as I have
n embankments, or *entrenchments,* before them,"
seems more probably the author's meaning, "as
d along the river-banks, on which they are built :"
sense of *bank,* as a verb, that we now apply to
The thought is from the old "King John," where
nguage supports this last interpretation. There
salutations are described as given to the Dauphin,
sailed along the banks of the river. This, perhaps,
speare calls *banking* the towns. We still say to
and to *flank;* and to *bank* has no less propriety,
n it is not reconciled to us by modern usage.

his UNHEARD *sauciness*"—So the old copies,
ut exception, and we adhere to the most intelli-
text, notwithstanding Theobald's suggestion, that
eard" ought to be *unhair'd,* which modern editors
dopted and explained as "*beardless,* and there-
oyish."

and make you take the hatch"—i. e. Leap over
tch of the door; in the sense in which sportsmen
y, to take a ditch, or a gate.

at the crying of your nation's CROW"—Malone
that this line refers to "the voice or caw of the
h crow," but Douce contends that the allusion is
"crow" of a cock, that being the national bird
nce; "*gallus* meaning both a cock and a French-

their NEEDL'S *to lances*"—So printed in the old
of 1623 and 1632, to show that "needles" was
read in the time of a monosyllable.

Scene IV.

Unthread the rude EYE *of rebellion*"—"Theobald
pted this passage into 'untread the rude *way;*'
rned, by an easy process, the poetry into prose.
e, who agrees in the restoration of the passage,
Shakespeare 'was evidently thinking of the eye of
dle,' and he calls this, therefore, an humble meta-
Nothing is humble, in poetry, that conveys an
forcibly and distinctly; and 'the eye of a needle,'
e application of the Poet, may become dignified.
he word *thread,* perhaps metaphorically, is used
vey the meaning of passing through anything in-
, narrow, difficult.

They would not *thread* the gates—
RIOLANUS, and—
One gains the thicket and one thrids the brake—

yden, have each the same meaning. The 'rude eye,' in the line before us, is the rough and dangerous passage of 'rebellion.'"—KNIGHT.

"RESOLVETH *from his figure*"—To *resolve,* of old, was the same as to *dissolve.* "This is said (remarks Stevens) in allusion to the images made by witches." Hollingshed observes, that it was alleged against dame Eleanor Cobham, and her confederates, "that they had devised an image of wax, representing the king, which, by their sorcerie, by little and little consumed, intending thereby, in conclusion, to waste and destroy the king's person."

"*Awakes my conscience to confess all this.*"

"In the old 'King John' we find these lines, which form part of a speech by Melun, of the same tenour as that in Shakespeare :—

This I aver, if Lewis win the day, etc.
Two causes, lords, makes me display this drift:
The greatest for the freedom of my soul,
That longs to leave this mansion free from guilt;
The other on a natural instinct,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman.

In the old 'King John,' there is previously a long scene, in which Lewis takes the oath referred to by the dying Melun :—

There's not an English traitor of them all,
John once dispatch'd, and I fair England's king,
Shall on his shoulders bear his head one day,
But I will crop it for their guilt's desert, etc.

Shakespeare has shown great judgment in the total omission of scenes which only served to lengthen out the old play, or to which, as in this instance, reference merely was necessary."—COLLIER.

Scene V.

"—*our* TATTERING *colours*"—Here is another instance of the indiscriminate use, not uncommon in Shakespeare and his contemporaries, of the active and the passive participle—"tattering" for *tattered.* Collier says that "tattering" and "tattered" were almost invariably spelled, in our old writers, *tottering* and *tottered,* as it would be easy to accumulate instances from Marlowe, Decker, Heywood, Munday, Chapman, etc. Stevens altered "tattering," in the text, to *tatter'd,* against all the authorities.

Scene VI.

"—*thou, and* ENDLESS *night*"—"*Endless* night" seems a natural expression of impatience at the long and tedious night. Many editors have adopted the suggestion that this word was a misprint for *eyeless* night.

"*The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk,*" etc.

"Not one of the historians, (says Malone,) who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mentions this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poisoned a cup of ale, and, having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself, to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his 'Chronicle,' as a *report.* According to the best accounts, John died at Newark, of a fever." The incident answered the purpose of Bishop Bale too well for him not to employ it in his "Kynge Johan."

Scene VII.

"*Leaves them,* INSENSIBLE"—The old editions have "leaves them *invisible,*" out of which it is difficult to extract a probable meaning. "The meaning of *invisible* (says Knight) is *unlooked at, disregarded.*" Collier interprets thus—i. e. "*invisibly.* Death, after he has preyed on the outward parts, invisibly leaves them." To me it seems evident that *invisible,* for "insensible," was an error of the press, or more probably of the copy ist of the manuscript used by the folio editors.

"—*upon that* INDIGEST"—Used substantively, for disordered, or *indigested* state of affairs. The word is more commonly used as an adjective, as in the "Sonnets:"—

> To make of monsters and things *indigest*,
> Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble.

"*To thrust his icy fingers in my maw*," etc.

"Malone quoted the following lines, under the supposition that they were by Marlowe, and that Shakespeare had adopted one of them:—

> O! I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep
> Hath *thrust his icy fingers in my breast*,
> And made a frost within me.

This passage is found in a play called 'Lust's Dominion,' assigned to Marlowe; but the historical portion of the incidents did not occur until five years after his death. In the 'History of Dramatic Poetry and the Stage,' reasons are given for attributing 'Lust's Dominion' to Decker, Haughton, and Day; and in Decker's 'Gull's Hornbook' (1609) we meet with this expression: 'the morning waxing cold, *thrust his icy fingers into thy bosom*.' Shakespeare's KING JOHN was indisputably written before 1598, and 'Lust's Dominion' was probably not produced until 1600; so that, although the authors of that play may have copied Shakespeare, there can be no pretence for saying that *he* imitated them."—COLLIER.

"—MODULE *of confounded royalty*"—"'Module' and *model* were, in our author's time, different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype, after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype; and hence it is used by Shakespeare, and his contemporaries, for a *representation*. So, in the 'London Prodigal,' (1605:)—

> Dear copy of my husband! O let me kiss thee!
> [*Kissing a picture.*]
> How like him is this *model!*"
> MALONE.

"*My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.*"

The tragic Poet has here brought the death of John into immediate contact with his most atrocious crime, as the natural sequence and just retribution of his guilt towards young Arthur. The matter-of-fact commentators complain, with Mr. Courtenay, ("Commentaries on Shakespeare's Historical Plays,") that here is a long interval leaped over at once, in which "foreign and cruel wars had raged with varied success, and *one* event had happened of which, although it is that by which we now chiefly remember King John, no notice is taken whatever. This event is no other than the signature of *Magna Charta*." The plain answer to this is, that the Poet's design was not to turn the chronicle of John's reign into dramatic dialogue, but to produce from the materials an historical tragedy; for which purpose Constance, Arthur, and the half fictitious Faulconbridge, afforded more suitable materials for his imagination than *Magna Charta*, and the political rights of Englishmen acquired under it. By the selection he made he was naturally led to the exhibition of female character, as intense, as passionate, and as overflowing with feeling, and with the most eloquent expression, as his own Juliet, but with the same all-absorbing affection transferred from the lover to an only child. On the other hand, had he chosen the great political question for the turning point of interest in his drama—and if touched on at all it must have been made the main and central point of the action—it would have required all the Poet's skill to have avoided the too literal but unpoetical truth, which Canning has so drolly ridiculed in his mock-German play, when one of the exiled Barons informs the other that—

> The charter of our liberties received
> The royal signature at five o'clock,
> When messengers were instantly despatch'd
> To cardinal Pandulph, and their Majesties,
> After partaking of a cold collation,
> Returned to Windsor

Mr. Knight's remarks on this point are exceedingly just and eloquent:—"The interval of fourteen years, between the death of Arthur and the death of John, is annihilated. Causes and consequences, separat
the proper history by long digressions and tediou
sodes, are brought together. The attributed mur
Arthur lost John all the inheritances of the hou
Anjou, and allowed the house of Capet to triun
his overthrow. Out of this grew a larger ambitio
England was invaded. The death of Arthur, a
events which marked the last days of John, were
rated in their cause and effect by time only, over
the Poet leaps. It is said that a man, who was
point of drowning, saw, in an instant, all the eve
his life in connexion with his approaching end. S
the poet. It is his to bring the beginnings and th
of events into that real union and dependence,
even the philosophical historian may overlook, i
ing their course. It is the poet's office to pres
unity of action; it is the historian's to show a con
cy of progress. In the chroniclers, we have ma
changes of fortune in the life of John, after Arth
Brittany has fallen. In SHAKESPEARE, Arthur o
tany is at once revenged. The heart-broken n
and her boy are not the only sufferers from
courses. The spirit of Constance is appeased
fall of John. The Niobe of a Gothic age, who
sought to shield her child from as stern a destiny
with which Apollo and Artemis pursued the dau
of Tantalus, may rest in peace!"

"—*Nought shall make us rue*"—A splendid, anim
and poetical passage, formed from the concludin
of the old play, which are quite as patriotic, but w
any poetic glow:—

> Let England be but true within herself,
> And all the world can never wrong her state, etc.

"The tragedy of KING JOHN, though not written
the utmost power of Shakespeare, is varied with
pleasing interchange of incidents and characters.
lady's grief is very affecting; and the character
Bastard contains that mixture of greatness and
which this author delighted to exhibit."—JOHNSO

"The present historic drama is pronounced, by
son, to be 'not written with the utmost power of S
speare.' The truth is, the Poet had no 'utmost po
He has told us in this very play—

> When workmen strive to do better than well,
> They do confound their skill in covetousness.

There were no throes, there was nothing spasm
in the genius of Shakespeare. He never 'confo
his skill.' Take any two of his plays written
maturer years, and if a well-judged preference is
given to either, it will be found to arise from the
ject, not its execution. In his historical plays, h
controlled, and was content to be so. He might
made King John a more striking character, with
art and labour; but he spared neither, when he
paint him as he lived."—*Illustrated* SHAKESPEARE

T. CAMPBELL, after remarking on the materials
Shakespeare turns to his use, in the old play,
gives so little anticipation of the high painting
present KING JOHN, proceeds:—

"It is remarkable that the Poet of England, an
most eloquent Poet who ever summed up the v
of Brutus, should have dramatized the reign of
without the most distant allusion to Magna C
Was he afraid of offending Elizabeth? I think no
he brought out JULIUS CÆSAR in the reign of
James, whose petty mind was more jealous of po
principles than that of Elizabeth. His main objec
probably to recast, with all dispatch, an old piec
a new one for the stage. I regret further, tha
mighty genius did not turn to poetical account an
event in King John's reign, namely, the supers
desolation of the English mind, which immediate
lowed the papal excommunication that was issued
Rome against England and her king. The shutti

e churches, the nation's sudden deprivation of all xterior exercise of its religion, the altars despoiled eir ornaments, the cessation of Sabbath bells, and elebration of mass within doors shut against the —all these circumstances have been wrought up ume into an historic picture that is worthy of Livy. what would they not have been as materials for a al picture in the hands of Shakespeare? But let thankful for our Poet's KING JOHN, such as it is. ubt it sets the seal as to the question about the bility of good historical tragedies proceeding from en of the best poets, and a negative seal; for after ance leaves the stage, Shakespeare's KING JOHN ner the execution of a criminal than an interesting ly. There are scenes, however, and passages in Poet's KING JOHN, which may never be forgotten. athos of Arthur's conference with Hubert is en- Shakespeare's, and so is the whole of the part of ance, as well as that most appallingly interesting logues between King John and Hubert, touching rder of young Arthur. In the old play Constance good deal of the virago in her portraiture,—in speare's she is the most interesting character in e—a doting and bereaved mother. Those who hemselves, as I do, older than they could wish to ay derive some consolation from their age, in re- ting that they were born early enough to see Mrs. ns perform the part of Constance."

at great representative of maternal love and cour- of "proud grief and majestic desolation"—left be- ner, in manuscript, her own analysis of the chief cter of the tragedy; and we extract, from Camp- "Life of Siddons," this commentary of a great on the Poet:—

ly idea of Constance (she says) is that of a lofty proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite gs of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the minant feature of this interesting personage. The nents which she expresses, in the dialogue between lf, the King of France and the Duke of Austria, commencement of the second act of this tragedy, strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane dis- on, and of a grateful heart.

* * * * * * * *

he idea one naturally adopts of her qualities and rance are, that she is noble in mind, and com- ing in person and demeanour; that her counte- was capable of all the varieties of grand and ten- xpression, often agonized, though never distorted e vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, have been 'propertied like the tuned spheres,' ent to all the softest inflections of maternal love, the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the n burst of heart-rending sorrow, and to the terri- imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing the miseries inflicted on her by her dastardly op- rs and treacherous allies. The actress whose lot personate this great character should be richly ved by nature for its various requirements; yet, when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much ns to be effected by herself; for in the perform- of the part of Constance great difficulties, both l and physical, present themselves. And perhaps reatest of the former class is that of imperiously g the mind reined in to the immediate perception ose calamitous circumstances which take place g the course of her sadly eventful history. The ity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently ap- when we remember that all those calamitous s occur while she herself is absent from the stage; t this power is indispensable for that reason alone. there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if presentative of Constance shall ever forget, even l the scenes, those disastrous events which impel break forth into the overwhelming effusions of ded friendship, disappointed ambition, and mater- nderness, upon the first moment of her appearance e third act, when stunned with terrible surprise xclaims—

> Gone to be married—gone to swear a peace!
> False blood to false blood joined—gone to be friends!—

if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait.

"The quality of abstraction has always appeared to me so necessary in the art of acting, that I shall probably, in the course of these remarks, be thought too frequently and pertinaciously to advert to it. I am now, however, going to give a proof of its usefulness in the character under our consideration; and I wish my opinion were of sufficient weight to impress the importance of this power on the minds of all candidates for dramatic fame. Here, then, is one example, among many others which I could adduce. Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of Constance, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with Arthur in my hand, to hear the march, when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch; because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection to gush into my eyes. In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted to the passing scenes. Thus did I avail myself of every possible assistance, for there was need of all in this most arduous effort; and I have no doubt that the observance of such circumstances, however irrelevant they may appear upon a cursory view, was powerfully aidant in the representations of those expressions of passion in the remainder of this scene, which have been only in part considered, and to the conclusion of which I now proceed.

"Goaded and stung by the treachery of her faithless friends, and almost maddened by the injuries they have heaped upon her, she becomes desperate and ferocious as a hunted tigress in defence of her young, and it seems that existence itself must nearly issue forth with the utterance of that frantic and appalling exclamation—

> A wicked day, and not a holy day,
> What hath this day deserved? what hath it done, etc.

"When King Philip says to her—

> By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
> To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
> Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?—

what countenance, what voice, what gesture, shall realize the scorn and indignation of her reply to the heartless king of France? And then the awful, trembling solemnity, the utter helplessness of that soul-subduing, scriptural, and prophetic invocation—

> Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
> A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
> Let not the hours of this ungodly day
> Wear out the day in peace: but, ere sunset,
> Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings.

"If it ever were, or ever shall be, portrayed with its appropriate and solemn energy, it must be then, and then only, when the power I have so much insisted on, co-operating also with a high degree of enthusiasm, shall have transfused the mind of the actress into the person and situation of the august and afflicted Constance. The difficulty, too, of representing, with tempered rage and dignified contempt, the biting sarcasm of the speeches to Austria, (act iii. scene 1,) may be more easily imagined than explained.

"But, in truth, to beget, in these whirlwinds of the soul, such temperance as, according to the lesson of our inspired master, shall give them smoothness, is a difficulty which those only can appreciate who have made the effort.

"I cannot, indeed, conceive, in the whole range of dramatic character, a greater difficulty than that of representing this grand creature. Brought before the audience in the plenitude of her afflictions; oppression and falsehood having effected their destructive mark; the full storm of adversity, in short, having fallen upon her in the interval of their absence from her sight, the effort of pouring properly forth so much passion as past events have excited in her, without any visible previous progress towards her climax of desperation, seems almost to exceed the power of imitation. Hers is an affliction of so 'sudden floodgate and o'erbearing nature,' that art despairs of realizing it, and the effort is almost life-exhausting. Therefore, whether the majestic, the passionate, the tender Constance, has ever yet been, or ever will be, personated to the entire satisfaction of sound judgment and fine taste, I believe to be doubtful; for I believe it to be nearly impossible.

"I now come to the concluding scene: and I believe I shall not be thought singular when I assert, that though she has been designated the ambitious Constance, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that, from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea does she from that instant utter, which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love. That scene, (act iii. scene 4,) I think, must determine that maternal tenderness is the predominant feature of her character.

"Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character, that the personation of its grandeur, with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its

tions."

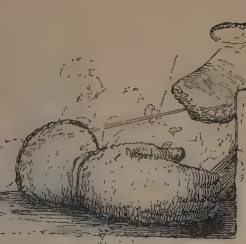
Constance reminds the reader at once of Vol
and of Juliet—of the Roman matron in her loftine
deep maternal affection, and her energy of chara
and of Juliet in her all-absorbing passion, her self
tion to the single object of her affection, her exc
fancy, and her consequent vivid and luxuriant im
and passionate eloquence. Both these parallels
been traced by Mrs. Jameson, with great taste a
crimination, who thus states her conception of the
ing attributes of the character:—

"That which strikes us as the principal attrib
Constance is *power*—power of imagination, of w
passion, of affection, of pride: the moral energ
faculty which is principally exercised in self-contr
gives consistency to the rest, is deficient; or rat
speak more correctly, the extraordinary develo
of sensibility and imagination, which lends to the
acter its rich poetical colouring, leaves the other
ties comparatively subordinate. Hence it is th
whole complexion of the character, notwithstand
amazing grandeur, is so exquisitely feminine.
weakness of the woman, who, by the very con
ness of that weakness, is worked up to desperatio
defiance—the fluctuations of temper and the bur
sublime passion, the terrors, the impatience, an
tears,—are all most true to feminine nature. Th
ergy of Constance, not being based upon streng
character, rises and falls with the tide of passion.
haughty spirit swells against resistance, and is e
into frenzy by sorrow and disappointment; whil
ther from her towering pride, nor her strength of
lect, can she borrow patience to submit, or fortit
endure."

Monument of King John at Worcester.

King Richard II.

KING
RICHAR
SECO



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

DISSONANCE OF CRITICAL OPINIONS TOUCHING THE MERITS OF THIS DRAMA — ITS PURELY HISTORICAL CHARACTER, AS COMPARED WITH THE PLAYS FOUNDED MERELY ON HISTORY — ITS CONNECTION WITH THE OTHER DRAMAS OF ENGLISH HISTORY — ITS DATE, STYLE, VERSIFICATION, ETC. — STATE OF THE TEXT.

ERE is a very wide diversity of opinion upon the merits of this drama, between critics of the highest and est deserved authority. Thus, Dr. Johnson says that, though it had been revised by its author, "it is not nished with the happy force of some others of his tragedies, nor can it be said much to affect the passions or e the understanding." On the other hand, Coleridge has no hesitation in pronouncing it to be "the first and dmirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays." Nor is this contradiction of critical authorities con-o the general structure and effect of the whole drama; for the very passages—such as the lament of Richard is own downfall—which are contemptuously dismissed, by Johnson and his followers, as "childish prattle," been selected by others as full of truth and nature, as well as of plaintive beauty. That Johnson should have nced so general and so contemptuous a condemnation, can be attributed only to one of those caprices of ent by which, in the varying moods of feeling and taste, every opinion on poetry or art is liable to be affected. ertainly true that "this play does not affect the passions" like LEAR or OTHELLO, but it is obvious that it is not ssed to the stronger and deeper sympathies springing from the domestic affections, or the experience of private it is strictly a drama of national incident and public characters; and that it can therefore excite the passions large the understanding only so far as history itself can do so. But in this respect its merits are of the high-ler, and they are too of the very kind which no one would seem more likely to appreciate than Johnson f.

as comparatively but few of those delicate touches of description or of allusion to natural beauty, or of those and graceful suggestions of feeling or of imagery, to which nature had made the mind of the great English of the last century somewhat obtuse, and his mental, like his physical vision, dim and indistinct. But it is all that the moral critic himself most delighted in. It is alive with the exhibition of men acting in great and g scenes, and under varied and interesting aspects of life. It paints, with nice discrimination, the arts of al popularity and the fickleness of popular favour—the means by which power is often unrighteously wrung hose by whom it may yet be rightfully lost—"the insolence of office," and the crawling abjectness, in ad-r, of him who derives dignity from office alone. It contains, in short, without the forms of ethical instruc-great moral lesson of the emptiness and uncertainty of human greatness—how little of dignity it confers. not used for the beneficent ends for which it is bestowed—and how severe is the just though late retribution ne and woe, for its abuse. All this is embodied in real incidents and personages, presented with perfect nd life, in the very spirit and language, and port and bearing, and armour and pomp of the most romantic icturesque period of European history. The whole story, with its stately personages, passes before us, in rgeous pageant; just as when—

> —— the duke, great Bolingbroke,
> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
> With slow but stately pace kept on his course;—

ed by the dethroned Richard:—a continued succession of scenes as vivid and as magnificent as the pictures Poet's great contemporary, Rubens. Nor can any thing be more true, either in historical accuracy or in igher and more pervading truth of human nature, than the several characters who pass over this scene—the bold, ambitious, resolute Bolingbroke, and Richard, womanish alike in good and evil, in infirmity of pur-n varying resolution, in elation in prosperity, and in the return of gentler and kinder feelings in the hours of r and distress.

as all that solid and living truth in its representation of the old English chivalric aristocracy and their times, has made Shakespeare's English "Histories" the text book of a large portion of English history to all of English and rightly so, because they more than compensate for their slight inaccuracies of detail by the vividness and with which they give the "very form and pressure" of those times. It is therefore that as an historical drama, strictest sense of the phrase, RICHARD II. is eminently entitled to Coleridge's strong eulogy, of being "the first ost admirable of its author's historical plays;" and it may be added with equal confidence, that it is, in this same sense, one of the most perfect of all historical dramas ever written. But it is only in the light of a purely cal play that it is entitled to claim this superiority; for numerous as are its merits, poetical and dramatic, st "pale its ineffectual fires" when compared with dramas like ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, or HENRY IV., ed upon history and representing historical personages, yet not restricted to a merely historical interest. In plays the sober groundwork of historic truth is relieved by the gay contrast of comic invention, or illuminated flashes of that deeper tragic emotion which can be awakened only by our sympathies with man as man, in

his personal and individual character. RICHARD II. tells the story of that monarch's times, with little other dramatic art than that of rejecting the form of a mere dramatic chronicle, and of condensing the whole reig its closing scenes, leaving its earlier incidents to be gathered from the dialogue and narrative. It thus tells th of the most memorable example that had yet occurred in modern times of a sovereign deposed for abuse of p an event remarkable in itself, and still more interesting to Englishmen as being the origin of that long series c contests which, for half a century, stained England's fields and scaffolds with English blood shed by Englis The throwing the more odious or contemptible parts of Richard's life into narrative and allusion seems to have adopted for the purpose, which it certainly attains with much skill, of taking off that feeling of repugnance toward which would naturally be excited if his crimes and follies were more distinctly presented, and which it wou impossible to change into that commiserating sympathy that we now feel at his downfall. Still the interest is historical and political, and we cannot mourn with the dethroned monarch for the loss of his crown as we can p of Constance's maternal sorrows, shudder under the fiery indignation or the frenzy of Lear, or sympathize wi frailties of a noble mind in Antony. It is probably on account of this comparative weakness of the tragic in that the Poet did not care to hazard the weakening its effect by the contrast of laughable or lighter scen which he elsewhere so willingly resorts. The adherence to substantial historical truth is preserved throu Nothing is added or exaggerated, unless it be that the queen, (who was in reality but an affianced child, ten old,) is made to speak the language of mature conjugal affection, and thus to present the gentler and amiable of Richard's mixed and variable character. That character, with all its defects and its inconsistencies,—its in tyranny, and its gentleness,—its utter want of all moral or intellectual balance,—is painted with the discrimi of the philosophical historian, and with a far deeper and more impartial truth than the author could find i one of the old annalists, all of whom, I believe, have described Richard as he appeared to them through the m of their personal party prejudices, Yorkish or Lancasterian. Even the peculiarities of Richard's languag imagery in the last three acts, his tone of pious meditation, his moralizing on "the flattering glass," and on his fav "Roan Barbary's" ingratitude,—all of them traits by no means common-place, yet of which resemblances may be traced in actual life,—were yet I suspect not drawn from the Poet's general knowledge of man, but directly from the historical or traditional character of the monarch. His style of thought and language cer harmonizes with his letters and speeches preserved in the chronicles, as well as with his "passionate exclam and appeals to Heaven" which Froissart describes.

We are made as familiar with the true Bolingbroke as Sully and his contemporaries have made most his students with Henry IV. of France—a personage who had many points of resemblance to his namesake o caster. York, Northumberland, and the rest, are slighter, but not less faithful portraits.

Thus we have here a perfect specimen of the purely historical drama, turning wholly upon public and p events and incidents; and it may be placed by the side of JULIUS CÆSAR, (in this respect its exact counterp showing the limits of excellence in this species of composition.

Such compositions, as compared with dramatic inventions drawn from the sources of individual natur coming home to the domestic sensibilities, must probably, like these two tragedies, suffer under a compa coldness of interest, while like them they may be most rich in moral instruction, in splendid poetry, and in rable pictures of life, manners, characters, and great events.

RICHARD II. is (as Ulricci has well termed it) "the first part of the grand five-act historical drama which with RICHARD III." Although in the next succeeding parts the author has not adhered to this strictly his model, but deviated into the more tempting field of historical tragi-comedy, still it is manifest that RICHARD I intended to be the introduction of the series of dramatic histories of the wars of York and Lancaster, and to to the less instructed reader or spectator a key to the origin of the whole prolonged civil contest. It may be that, like most other prefaces, this introduction was not written until after the whole or the greater part dramas it thus introduces; but the striking references to after events, and the preparation for them and characters next to tread the stage, as Hotspur and Harry of Monmouth, show that this dramatic series was p to Shakespeare's mind as one whole.

Vague guesses and confident assertions have been made by Malone, Chalmers, and others, as to the precis in which RICHARD II. was written; but there is really nothing to authorise even a confident conjecture on t very important point. But we do know with certainty that it belongs to the middle period of his genius,— the epoch of his highest intellectual and tragic power, and after he had acquired ease and confidence and the command of language, by more timid and more elaborate earlier efforts. It was probably written before, b very long before, the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and I should think a little after ROMEO AND JULIET. Be that tragedy, as it appears in its first edition, and RICHARD II. there is a certain similarity of style and ner, chiefly consisting in the plays upon words, and the dwelling upon fanciful conceits even in the mome excited feeling, and also in the abundant intermixture of rhyming couplets. The frequent use of rhyme m ascribed to a compliance with the popular taste prevailing during the first years of Shakespeare's dramatic a ship; but it may also have been deliberately preferred by Shakespeare for its declamatory effect in sce chivalric pomp, for the same reason that we find him, long after he had abandoned it for all other purposes sionally returning to its use "to point a moral," to embody some strongly excited feeling, or to close a scen graceful or stately declamation.

RICHARD II. was printed first in 1597, then in 1598, and again with "new additions of the Parliament and the deposing of King Richard" in 1600 and in 1613. In the folio of 1623 it is reprinted from the last but with some slight variations and some unaccountable omissions. The diligent collation of the several old ed

receding editors, and especially by Mr. Collier, has restored these omissions, and removed the few difficulties h the older text presented.

e strong and unqualified assertion of the divine and indefeasible right of kings in the latter scenes of the has been assumed by tory and by republican writers to be a declaration of the author's own personal opinions. t should be recollected that in these passages the Poet does but speak the historical language of Richard and ouse of York; that he has not overlooked the other side of the argument; that he has fairly displayed the cious disposition and profligate wastefulness of the king, by which he deserved and incurred deposition; and uch is the remarkable impartiality with which all this is done, that during the despotic reign of Elizabeth (as ht remarks) "the deposition scene was neither acted nor printed, lest it should give occasion to the enemies gitimate succession to find examples for the deposition of a monarch."

SOURCES OF THE HISTORY OF RICHARD.

'or the incidents of this 'most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays,' our great Poet appears ve gone no further than Hollingshed, who was himself indebted to Hall and Fabian. However, Shakespeare owhere felt himself bound to adhere to chronology when it better answered his purpose to desert it. Thus, 'rince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V., is spoken of as frequenting taverns and stews, when he was in nly twelve years old. Marston, in a short address before his 'Wonder of Women,' 1606, aiming a blow at Jonson, puts the duty of a dramatic author in this respect upon its true footing, when he says, 'I have not red to tie myself to relate any thing as a historian, but to enlarge every thing as a poet;' and what we have referred to in this play is exactly one of those anachronisms which, in the words of Schlegel, Shakespeare nitted 'purposely and most deliberately.' His design was in this instance to link together RICHARD II. and rst part of HENRY IV."—COLLIER.

'he RICHARD II. of Shakespeare is the Richard II. of real history. But there is a question whether, as the lation of this drama, Shakespeare worked upon any previous play. No copy of any such play exists. The cter of Richard is so entire—so thoroughly a whole—that we can have little doubt in believing it to be a ion, and not a character adapted to the received dramatic notions of the Poet's audience. But still there is reason to suppose that there was another play of 'Richard II.'—perhaps two others; and that one held pos- n of the stage long after Shakespeare's exquisite production had been acted and published. There is a cu- matter connected with the state history of Shakespeare's own times, that has regard to the performance of play of 'Richard II.' On the afternoon previous to the insurrection of the Earl of Essex, in February, 1601, illy Merrick, one of his partisans, procured to be acted before a great company of those who were engaged e conspiracy, 'the play of deposing Richard II.' The official pamphlet of the declarations of the treasons of Earl of Essex states, that when it was told Merrick, 'by one of the players, that the play was old, and they d have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play nd so, thereupon, played it was.' In the printed account of the arraignment of Merrick, it is said, that he ed this play 'to satisfy his eyes with a sight of that tragedy which he thought soon after his lord should bring the stage to the state.' There is a passage in Camden's 'Annals' which would appear to place it beyond a t, that the play so acted was an older play than that of Shakespeare. It is there charged against Essex, that ocured, by money, the obsolete tragedy (*exoletam tragœdiam*) of the abdication of Richard II. to be acted in blic theatre, before the conspiracy. Bacon hints at a systematic purpose of bringing Richard II. 'upon the , and into print in Queen Elizabeth's time.' Elizabeth herself, in a conversation with Lambarde, the historian ent, and keeper of the Records in the Tower, going over a pandect of the Rolls which Lambarde had pre- l, coming to the reign of Richard II., said, 'I am Richard II.; know ye not that?' Any allusion to Richard t that time, was the cause of great jealousy. Hayward, in 1599, very narrowly escaped a state prosecution, s 'First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.' This book was the deposition of Richard II. put print,' to which Bacon alludes. It appears to us that, without further evidence, there can be no doubt that lay acted before the partisans of the Earl of Essex was not the play of Shakespeare. The deposition-scene, now, professed to be added to the edition of 1608. The play which Merrick ordered was, in 1601, called solete play. Further, would Shakespeare have continued in favour with Elizabeth, had he been the author lay whose performance gave such deep offence?

ut we have now further evidence that there was an old play of 'Richard II.,' which essentially differed from espeare's play. Mr. Collier, whose researches have thrown so much light upon the stage in general, and Shakespeare's life in particular, has published some very curious extracts from a manuscript in the Bodleian ry, which describe, from the observations of a play-goer in the time of James I., a play of 'Richard II.,' es- lly different in its scenes from the play of Shakespeare. Dr. Simon Forman, who was a quack and astrolo- nd who, being implicated in the conspiracy to murder Sir Thomas Overbury, escaped public accusation by nly dying, in 1611, kept 'a book of plays and notes thereof, for common policy;' by which 'common policy' eans, for maxims of prudence. His first entry is entitled, 'in Richard II., at the Globe, 1611, the 30 of April. sday.' From the following extract, it will be seen that, at Shakespeare's own theatre, the Globe, a 'Richard vas performed, which was, unquestionably, not his RICHARD II.:—

emember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic nor suspecting anything, was suddenly, at field bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London, and so he and his whole army was overthrown. Therefore, in such r the like, never admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe.

lso remember how the Duke of Glocester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the king in his humour about the of Erland (Ireland) and Bushy, were glad to fly and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Erland came ht to betray him, with three hundred men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer the to enter, which went back again with a fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle.

emember, also, when the Duke (i. e. of Glocester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to and met them, and gave them fair words, and promised them pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the king bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them and their heads, &c., because they had not his pardon under his hand and seal before, but his word.

emember therein also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make bility to envy the king, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry broke.

emember, also, how the Duke of Lancaster asked a wise man whether himself should ever be king, and he told him no, but should be a king; and when he had told him, he hanged him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak f to others. This was a policy in the commonwealth's opinion, but I say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the r telling him the truth. Beware, by this example, of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like e for thy good will.'

"From Forman's account of this play, it will be seen that it embraces the earlier period of Richard II., con ing the insurrection of Jack Straw. It seems very doubtful whether it includes the close of the reign. We a talk for 'policy' about the Duke of Lancaster's (Gaunt's) machinations; but nothing about Henry Bolingbr Were there *two* plays of 'Richard II.' of which we know nothing—the *obsolete* play of the deposition, w Merrick caused to be acted in 1601, and the play containing Jack Straw, which Forman noted in 1611 KNIGHT.

Exterior of Westminster Hall.

COSTUMES, ARCHITECTURE, ETC.

THE views of buildings, streets, etc., here given, are from accurate architectural drawings, either taken dir from the still existing remains of old English buildings, or adapted from old engravings.

The costume of RICHARD II., is carefully distinguished by the learned director of this department of the Pict edition, from that of the next generation, with which antiquarian artists and theatrical decorators generally conf it. He has gathered the true costume of the period with great diligence, from undoubted authorities, such a portraits, monumental effigies, and arms of the historical personages of the times still preserved, and the hi finished miniatures adorning the old illuminated manuscripts of that period,—of Chaucer, Froissart, and "Metrical History" of Richard's deposition. We subjoin the substance of his curious and entertaining lore.

"The foppery of dress prevailing during the reign of Richard II. is the theme of satire and reprobation amo the poets and historians of the day; and York, in the first scene of the second act of this play, speaks with pe truth of our 'apish nation' limping in base imitation after the 'fashions in proud Italy,' or wherever 'the w thrusts forth a vanity;' a passage which Dr. Johnson has presumed to be a mistake of Shakespeare, or, rath wilful anachronism of the man who gave 'to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners o own!' Richard himself was the greatest fop of his day. He had a coat estimated at thirty thousand marks, value of which must chiefly have arisen from the quantity of precious stones with which it was embroidered, being one of the many extravagant fashions of the time. Those of working letters and mottoes on the dresses, cutting the edges of the mantles, hoods, etc. into the shape of leaves and other devices, will be seen by refer to the portrait of Richard in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, and the illuminations of the Metrical Hist Bolingbroke, in the miniatures of that work, is represented in mourning for his father. When he entered Lon with the captive Richard in his train, he was dressed, according to Froissart, in a short jack, or jacket, of clot gold, 'a la fachon D'Almayne.'

"Of John of Gaunt we are told that he wore his garments 'not wide,' and yet they became him 'full well.' the Cotton MS., he is represented granting the claims at the coronation of Richard II., as Lord High Steward England. He is attired in a long party-coloured robe, one half white, the other blue, such being the family col of the House of Lancaster. White and red were, however, assumed by Richard II. as his livery colours, and such, worn by the courtiers and citizens on state occasions.

"The sleeves of John of Gaunt's robe are tight, and reach to the wrist, after the old fashion of Edward Third's time: but bearing out the words of the old poet before quoted, who praises him for not giving way to extravagancies of his nephew's court; Chaucer, the Monk of Evesham, and the author of an anonymous work ca 'the Eulogium,' all complain of the large, long, and wide sleeves, reaching almost to the feet, which even serv wore in imitation of their masters.

"The shoes had excessively long pikes, sometimes crooked upwards, and then called crackowes (probably f Cracow, in Poland), and occasionally fastened to the knees by chains of gold or silver. The chaperon, or hood

eign, was of a most indescribable shape, and sometimes worn over the capucium or cowl. Single ostrich
ers are seen occasionally in front of the hood, or cap. The hair was worn long in the neck and at the sides,
lderly persons are generally represented with forked beards.

he decoration of the white hart, crowned and chained under a tree, was worn by Richard's retainers.

he armour of this reign was nearly all of plate. A neck-piece of chain fastened to the bascinet, and called the
l, and the indented edge of the chain-apron depending below the jupon, or surcoat, being nearly all the mail
e. The jupon introduced during the preceding reign was a garment of silk, or velvet, embroidered with the
ial bearings of the wearer, fitting tight to the shape, and confined over the hips by a magnificent girdle. In
letrical History, Richard and his knights are represented in loose surcoats, sometimes with sleeves, and
oidered all over with fanciful devices, the king's being golden ostrich feathers. The armour worn by Boling-
e, when he entered the lists at Coventry, was manufactured expressly for him at Milan by order of Galeazzo
nti, to whom he had written on the subject.

he chroniclers, Hall and Hollingshed, describing this event, assert that Bolingbroke's horse was caparisoned
blue and green velvet, embroidered all over with swans and antelopes, (his badges and supporters,) and that
ousings of the Duke of Norfolk's charger were of crimson velvet, embroidered with silver lions (his paternal
and mulberry trees—a punning device, the family name being Mowbray. The vizor of the bascinet, or war
et of this time, was of a singular shape, giving to the wearer almost the appearance of having the head of a

o feathers decorated the helmet unless they formed the heraldic crest of the family, and then only the tour-
nt helmet.

he general dress of ladies of quality, during the reign of Richard II., consisted of the kirtle, a low-bodied
, with long tight sleeves, made to fit very close to the figure, over which was worn a singularly-shaped sleeve-
own, or robe, with a very full skirt and train, the front and edges generally trimmed with ermine, or other
urs, and giving the appearance of a tight spencer over a loose dress, instead of which it is, as nearly as possible,
xact reverse.

ver this, on state occasions, was worn a long mantle, which, as well as the skirt of the gown, or robe, was
ently embroidered with armorial bearings; in such cases, the arms on the mantle are always those of the
nd, and the others those of the lady's own family.

he hair was worn in a gold fret, or caul, of net-work, surmounted by a chaplet, or garland, of goldsmith's
a coronet, or a veil, according to the fancy or rank of the wearer."

London.—A Street leading to the Tower.

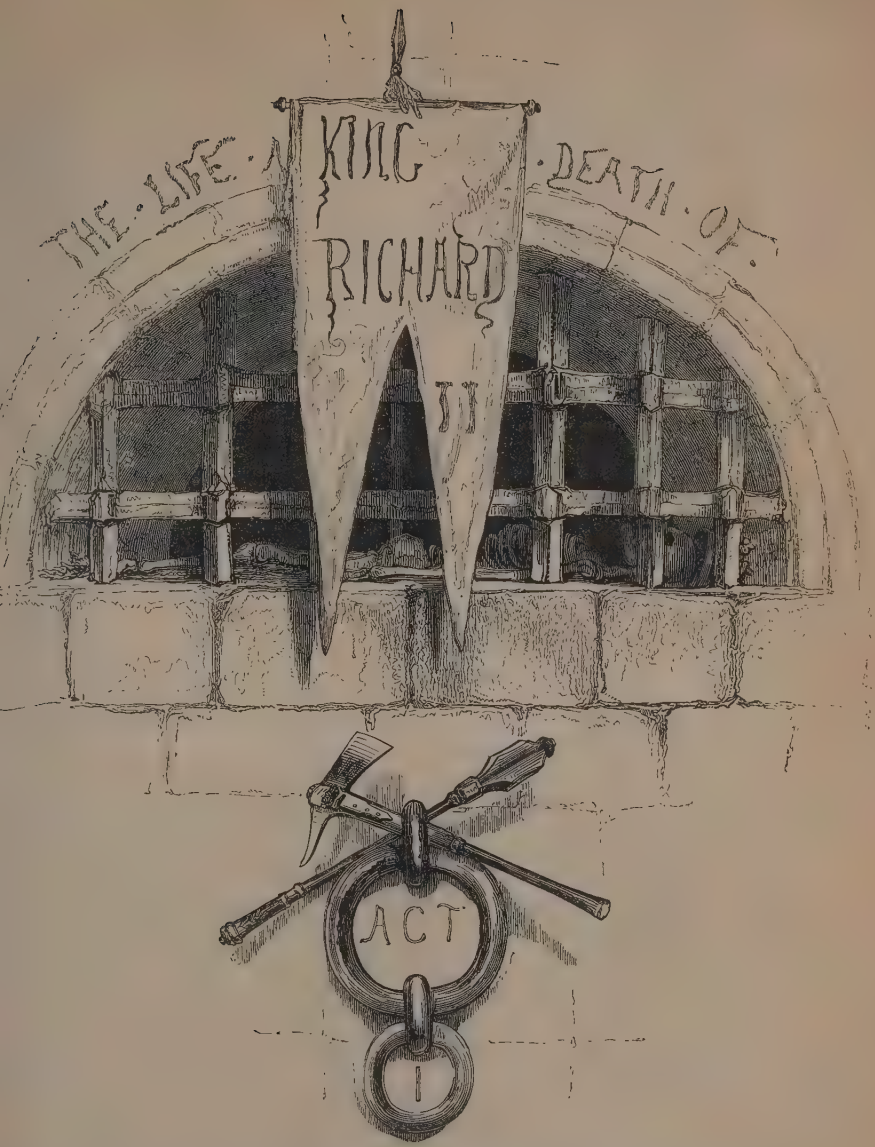
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } Uncles to the King
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, }
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry IV.
DUKE OF AUMERLE, Son to the Duke of York.
MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE OF SURREY.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL BERKELEY.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND
HENRY PERCY, his Son.
LORD ROSS.
LORD WILLOUGHBY.
LORD FITZWATER.
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.
ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.
Lord Marshal; and another Lord.
BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } Creatures to King Richard
GREEN, }
SIR PIERCE OF EXTON
SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.
Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.
DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.
DUCHESS OF YORK.
Lady attending on the Queen

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Two Gardeners, Keeper
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene—Dispersedly in England and Wales.



SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King RICHARD, *attended;* JOHN OF GAUNT, *and other Nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants with BOLINGBROKE, *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech!
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.
Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal.
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this;
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say.
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.
Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worst devise.
Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!
K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowb charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I speak, my life prove it true:—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand no
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employm
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through stream blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.
K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soar
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?
Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his fac
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.
K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy h
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou l
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers:
The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's de
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom

e whereof, most heartily I pray
ighness to assign our trial day.
Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
me.
urge this choler without letting blood:
e prescribe, though no physician;
nalice makes too deep incision.
forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
ctors say this is no month to bleed.—
ncle, let this end where it begun;
alm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.
nt. To be a make-peace shall become my
age.—
down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.
Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
nt. When, Harry? when?
nce bids, I should not bid again.
Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there
s no boot.
Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
thou shalt command, but not my shame:
e my duty owes; but my fair name,
e of death that lives upon my grave,
dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
sgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
nich no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
breath'd this poison.
Rich. Rage must be withstood.
e his gage:—lions make leopards tame.
Yea, but not change his spots: take but my
shame,
esign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage: do
you begin.
Boling. O! God defend my soul from such deep
sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this outdar'd dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face. [*Exit* GAUNT.
K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt*

A Room in the Royal Palace, London.

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room in the Duke of* LANCASTER'S *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, *and Duchess of* GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life:
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when He sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one ro
Some of those seven are dried by nature's co
Some of those branches by the destinies cut
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Glo
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all fa
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed
womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd th
Made him a man; and though thou liv's
breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost conse
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

DUCH. Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine.

Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's sp
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's ba
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes brother's
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventr
As much good stay with thee, as go with me
Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boun
where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

ck! and what shall good old York there see,
empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
peopled offices, untrodden stones?
what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
refore commend me; let him not come there,
seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
olate, desolate, will I hence, and die:
last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

ists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
rs but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
nothing but his majesty's approach.

urish. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his at on his Throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, REEN, *and others, who take their places. A umpet is sounded, and answered by another umpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK, *in armr, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
cause of his arrival here in arms:
him his name; and orderly proceed
swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
inst what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.

ak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
o defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
o hither come engaged by my oath,
hich, God defend, a knight should violate!)
n to defend my loyalty and truth,
God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
inst the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
prove him, in defending of myself,
aitor to my God, my king, and me:
, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

mpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *in armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
n who he is, and why he cometh hither
s plated in habiliments of war;
formally, according to our law,
ose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
pre King Richard in his royal lists?
inst whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?
ak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
I; who ready here do stand in arms,
prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear.
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Lo! as at English feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O! thou,—[*To* GAUNT.]—the earthly author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!

Nor. However God, or fortune, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance—[*To an Officer.*]—to Thomas, duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants. [*A charge sounded.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flourish.*
Draw near,—[*To the Combatants.*]—and list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailor to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless dea
Which robs my tongue from breathing native bre

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionat
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my count light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
[*Retir*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy.—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traito
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*E*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* BOLINGBROKE.]
frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little wo
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs,
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of n
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times ab
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son,

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many year
live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou c
give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morr

canst help time to furrow me with age,
stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
word is current with him for my death,
dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
reto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?
aunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
would have bid me argue like a father.
had it been a stranger, not my child,
smooth his fault I should have been more mild:
rtial slander sought I to avoid,
in the sentence my own life destroy'd.]
! I look'd when some of you should say,
s too strict, to make mine own away;
you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
nst my will, to do myself this wrong.
Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
ears we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* RICHARD, *and Train.*
um. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
n where do you remain, let paper show.
ar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
r as land will let me, by your side.
aunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
oling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
en the tongue's office should be prodigal
reathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
aunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
oling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
aunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
oling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
aunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
oling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
ch finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
aunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
em a foil, wherein thou art to set
precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
but remember me, what a deal of world
nder from the jewels that I love.
t I not serve a long apprenticehood
oreign passages, and in the end,
ng my freedom, boast of nothing else
hat I was a journeyman to grief?
aunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
to a wise man ports and happy havens.
h thy necessity to reason thus;
re is no virtue like necessity:
k not the king did banish thee,
hou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
re it perceives it is but faintly borne.
ay I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
uring pestilence hangs in our air,
thou art flying to a fresher clime:
, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
ose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.]
Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Room in the King's Castle.*

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN, *at one door;* AUMERLE *at another.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves:
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,

With — "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;"—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.
K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY, *hastily.*

Bushy, what news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick
lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he?
Bushy. At Ely-house.
K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physic
mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too
[*Ex*

The Savoy—Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

E I.—London. *An Apartment in Ely-house.*

NT *on a couch; the Duke of* YORK, *and others, standing by him.*

aunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my last
holesome counsel to his unstaid youth?
ork. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
ll in vain comes counsel to his ear.
aunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men
rce attention like deep harmony:
re words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
hat no more must say is listen'd more,
an they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
e are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before.
ie setting sun, and music at the close,
he last taste of sweets is sweetest) last,
in remembrance more than things long past.
gh Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
leath's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
ork. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
raises of his state: then, there are found
ivious metres, to whose venom sound
open ear of youth doth always listen:
rt of fashions in proud Italy;
se manners still our tardy apish nation
s after, in base imitation.
re doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
be new there's no respect how vile,
is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
, all too late comes counsel to be heard,
re will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
t not him, whose way himself will choose:
breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
aunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
ash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
iolent fires soon burn out themselves;
l showers last long, but sudden storms are hort;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter King RICHARD, *and* QUEEN; AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What, comfort, man! How is't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st—thou ter'st me.

Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though I the sicke

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see the

Gaunt. Now, He that made me knows I thee ill.

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

GAUNT. Convey me to my bed, then to my grave

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend should

Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edwa son,
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,

t thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.
brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
om fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls!
be a precedent and witness good,
t thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
with the present sickness that I have,
thy unkindness be like crooked age,
rop at once a too-long withered flower.
in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
se words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
vey me to my bed, then to my grave:
e they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*
. *Rich.* And let them die, that age and sullens have;
both hast thou, and both become the grave.
ork. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
wayward sickliness and age in him:
loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.
. *Rich.* Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so his:
heirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

orth. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
. *Rich.* What says he?
orth. Nay, nothing; all is said.
tongue is now a stringless instrument:
rds, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
ork. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
ugh death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
. *Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so dotl. he:
time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
nuch for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
ich live like venom, where no venom else,
only they, hath privilege to live:
for these great affairs do ask some charge,
vards our assistance we do seize to us
plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
ereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
ork. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
ll tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
ut his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
e ever made me sour my patient cheek,
bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
n the last of noble Edward's sons,
vhom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:
var was never lion rag'd more fierce,
eace was never gentle lamb more mild,
n was that young and princely gentleman.
face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
mplish'd with the number of thy hours;
when he frown'd, it was against the French,
not against his friends: his noble hand
win what he did spend, and spent not that
ich his triumphant father's hand had won:
hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
lse he never would compare between.
. *Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?
ork. O, my liege!
don me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [*Flourish.*
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.
North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenues.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute,
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts: therefore, be bold.
North. Then thus.—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britanny, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.
Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at some thing it grieves
More than with parting from my lord, the king.
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion: ey'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wail,
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadow
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.
Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As,—though in thinking on no thought I think,—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.
Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name: 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

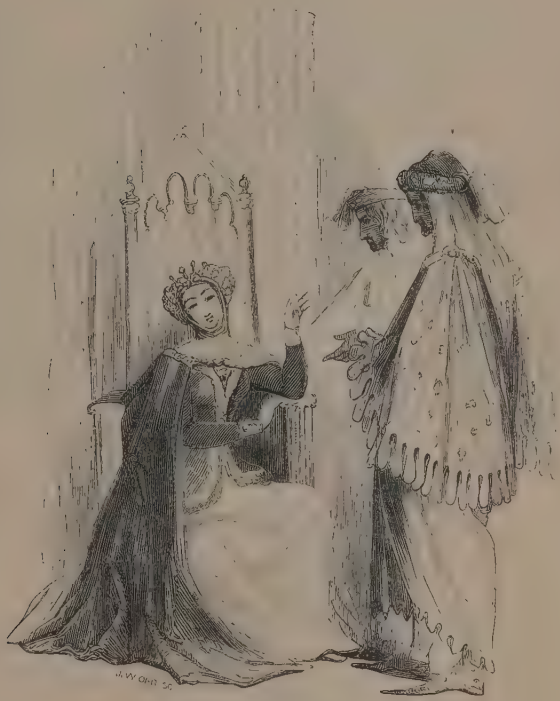
Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen.—
I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.
Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!
Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son, young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

all the household servants fled with him
Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
woe,
Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
y hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
e woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
ushy. Despair not, madam.
Queen. Who shall hinder me?
ll despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.
Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.
York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:



QUEEN. And I, a gasping, new-delivered mother—

fort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
ere nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
r husband, he is gone to save far off,
ilst others come to make him lose at home:
e am I left to underprop his land,
o, weak with age, cannot support myself.
r comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
r shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

erv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
ork. He was?—Why, so:—go all which way
it will!—
nobles they are fled, the commons they are
cold,
will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
ah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lord-
ship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there:
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
York. What is't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.
York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What! are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow,—[*To the Servant.*]—get thee home; provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs.
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin,
I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley.
I should to Plashy too,
But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and* QUEEN.
Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.
Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.
Bagot. And that's the wavering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.
Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.
Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?
Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.
Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.
Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.
Bushy. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine h
done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here

Enter HARRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have lea
his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook
court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.
North. What was his reas
He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
Together.
Percy. Because your lordship was proclain
traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Herefo
boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forg
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledg
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now: this
the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my servi
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be su
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what
Keeps good old York there, with his men of wa
Percy. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft
trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have hea
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and S
mour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and W
loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.
Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your l
pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most no
lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of
poor;

ch, till my infant fortune comes to years.
ds for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

orth. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
erk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
oling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,
I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on

PERCY. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees.

ake advantage of the absent time,
fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

oling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
e comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle.
[*Kneels.*
ork. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
ose duty is deceivable and false.
oling. My gracious uncle—
ork. Tut, tut! grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"
n ungracious mouth, is but profane.
y have those banish'd and forbidden legs
d once to touch a dust of England's ground?
then, more why,—why have they dar'd to march
many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
hting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
ostentation of despised arms?
'st thou because th' anointed king is hence?
, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
in my loyal bosom lies his power.
e I but now the lord of such hot youth,
hen brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
ued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
n forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!
Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:

My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attornies are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come; in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But, since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,

The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you;—but I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are
Things past redress are now with me past car

[*Ex*

SCENE IV.—*A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY, *and a Welsh Captain.*

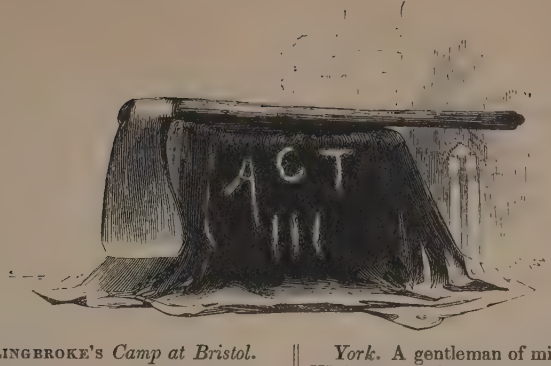
Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Fare

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty W man:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful chan
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and lea
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead. [

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy n
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [

Duke of York's Garden at Langley.



CENE I.—BOLINGBROKE'S *Camp at Bristol.*

r BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
ERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: BUSHY, *and*
EEN, *prisoners.*

ling. Bring forth these men.—
y, and Green, I will not vex your souls,
presently your souls must part your bodies,
too much urging your pernicious lives,
twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
off my hands, here in the view of men,
unfold some causes of your deaths.
have misled a prince, a royal king,
ppy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
ou unhappied and disfigur'd clean:
have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
e the possession of a royal bed,
stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.
lf, a prince by fortune of my birth,
to the king in blood, and near in love,
ou did make him misinterpret me,
stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
g the bitter bread of banishment,
st you have fed upon my signories,
rk'd my parks, and felled my forest woods,
mine own windows torn my household coat,
l out my impress, leaving me no sign,
men's opinions, and my living blood,
ow the world I am a gentleman.
and much more, much more than twice all this,
emns you to the death.—See them deliver'd
over
xecution, and the hand of death.
shy. More welcome is the stroke of death to
me,
Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.
een. My comfort is, that heaven will take our
souls,
plague injustice with the pains of hell.
ling. My lord Northumberland, see them dis-
patch'd.
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others, with*
BUSHY, *and* GREEN.
e, you say the queen is at your house;
God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
her I send to her my kind commends;
special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at
hand?
Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace
the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that
made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
[The means that heavens yield must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.]
Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too re-
miss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, bloody here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
[Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,]
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here!

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay,
The worst is death, and death will have his da
Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so a
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their sh
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than
White-beards have arm'd their thin and ha
scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with wo
voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joint
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a
so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Ba
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful step
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingb
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, in
my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd withou
demption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting
heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than J
Would they make peace? terrible hell make
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his prop
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is mad
With heads and not with hands: those whom
curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wou
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of
shire, dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost
heads.
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, wit
power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no
speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
e haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
e poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
nurder'd;—for within the hollow crown,
t rounds the mortal temples of a king,
ps death his court, and there the antick sits,
ing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
wing him a breath, a little scene,
nonarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
sing him with self and vain conceit,
f this flesh, which walls about our life,
e brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
es at the last, and with a little pin
s through his castle wall, and—farewell king!
r your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
n solemn reverence: throw away respect,
lition, form, and ceremonious duty,
you have but mistook me all this while:
e with bread like you, feel want,
e grief, need friends: subjected thus,
can you say to me—I am a king?

ishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their woes,
presently prevent the ways to wail.
ear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
s, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
so your follies fight against yourself.
, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
fight and die is death destroying death;
re fearing dying pays death servile breath.

um. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
learn to make a body of a limb.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well.—Proud Boling-
broke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee cousin,—[*To* AUMERLE.]—which
didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we
now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

Ancient view of Bristol.

SCENE III.—Wales. *A Plain before Flint Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, *and Forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard:—Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

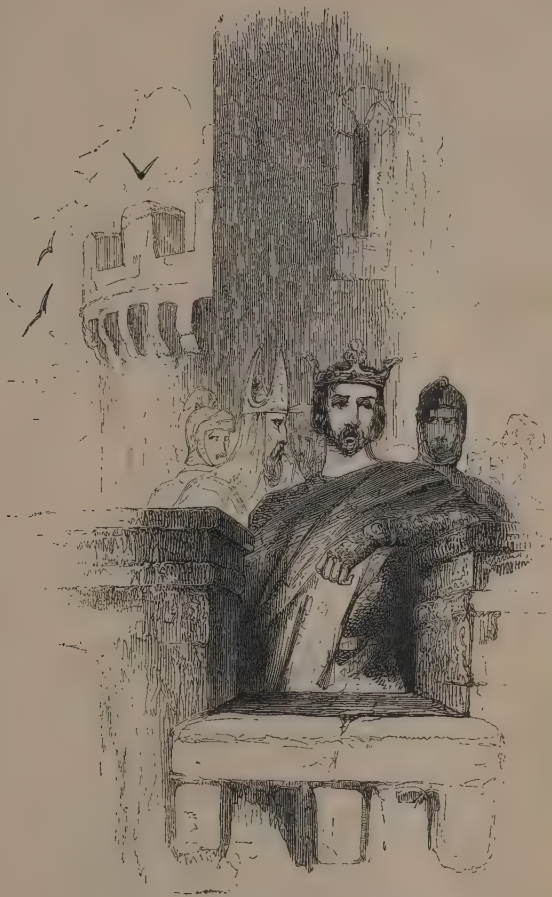
Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally?
Why, it contains no king.
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go; signify as much while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, *the Bishop of Carlisle,* AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we stood [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,
And we are barren and bereft of friends,
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond', methinks, he stands,
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just,
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns.

noble cousin is right welcome hither;
l all the number of his fair demands
ll be accomplish'd without contradiction.
h all the gracious utterance thou hast,
ak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires to* BOLINGBROKE.
do debase ourself, cousin,—[*To* AUMERLE.]—
do we not,
look so poorly, and to speak so fair?

Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment



KING RICH. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood—

yond' proud man, should take it off again
th words of sooth. O! that I were as great
is my grief, or lesser than my name,
that I could forget what I have been,
not remember what I must be now!
ell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
ce foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. *Rich.* What must the king do now? Must he submit?
e king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figur'd goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;

For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live,
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you: may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[NORTHUMBERLAND *retires again to* BOLINGBROKE.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Attendants, below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*Kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then, I must not say no.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Langley. *The Duke of* YORK'S *Garden.*

Enter the QUEEN, *and two Ladies.*

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.
[QUEEN *and Ladies retire.*

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

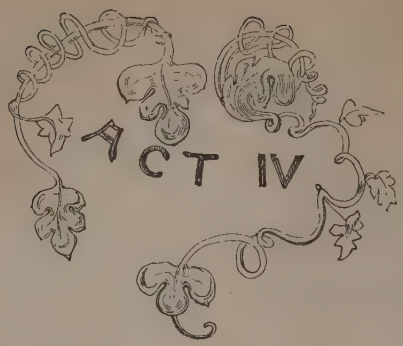
1 *Serv.* What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke

n seiz'd the wasteful king.—O! what pity is it,
t he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
ve this garden. We at time of year
vound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
, being over-proud in sap and blood,
n too much riches it confound itself:
he done so to great and growing men,
y might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
ir fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
he done so, himself had borne the crown,
ch waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Serv. What! think you, then, the king shall
be depos'd?
ard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
doubt, he will be: letters came last night
dear friend of the good duke of York's,
tell black tidings.
ueen. O! I am press'd to death, through want
of speaking. [*Coming forward.*
n, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
r dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
at Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
nake a second fall of cursed man?
r dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
ne his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.
Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN, *and Ladies.*
Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

QUEEN Thou, old Adam's likeness—



SCENE I.—London. *Westminster Hall.*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, *another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—"Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?"
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.
Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.
Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust;
And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thou dar'st.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun. There is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Aum. Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all.
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then,
And you can witness with me this is true.
Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.
Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou, the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.
Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage.
That Norfolk lies, here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,

Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
though mine enemy, restor'd again
l his lands and signories. When he's return'd,
ıst Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
shop. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
r a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
ıming the ensign of the Christian cross
ıst black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
aly, and there, at Venice, gave
ody to that pleasant country's earth,
his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
r whose colours he had fought so long.
ling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?
shop. As surely as I live, my lord.
ling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
od old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
differences shall all rest under gage,
ve assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

rk. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
ı plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
ts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
ıe possession of thy royal hand.
ıd his throne, descending now from him,—
long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
ling. In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.
shop. Marry, God forbid!—
st in this royal presence may I speak,
best beseeming me to speak the truth.
ld God, that any in this noble presence
e enough noble to be upright judge
ble Richard: then, true nobless would
n him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
t subject can give sentence on his king?
who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
ves are not judg'd but they are by to hear,
ugh apparent guilt be seen in them;
shall the figure of God's majesty,
aptain, steward, deputy elect,
nted, crowned, planted many years,
dg'd by subject and inferior breath,
he himself not present? O! forfend it, God,
in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
ld show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
ak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
d up by God thus boldly for his king.
ord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
oul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
f you crown him, let me prophesy
blood of English shall manure the ground,
uture ages groan for this foul act:
e shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
n this seat of peace tumultuous wars
kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
der, horror, fear, and mutiny,
here inhabit, and this land be call'd
field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
you raise this house against this house,
l the woefullest division prove,
ever fell upon this cursed earth.
ent it, resist it, let it not be so,
child, child's children, cry against you—woe!
rth. Well have you argu'd, sir; and, for your pains,
pital treason we arrest you here.—
ord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
Little are we beholding to your love,
[*To the Bishop.*
And little look for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with King* RICHARD, *and Officers bearing the Crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize the crown;
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side, yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new cares won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all duties, rites:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
[*Offering a paper.*

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

KING RICH. Here, cousin, seize the crown

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis usurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day!
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself.
O! that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water drops!—
Good king,—great king,—and yet not greatly good,
An if my name be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass. [*Exit an Attendant.*

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

e me the glass, and therein will I read.—
deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
many blows upon this face of mine,
made no deeper wounds?—O, flattering glass!
e to my followers in prosperity,
u dost beguile me. Was this face the face,
t every day under his household roof
keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,
t like the sun did make beholders wink?
s this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
ittle glory shineth in this face:
rittle as the glory is the face;
[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*
there it is, crack'd in a thousand shivers.—
k, silent king, the moral of this sport:
v soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
oling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
shadow of your face.
. *Rich.* Say that again.
shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
very true, my grief lies all within;
these external manners of lament
merely shadows to the unseen grief,
t swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
re lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
cause to wail, but teachest me the way
v to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
then begone and trouble you no more.
ll I obtain it?
oling. Name it, fair cousin.
. *Rich.* Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.
[*Exeunt King* RICHARD, *and Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the* ABBOT, *Bishop of* CARLISLE, *and* AUMERLE.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

AUM. You holy clergymen is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

SCENE I.—London. *A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, *and Attendants.*

Queen. This way the king will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guard.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah! thou, the model where old Troy did stand;
Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this. I am sworn brother, sweet,
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometimes queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall think, that thou, which knowest the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.
Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans

ueen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
piece the way out with a heavy heart.
e, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
e, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*
ueen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
ke on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*They kiss again.*
ow. I have mine own again, begone,
I may strive to kill it with a groan.
Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

ENE II.—London. *A Room in the Duke of* YORK'S *Palace.*

Enter YORK, *and the Duchess.*

uch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
n weeping made you break the story off,
ur two cousins coming into London.
rk. Where did I leave?
uch. At that sad stop, my lord,
re rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
w dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
rk. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
nted upon a hot and fiery steed,
ch his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
slow but stately pace kept on his course,
e all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
would have thought the very windows spake,
any greedy looks of young and old
ugh casements darted their desiring eyes
his visage; and that all the walls
painted imagery had said at once,—
u preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
st he, from one side to the other turning,
-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
ake them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
uch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
rk. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
dly bent on him that enters next,
king his prattle to be tedious;
so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
cowl on gentle Richard: no man cried, God save him;
yful tongue gave him his welcome home;
dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
h with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
ace still combating with tears and smiles,
badges of his grief and patience,
had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
barbarism itself have pitied him.
heaven hath a hand in these events,
hose high will we bound our calm contents.
olingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
se state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent not; I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter, Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—
[*Exit Servant.*
York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond, mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou would'st be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Windsor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*; PERCY, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *in great haste.*

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?
Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech yo majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us he alone.— [*Exeunt* PERCY, *and Lor*
What is the matter with our cousin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the ear [*Knee*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fau
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after love I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn t key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy desire.
[AUMERLE *locks the do*
York. [*Within.*] My liege, beware! look to th self:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*Drawin*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast cause to fear.
York. [*Within.*] Open the door, secure, fo hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the do*

Enter YORK.

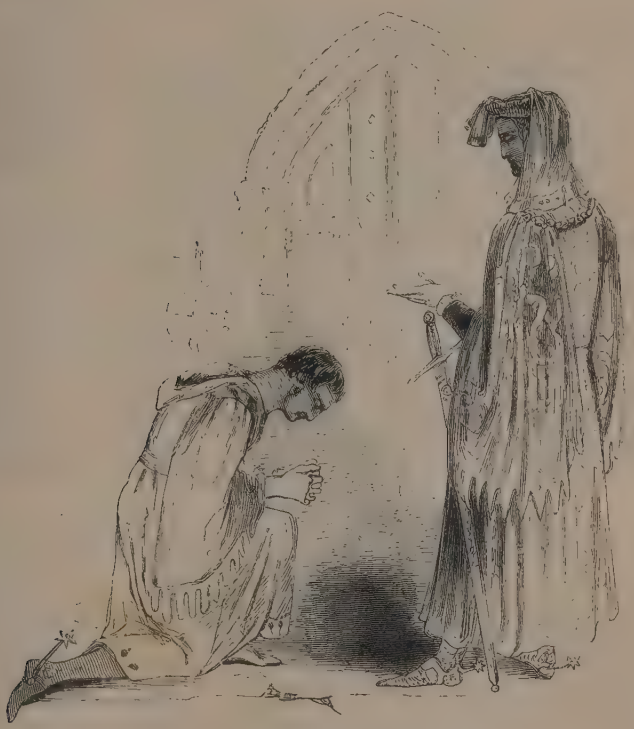
Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou sh know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promi past.
I do repent me; read not my name there:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold cons racy!—
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passag
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*Within.*] What ho! my liege! for God sake let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes th eager cry?
Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great kin 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

ng. Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,
ow chang'd to "The Beggar and the King."—
ngerous cousin, let your mother in:
r, she's come to pray for your foul sin.
k. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
ester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
et alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

h. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege. [*Kneels.*
Boling. Rise up, good aunt.
Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*



AUM. For ever may my knees grow to the earth.

k. Against them both, my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
r'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
h. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
es do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
ords come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
ays but faintly, and would be denied;
ay with heart, and soul, and all beside:
eary joints would gladly rise, I know;
nees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
ayers are full of false hypocrisy;
f true zeal and deep integrity.
rayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
nercy which true prayers ought to have.
ng. Good aunt, stand up.
h. Nay, do not say—stand up;
ardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, *pardonnez moi.*
Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah! my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.
Boling. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.
Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.
Duch. A god on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son: I pray Heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Enter Sir Pierce *of* Exton, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?
Serv. Those were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus,—"Come, little ones;" and then again,—
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear? [*Mu*
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clo
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they
Their watches on unto mine eyes the outw watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my hea
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and gro
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the cloc
This music mads me: let it sound no more,
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble pe
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, kin
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards Y
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face
O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, ge friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the grou
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on back?
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping h
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall do
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the ne
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

ep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

oom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

ep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

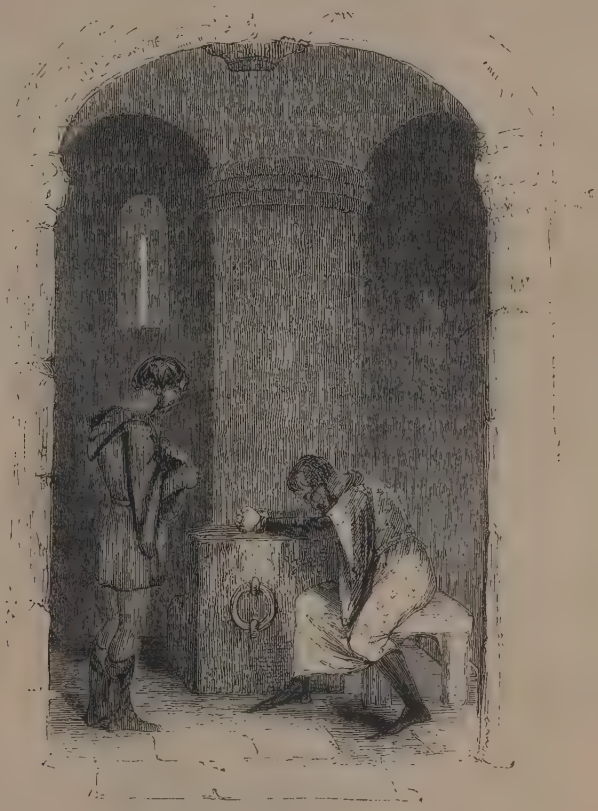
ep. My lord, I dare not: sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.
[*Strikes the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Sir PIERCE *of* EXTON, *and Servants, armed.*

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?



GROOM I was a poor groom of thy stable, king.

n, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
ou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another:* EXTON *strikes him down.*
hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
t, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
t my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*
ton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Windsor. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with Lords, and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceter in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness:
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[*Presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the Bishop of Carlisle.*

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

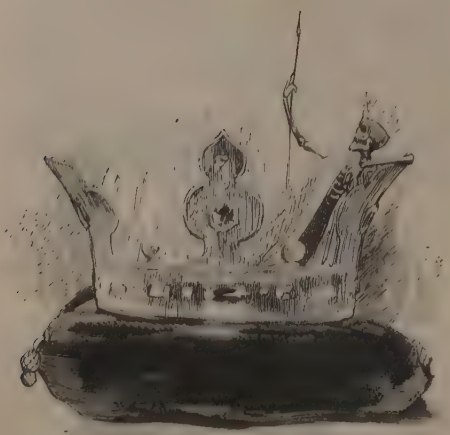
Enter EXTON, *with Attendants bearing a coffi*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I presen
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou h
wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, di
this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison ne
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labou
But neither my good word, nor princely favour
With Cain go wander through the shades of ni
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grov
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exe*



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NOTES ON KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

ACT I.—Scene I.

ld John of Gaunt, time-honoured *Lancaster,*" etc.

ohn of Gaunt was, at this period, about fifty-seven; it would now sound strangely to apply this epithet time-honoured" to a British peer, or even an Ameri- senator, of that age. Some years ago, in a debate he senate of New York, on the subject of judiciary rm, the present editor had occasion to comment on passage, in reference to the absurd restriction, in state, of the tenure of higher judicial office to the of sixty, fixed in 1775:—"The habits of former erations were not so favourable to longevity, and the servation of a sound mind in a sound body, to ripe age, as those of the present. The improvement of dern life in habits, in diet, in ventilation, in the police cities, in the science of medicine, have all tended y much to the prolongation of the period of active, lthy, and useful life. It may sound oddly to refer to authority of Shakespeare, in an argument on legal rm; yet he affords some curious illustrations of this . Every body recollects, in his historical plays, the ress to John of Gaunt, as 'time-honoured Lancaster;' his son, Henry IV., is afterwards represented as an d prince. Some of the critics have noticed these as orical errors in the dramatist, as John of Gaunt, who poken of in terms we should now apply to a man of nty, was then some years under sixty; while the ven- ble Henry IV. was under forty at the battle of Shrews- y, and died at forty-five. But old poets and chroni- rs often express similar relative notions of age; and solution given, by the best English antiquaries, is, the mode of life of those steel-clad warriors, mixed lternate hardships and wild excess, with little atten- to any habits of cleanliness, either in their persons heir dwellings, with the total absence of all tolerable gical or medical skill, to relieve the most ordinary ady, or what would be now considered as a slight und, broke them down at a comparatively early age. ey were old men, 'time-honoured patriarchs,' at an when a modern English barrister, or colonel, is n called a 'rising young man.' Something of the e change has taken place in our own state of society, e the revolution," etc.—Verplanck's *Speech in the ate of New York, on the Bill for the Amendment of Law,* (1839.)

" — *thy oath and* band"—"Band" and *bond* are each past participle passive of the verb *to bind.* Hence and," that by which a thing is confined, and *bond,* that by which one is constrained, are the same thing. The appeal of Hereford against Mowbray was to be decided by a "trial by combat." This practice was very ancient, and traces of it are found in the fifth century. The "oath and band" of John of Gaunt were the *pledges* that he gave for his son's appearance. Thus, in the "Fairy Queen" of Spenser:—

> These three that hardy challenge took in hand,
> For Camace with Cambel for to fight:
> The day was set, that all might understand,
> And *pledges* pawn'd, the same to keep aright.

" — *Henry* Hereford *thy bold son*"—In the ancient copies, this name is here spelled *Herford,* showing that it was pronounced, in Shakespeare's time, as a dissyllable—probably *Harford,* as it is always spelled by Shakespeare's friend and contemporary, Daniel, in speaking of the same personage, in his "Civil Wars." In the speech of Richard, after the entrance of Bolingbroke, the title is printed "Hereford," in most of the old copies; and the usual course in the latter part of this play, in the oldest edition as well as in the folio of 1623, is to print it the same; but the metre is always more exact when it is pronounced in two syllables, as it doubtless was by the author.

" — *the cause you come*"—i. e. On which you come, or you come on. Such an omission of the preposition is not unusual.

" — *any other ground* inhabitable"—i. e. *Uninhabitable:* so used by Ben Jonson, Donne, and other writers of the time. Thus, in T. Heywood's "General History of Women," (1624:)—"Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents."

> "*It must be great that can* inherit *us*
> *So much as of a thought of ill in him.*"

We have more than once had occasion to point out the peculiar use of "inherit," by Shakespeare, as here, not in its ordinary sense, but in that of *possessing.* So in Romeo and Juliet:—

> —— Such delight
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> *Inherit* at my house.

So, too, in the often quoted "all that it inherit" of Prospero. No similar use of the word has been traced in any other English writer.

"*Look, what I* speak"—This is the earliest reading; though the folios and others have *said.* "Speak" seems

more proper, as it refers to the particular accusations Bolingbroke is about to bring against Mowbray. Though of small moment, we notice the variance, because Knight lays some stress on *said*.

"— LEWD *employments*"—"Lewd," in its early signification, means *misled, deluded;* and thence it came to stand, as here, for *wicked*. It is so used in old acts of parliament, and at least once in our English New Testament.

"SUGGEST *his soon-believing adversaries*," etc.

That is, *Prompt, set on* by wicked insinuations, as *suggestion* is used in the TEMPEST:—

They'll take *suggestion*, as a cat laps milk.

"*Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,*
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement," etc.

"Note the *deinon* of this 'to me,' which is evidently felt by Richard—

How high a pitch his resolution soars!—

and the affected depreciation afterwards—

As he is but my father's brother's son."

COLERIDGE.

"*In haste whereof, most heartily I pray*
Your highness to assign our trial day."

"The occasional interspersion of rhymes, and the more frequent winding up of a speech therewith—what purpose was this designed to answer? In the earnest drama, I mean. Deliberateness? An attempt, as in Mowbray, to collect himself and be cool at the close? I can see that in the following speeches the rhyme answers the end of the Greek chorus, and distinguishes the general truths from the passions of the dialogue; but this does not exactly justify the practice, which is unfrequent in proportion to the excellence of Shakespeare's plays. One thing, however, is to be observed,—that the speakers are historical, known, and so far formal, characters, and their reality is already a fact. This should be borne in mind. The whole of this scene of the quarrel between Mowbray and Bolingbroke seems introduced for the purpose of showing, by anticipation, the characters of Richard and Bolingbroke. In the latter there is observable a decorous and courtly checking of his anger, in subservience to a predetermined plan, especially in his calm speech after receiving sentence of banishment, compared with Mowbray's unaffected lamentation. In the one, all is ambitious hope of something yet to come; in the other it is desolation, and a looking backward of the heart."—COLERIDGE.

"*When, Harry? when*"—"When," so used, is an expression of impatience, as in the TAMING OF THE SHREW—"Why when, I say." Monck Mason (adds Knight) suggests a new punctuation, which is very ingenious, though we can scarcely venture to adopt it in the text, contrary to the old copies. It is this:—

When, Harry? When
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

"— *throw down; we bid; there is no* BOOT"—"There is no *boot*," or it *booteth* not, is as much as to say "there is no *help*;" resistance would be vain, or *profitless*.

"— BAFFLED *here*"—"Baffled" in this place signifies *abused, reviled, reproached* in base terms; which was the ancient signification of the word, as well as to *deceive*, or circumvent.

"— *lions make leopards tame*"—The allusion is to the golden Leopard, the Norfolk crest, and the Lion of English royalty.

"*Justice* DESIGN"—To "design," in our author's time, signified to *mark out*. See Minshew's Dictionary:—"To *designe*, or shew by a token, (Ital. *Denotare;* Lat. *Designare;*)—to *marke*, note, demonstrate, or shew." The word is still used with this signification in Scotland.—MALONE.

SCENE II.

"— *the part I had in* GLOSTER'S *blood*"—In all t editions, prior to the folio, it stands, "*Woodstoc* blood," which was doubtless Shakespeare's origi word; altered afterwards to make the fact more inte gible to those less familiar with the story of his Plan genets. The title is thus explained by Mr. Amyot: "He was born at Woodstock, and was always call Thomas of Woodstock, by the historians, till Richard created him Earl of Buckingham, and afterwards Du of Gloster."

"— HE *sees*"—All the old copies have "*they* see retained by Collier and others. I take the *they* to a typographical error for "He," (with the capital)- reverential expression, which a Scotchman will und stand, with other old English, better than his southe neighbours.

"*God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,*
His deputy anointed in his sight," etc.

"Without the hollow extravagance of Beaumont a Fletcher's ultra-royalism, how carefully does Shal speare acknowledge and reverence the eternal disti tion between the mere individual, and the symbolic representative, on which all genial law, no less th patriotism, depends. The whole of this second sce commences, and is anticipative of, the tone and char ter of the play at large."—COLERIDGE.

"— COMPLAIN *myself*"—The verb is here the sa as the French verb, *se plaindre*.

"*A* CAITIFF *recreant*"—"The original meaning this word was a *prisoner*. Wickliffe has, 'he stighyi an high ledde *caityfte caityf*,' (captivity captive.) the captive anciently became a slave, the word gra ally came to indicate a man in a servile condition- mean creature—a dishonest person. The history language is often the history of opinion; and it is surprising that, in the days of misused power, to weak, and to be guilty, were synonymous. The Frer *chétif* had anciently the meaning of *captif*."—JOHNS *and* KNIGHT.

"— *unfurnish'd walls*"—"The usual manner, (s Percy, in his preface to the 'Northumberland Hou hold Book,') of hanging the rooms in the old cast was only to cover the naked stone walls with tapest or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which they w easily taken down, upon every removal."

"*Unpeopled offices*"—The offices were those parts a great house, or castle, in which the vast train of s vants lived and carried on their duties. They w not out-buildings, nor subterraneous, but on the grou floor within the house. The "unpeopled office therefore, of the Duchess of Gloster's desolate mansi would present no sound of life, nor "cheer for welcom

"— HEAR *there for welcome*"—Malone asserted, tha the first edition of this play, in 1599, "hear" stands *che* and all modern editions have adopted his reading, u Collier showed that the word is "hear" in *all* the e tions, quarto and folio, and that *cheer* has been sub tuted in the text, against every authority.

SCENE III.

"*Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds*," etc.

The narrative of Hollingshed, upon which Sha speare has founded the third scene of this act, is m picturesque. We see all the gorgeous array of chival as it existed in the age of pageants, called forth, w unusual magnificence, upon an occasion of the grav import. The old stage of Shakespeare's time could hibit none of this magnificence. The great comps of men apparelled in silk sendall—the splendid cours of the combatants, with their velvet housings—the k on his throne, surrounded by his peers and his ten th sand men in armour—all these were to be wholly

ed upon the ancient stage. Our Poet, in his chorus ENRY V., thus addresses his audience:—

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when you talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.

ssist our readers in seeing the "imaginary puis-e" of the lists of Coventry, we subjoin Hollingshed's ription:—

The Duke of Aumerle, that day, being high con-le of England, and the Duke of Surry, marshal, ed themselves between them, well armed and ap-ted; and when they saw their time, they first en-l into the lists with a great company of men appa-d in silk sendall, embroidered with silver, both y and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to the field in order. About the hour of prime came he barriers of the lists, the Duke of Hereford, nted on a white courser barded with green and blue et, embroidered sumptuously with swans and ante-s of goldsmith's work, armed at all points. The table and marshal came to the barriers, demanding im what he was; he answered, 'I am Henry of caster Duke of Hereford, which am come hither to nine endeavour against Thomas Mowbray Duke of olk, as a traitor untrue to God, the king, his realm, me.' Then, incontinently, he sware upon the holy gelists, that his quarrel was true and just, and upon point he required to enter the lists. Then he put is sword, which before he held naked in his hand, putting down his visor, made a cross on his horse, with spear in hand entered into the lists, and de-ded from his horse, and set him down in a chair of n velvet, at the one end of the lists, and there re-d himself, abiding the coming of his adversary. Soon after him, entered into the field, with great mph, King Richard, accompanied with all the peers ne realm, and in his company was the Earl of St. , which was come out of France in post to see this enge performed. The king had there above ten sand men in armour, least some fray or tumult ıt rise amongst his nobles, by quarrelling or partak-

When the king was set in his seat, which was y hanged and adorned, a king-at-arms made open lamation, prohibiting all men, in the name of the , and of the high constable and marshal, to enter-e or attempt to approach, or touch any part of the upon pain of death, except such as were appointed der or marshal the field. The proclamation ended, her herald cried: 'Behold here Henry of Lancas-Duke of Hereford appellant, which is entered into lists royal to do his devoir against Thomas Mowbray e of Norfolk defendant, upon pain to be found false recreant.'

The duke of Norfolk hovered on horseback at the ance of the lists, his horse being barded with crim-velvet, embroidered richly with lions of silver and perry trees; and when he had made his oath before constable and marshal that his quarrel was just and , he entered the field manfully, saying aloud: 'God im that hath the right;' and then he departed from horse, and sate him down in his chair, which was of son velvet, curtained about with white and red ask. The lord marshal viewed their spears, to see they were of equal length, and delivered the one r himself to the duke of Hereford, and sent the r unto the duke of Norfolk by a knight. Then the ld proclaimed that the traverses and chairs of the npions should be removed, commanding them on king's behalf to mount on horseback, and address nselves to the battle and combat.

The duke of Hereford was quickly horsed, and ed his beaver, and cast his spear into the rest, and n the trumpet sounded, set forward courageously ards his enemy, six or seven paces. The duke of folk was not fully set forward, when the king cast rn his warder, and the heralds cried, 'Ho, ho!' n the king caused their spears to be taken from them, and commanded them to repair again to their chairs, where they remained two long hours, while the king and his council deliberately consulted what order was best to be had in so weighty a cause."

The sentence of Richard upon Bolingbroke and Norfolk was, in effect, the same as Shakespeare has described it; but the remission of a portion of the term of Bolingbroke's banishment did not take place at the lists of Coventry. Froissart says, that when Bolingbroke's day of departure approached, he came to Eltham, to the king, who thus addressed him:—"As God help me, it right greatly displeaseth me the words that hath been between you and the earl marshal; but the sentence that I have given you is for the best, and for to appease thereby the people, who greatly murmured on this matter; wherefore, cousin, yet to ease you somewhat of your pain, I release my judgment from ten year to six year. Cousin, take this aworth, and ordain you thereafter." The earl answered and said: "Sir, I thank your grace, and when it shall please you, ye shall do me more grace."—KNIGHT.

"— LORD *Marshal*"—The office of Lord Marshal was executed, on this occasion, by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey, inadvertently introduced as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present drama. "Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was Earl Marshal of England; but, being himself one of the combatants, the Duke of Surrey officiated as Earl Marshal for the day."—MALONE.

"— *duke of Norfolk*"—Edwards observes, from Hollingshed, that the Duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first.

"— MY *succeeding issue*"—"The first folio, deviating from the three first editions, reads, '*his* succeeding issue'—the succeeding issue of the king. '*My* succeeding issue' appears to convey a higher and finer meaning. Mowbray owed to his descendants to defend his loyalty and truth to them, as well as to his God, and to his king. Their fortunes would have been ruined by his attainder; their reputations compromised by his disgrace. The sentiment, in its noblest form, is in Burke's most pathetic argument, that he owed to the memory of the son he had lost the duty of vindicating himself from unjust accusation."—(*Letter to the Duke of Bedford.*)—KNIGHT.

"— *steel my lance's point,*
That it may enter Mowbray's WAXEN *coat,*" etc.

That is, May his coat of mail be as wax to my lance. "Waxen" and *waxey*, whether from their metaphorical use, or their derivation, (Anglo-Saxon *wax*, pliable, tender,) are often used, by old writers, in a manner similar to the present use. Thus, Bishop Hall speaks of persons "*waxey* to persuasion."

"— *the king hath thrown his* WARDER *down*"—A "warder" (says Stevens) appears to have been a kind of *truncheon*, carried by the person who presided at these single combats. So, in Daniel's "Civil Wars," (1595,) in reference to this transaction:—

When, lo! the king chang'd suddenly his mind,
Casts down his *warder*, and so stays them there.

"*The* SLY SLOW *hours*"—This phrase well describes "the thievish minutes as they pass," and answers to the "stealing hours of time" in AS YOU LIKE IT. Chapman, in his contemporary translation of Homer, has a similar use of the epithet "sly:"—

—— those *slie* hours
That still surprise at last.

As this expressive phrase is the reading of all the old editions, it is here retained, although many popular editions have adopted Pope's ingenious and poetical, but arbitrary alteration to "*fly-slow* hours." It is curious that Pope, in his "Essay on Man," has himself employed the epithet he expunged here:—

All *sly slow* things with circumspective eyes.

"— *thy* DEAR *exile*"—"Dear" is often used, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, in modes perplexing to the modern reader. We have, just before, the "*dear* blood" of the kingdom, and, in ROMEO AND JULIET, "in *dear* employment," both in our present use. But in HAMLET we find, "my *dearest* foe;" in the "Sonnets," "by fortune's *dearest* spite,"—with many other instances of a use quite opposite. These contradictions, H. Tooke, and others on his authority, have laboured to resolve into the primitive meaning of the Saxon *dere*, (to hurt.) Without going back to the Saxon primitive, (whether that be the root or no.) it seems certain that the older English use of the word was applied to *cost*, (high in price, costly;) probably because things were "dear" in price when there was a *dearth* of them. It then passed to the secondary sense of *highly valued, much loved*. Caldicott, in his edition of "Hamlet," to which all editors owe so much, has shown that *dear* and *dearest*, in the language of our Poet and his times, were applied to whatever excited the strongest interest, whether of liking or repugnance. Here it is, "thy exile costing thee so *dearly*."

"*A dearer* MERIT"—i. e. A more valued *reward*. Johnson says, to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any example. Shakespeare here distinctly means to deserve a reward; for merit is strictly the part or share earned or gained. Prior, who wrote a century after, uses the word in the same sense:—

> Those laurel-groves, the *merits* of thy youth,
> Which thou from Mahomet did'st greatly gain.

"— *to be* COMPASSIONATE"—"Compassionate" is apparently here used in the sense of *complaining, plaintive;* but no other instance of the word, in this sense, has occurred to the commentators. May it not be an error of the press, for "*so passionate?*" which would give the required meaning to the passage; *passionate* being frequently used for to express *passion*, or *grief*—to *complain*. So in the "Palace of Pleasure," (vol. ii. lib. 5:)—"Now leave we this amorous hermit to *passionate* and *playne* his misfortune."—SINGER.

(" *Our part therein we banish with yourselves,*)" etc.

"It is a question debated among the writers of the law of nations, whether a banished man may be still tied in his allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and Lord Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion."

"*Nor* NEVER *look*"—This reduplication of the negative was the language of Shakespeare's time, and is preserved in the quarto editions: the folio (1623) has "Nor *ever*," etc.

> "*Nor never by advised purpose meet,*
> *To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,*" etc.

"Already the selfish weakness of Richard's character opens. Nothing will such minds so readily embrace, as indirect ways softened down to their *quasi*-consciences by policy, expedience," etc.—COLERIDGE.

"— *so* FAR *as to mine enemy*"—Johnson's interpretation of this passage is: "Norfolk, so far as I have addressed myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness; confess thy reasons." The older copies have, "so *fare*, as to mine enemy," which Collier retains, as meaning "so fare as I wish mine enemy to fare;" which seems not possible to have been the sense intended.

"— *a* PARTY-VERDICT *gave*"—i. e. You were party to the verdict given.

"*A* PARTIAL *slander sought I to avoid,*" etc.—i. e. I sought to avoid being slandered for partiality.

"— *the presence strewed*"—i. e. The royal presence-chamber strewed with rushes, the humble substitute for carpets, in the halls of kings and nobles, in the good old times before (in Burke's phrase) "a tun of ancient pomp was distilled into a vial of modern comfo Hentzner, in his travels in England, in Queen Elizabe time, describes the presence-chamber, at Greenwi thus strewed.

> "*O! who can hold a fire in his hand,*" etc.

Stevens has pointed out a passage with some rese blance to this, in Cicero's "Tusculan Question Speaking of Epicurus, he says:—"Sed unâ se dicit cordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum; u quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, rec dari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis flum ibus circumfusum fuisse. Non enim video, quomo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptate The "Tusculan Questions" of Cicero had been tra lated early enough for Shakespeare to have seen the Another passage in "Euphues," a book very popu in the Poet's day, has been referred to, by Malone, having the germ of these lines:—"He that is wash in the rain drieth himself by the *fire*, not by his *fanc* etc. If the commentators mean that the Poet had re these passages, and that they mixed themselves w his own thoughts, and thus indirectly suggested th lines, they may or may not be right. If they mean t the Poet had either passage in his mind or memory d tinctly, with the purpose of working it up into his poet they are very absurd.

"— *a true-born Englishman*"—"Here the first ought to end, that between the first and second a there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of t second act begins with a natural conversation, int rupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which t King is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the f lowing scene. As the play is now divided, more ti passes between the two last scenes of the first act th between the first act and the second."—JOHNSON.

It is probable that this was indeed the author's d sign, as there is no division into acts in either of the e tions published during his life. But the slight adv tages of so reforming the arrangement are hardly co pensated for by the disadvantages of deviating from t folio, and all other later editions.

SCENE IV.

"*We did observe*"—These words are addressed the king to Bagot and Green, and are the continuati of their conversation before their entrance, which, another speech of the king, in this scene, shows, w on their observation of Hereford's "courtship to t common people."

"— *the tribute of his supple knee*"—To illustrate t phrase, it should be remembered that *courtesying* (t act of reverence now confined to women) was ancien practised by men.

"EXPEDIENT MANAGE *must be made*"—i. e. *Expe tious conduct*, or arrangements. (See KING JOHN, nc on act ii. scene 1.)

"This is a striking conclusion of a first act,—letti the reader into the secret;—having before impress us with the dignified and kingly manners of Richa yet by well-managed anticipations leading us on to t full gratification of pleasure in our own penetration. this scene a new light is thrown on Richard's charact Until now he has appeared in all the beauty of royalt but here, as soon as he is left to himself, the inhere weakness of his character is immediately shown. It a weakness, however, of a peculiar kind, not arisi from want of personal courage, or any specific defe of faculty, but rather an intellectual femininess, whi feels a necessity of ever leaning on the breast of othe and of reclining on those who are all the while knov to be inferiors. To this must be attributed as its cons quences all Richard's vices, his tendency to conce ment, and his cunning; the whole operation of whi is directed to the getting rid of present difficulti

rd is not meant to be a debauchee; but we see in hat sophistry which is common to man, by which an deceive our own hearts, and at one and the time apologize for, and yet commit, the error. espeare has represented this character in a very liar manner. He has not made him amiable with terbalancing faults; but has openly and broadly n those faults without reserve, relying on Richard's oportionate sufferings and gradually emergent good ties for our sympathy; and this was possible, be- his faults are not positive vices, but spring entirely defect of character."—COLERIDGE.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,) last," etc.

e ordinary reading of this passage is as follows:—

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.

follow Knight, the only preceding editor who has ted the change in the punctuation, which was sug- d by Monck Mason; by which slight alteration the "last," at the end of the second line, is read as a of which the "sun" and "music" form the nomi- e case.

"Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard."

at is, "Where the will rebels against the notices e understanding."—JOHNSON.

—whose way himself will choose"—i. e. "Do not ipt to guide him who, whatever thou shalt say, will his own course."—JOHNSON.

Against INFECTION, *and the hand of war,"* etc.

is passage, in itself apparently clear, as meaning islanders were secured by their situation both from lence and war, has yet long been a text for contro- al commentary, since Johnson suggested that "in- on" might be read *invasion*. As it happens that, in t's "Parnassus," (1600,) this passage is quoted and rinted "against *intestion*," Farmer and Malone osed that the word was *infestion*, an abbreviation which there is no authority) for *infestation*—a bling, or molesting. This, however, adds nothing ne sense; and as all the old editions have "infec- " there seems no sound reason for changing it. ht, however, thus maintains the propriety of a ge:—"*Infection*, in Shakespeare's time, was used ow, to express the taint of some pernicious quality; was particularly applied to that frightful disease, plague, to whose ravages London was annually sub-

For Shakespeare, therefore, to call England—

This *fortress*, built by nature for herself,
Against *infection*—

ld sound very unreasonable to an audience who e constantly witnesses of the ravages of infection.

—— The silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall—

then unavailing to keep out 'the pestilence which keth in darkness.' On the other hand, England had long free from foreign invasion. *Infestion* is taken, Malone, to be an abbreviation of *infestation*, in the e way that in Bishop Hall, *acception* is used for *ac- tion*. Infestation appears to have designated those nt incursions of an enemy—those annoying, joy- iving (*in-festus*) ravages to which an unprotected ier is peculiarly exposed; and from which the sea, moat defensive to a house,' shut out 'this scepter'd

After all, it is probable, as Jackson has suggested, the word should be *insection*, the printer having tituted an *f* for an *s*. But, in this case, *insection* ld not be, as Jackson thinks, a cutting, a division; an abbreviation of *insectation*—assault, attack."

— PELTING *farm*"—"Whatever doubts there may s to the origin of this word, its application is clear. ariably means something *petty*—of little worth. The 'pelting farm' in this passage, and the 'poor pelting villages' of LEAR, would leave no doubt as to its use, even if we had not a 'pelting little town,' and a 'pelting village of barbarous people,' in North's 'Plutarch.' The epithet was not confined to inanimate things. In MEASURE FOR MEASURE, we have the famous passage—

—— Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every *pelting*, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder.

Gabriel Harvey, it seems, wrote the word *paulting*; and as *palt* is the Teutonic word for scrap, (a rag,) some say that paulting, pelting, and *paltry*, are the same. *Pelt*, as is well known, is a skin. The fur trade is still called the *peltry* trade. But skins, (peltries,) in former times, might have been considered comparatively worthless. A dead fowl thrown to a hawk was, according to Grose, a *pelt*. Thus, *pelting* may have been derived directly from *pelt*, although it may have had some original affinity with *paltry*."—KNIGHT.

"Can sick men play so nicely with their names?"

"Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and, therefore, as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones. This belongs to human nature as such, independently of associations and habits from any particular rank of life or mode of employment; and in this consist Shakespeare's vulgarisms, as in Macbeth's—

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! etc.

This is (to equivocate on Dante's words) in truth the *nobile volgare eloquenza*. Indeed it is profoundly true that there is a natural, an almost irresistible, tendency in the mind, when immersed in one strong feeling, to connect that feeling with every sight and object around it; especially if there be opposition, and the words addressed to it are in any way repugnant to the feeling itself, as here in the instance of Richard's unkind language:—

—— misery makes sport to mock itself.

"No doubt, something of Shakespeare's punning must be attributed to his age, in which direct and formal combats of wit were a favourite pastime of the courtly and accomplished. It was an age more favourable, upon the whole, to vigour of intellect than the present, in which a dread of being thought pedantic dispirits and flattens the energies of original minds. But, independently of this, I have no hesitation in saying that a pun, if it be congruous with the feeling of the scene, is not only allowable in the dramatic dialogue, but oftentimes one of the most effectual intensives of passion."—COLERIDGE.

"Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself."

He plays on the varied sense of the verb *possess*—taken first as "possessed of the crown," and then again in the sense of demoniac possessions, or *lunacy*.

"Thy state of law is bondslave to the law," etc.

"The reasoning of Gaunt is this: By setting the royalties to farm, thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty; thou art now no longer king, but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords. By making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bondslave to the law; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."—JOHNSON.

"And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool," etc.

So the folio. The quartos read thus:—

Gaunt. And thou—
K. Rich. —— a lunatic lean-witted fool.

"—like crooked AGE"—Stevens maintains that "age" here means *Time*; and that "crooked age" is not *bending* age, but Time armed with a crook, by which name

a sickle was anciently called. The natural meaning of the passage seems to be, "like bent old age, which crops the flower of life."

"*Right, you say true; as Hereford's love, so his:*
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is."

"The depth of this compared with the first scene—

How high a pitch, etc.

There is scarcely any thing in SHAKESPEARE, in its degree, more admirably drawn than York's character;—his religious loyalty struggling with a deep grief and indignation at the king's follies; his adherence to his word and faith, once given in spite of all, even the most natural, feelings. You see in him the weakness of old age, and the overwhelmingness of circumstances, for a time surmounting his sense of duty,—the junction of both exhibited in his boldness in words and feebleness in immediate act; and then again his effort to retrieve himself in abstract loyalty, even at the heavy price of the loss of his son. This species of accidental and adventitious weakness is brought into parallel with Richard's continually increasing energy of thought, and as constantly diminishing power of acting;—and thus it is Richard that breathes a harmony and a relation into all the characters of the play."—COLERIDGE.

"*—rough rug-headed* KERNS"—*Kernes* were Irish peasantry, serving as light-armed foot soldiers. Shakespeare makes York say, in the second part of KING HENRY V., that Cade, when in Ireland, used to disguise himself as a *shag-haired crafty kerne*. "The kerne is an ordinary foot soldier, according to Stanyhurst; kerne (*kigheyren*) signifieth a *shower of hell*, because they are taken for no better than *rake hells*, or the devil's *blackgarde*."—(*Description of Ireland*, chap. viii. fol. 28.)

"*Which live like venom, where no venom else,*" etc.

The tradition that St. Patrick expelled all venomous reptiles from Ireland was very familiar in that age, and is often alluded to in contemporary poets and dramatists.

"*Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
About his marriage," etc.

"When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match."—STEVENS.

"*By his attornies-general to sue*
His LIVERY, *and deny his offer'd homage,*" etc.

The "attornies-general" do not mean the officers of the crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys in fact, appointed by him to represent him *generally*, on all matters, during his absence, according to the authority given by letters-patent to Bolingbroke. "On the death of every person, (says Malone,) who held by Knight's service, the escheator of the court in which he died summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized of, and of what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king; but if he was found to be of full age, he then had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, (i. e. his 'livery,') that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him." To "deny his offered homage" was to refuse that homage which would recognise his title to his lands and dignities.

"*— we* STRIKE *not*"—To "strike" sail is to *lower* sail.

"*— Reginald lord Cobham*"—There is either an omission of another name after this, in all the old copies, or else the author has accidentally confounded this Lord Cobham with the heir of Lord Arundel, to whom the next line applies. Malone, therefore, inserted a line—

The son of Richard, earl of Arundel—

which he thus supplied, on the authority of Hollingshed:—"About the same time the earle of Arundel's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot," etc. "Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasion of Thomas Arundell, late archbishop of Canterburie, (who, as you have before hea had been removed from his see, and banished the real by King Richard's means,) got him down to Britai and when all his provision was made ready, he to the sea, together with the said archbishoppe of Can burie, and his nephew Thomas Arundelle, son and he to the late earle of Arundelle, beheaded on Tower-H There were also with him Regenalde Lord Cobham, Thomas Erpingham," etc.

"IMP *out our drooping country's broken wing,*" et

"When (says Stevens) the wing-feathers of a ha were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it usual to supply as many as were deficient. This ope tion was called to "imp" a hawk. Tuberville ha whole chapter on "The Way and Manner howe to *y* a Hawke's Feather, how-soever it be broken or bruise

SCENE II.

"*—* LIFE-*harming heaviness*"—The reader may cho between the reading of the two earliest editions, a that of the folio, "*self*-harming;" both of them poet and Shakespearian epithets.

"*—yet I know no cause*
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard," etc.

"It is clear that Shakespeare never meant to rep sent Richard as a vulgar debauchee, but a man w a wantonness of spirit in external show—a femin *friendism*—an intensity of woman-like love of th immediately about him, and a mistaking of the deli of being loved by him for a love of him. And mark this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the t der superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentime in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinct he commonly draws between these obscure forecasti of general experience in each individual, and the vul errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken o for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absol universality of his genius, always reverences whate arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the g uine and general, however unaccountable, feelings mankind.

"The amiable part of Richard's character is brou full upon us by his queen's few words—

—— so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard;—

and Shakespeare has carefully shown in him an inte love of his country,—well knowing how that feel would, in a pure historic drama, redeem him in hearts of the audience. Yet even in this love ther something feminine and personal:—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand:—
* * * * * * * *
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

With this is combined a constant overflow of emoti from a total incapability of controlling them, and the a waste of that energy, which should have been reser for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resol and menaces. The consequence is moral exhausti and rapid alternations of unmanly despair and ungrou ed hope,—every feeling being abandoned for its di opposite upon the pressure of external accident. A yet, when Richard's inward weakness appears to s refuge in his despair, and his exhaustion counterfeits pose, the old habit of kingliness, the effect of flatter from his infancy, is ever and anon producing in hi sort of wordy courage which only serves to betray m clearly his internal impotence."—COLERIDGE.

"*Like* PERSPECTIVES, *which, rightly gaz'd upon,*" e

"Perspectives" seem to have been anciently used optical glasses to assist the sight, in any way; but he

n Twelfth Night, (act v. scene i.)—"A natural *per-ctive*, that is and is not,"—it is evidently used to de-e the optical delusion produced by cutting a board, hat it should present a number of sides, or flats, en looked at obliquely. To these sides, a print, or wing, cut into parts, was affixed; so that looked at vry" the whole picture was seen: looked at *direct*—ghtly gaz'd upon"—it showed "nothing but confu-." Dr. Plot, in his "History of Staffordshire," de-bes these "perspectives." Ben Jonson has some ies containing the same thought, contrasting the terall view" of "a cunning piece wrought *perspec-*" with that "eyed *directly*."

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve," etc. ohnson did not "know well what could be done" n this and the preceding line; but the meaning ns, that either nothing had begotten the Queen's f, or there really is something in the nothing that grieves about. "Conceit" here is to be understood *onception*.

"*'Tis in reversion that I do possess*," etc. s the grief the Queen felt was for some event which not yet come to pass, or not yet come to her knowl-e, she expresses this by saying that the grief which then actually possessed was still "in reversion," as had no right to feel the grief until the event should pen which was to occasion it. The opposition of *cession* and "reversion" is one of the technical ases of the old common law of real property, always d in old deeds, and retained in many of the forms in use.

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say"—The nature truth of this are striking. York, with his mind full is sister's death, addresses his cousin, the Queen, as and suddenly corrects himself.

I know how, or which way to order these affairs," etc. his is the regulation of the lines in all the old ies, which we follow, assenting to Collier's good e in perceiving that Shakespeare intended the sure to be irregular and hurried, the better to ac-d with York's state of mind. The ordinarily printed adds "If I know" to "Gentlemen, will you go ter men?"

I fear me, never"—There is some variation of the sion of the dialogue in the older, and consequently nodern editions. We have followed Collier in pre-ing that marked out in all the quartos, which seems natural distribution. The folio (1623) gives the de-nding line, "Farewell at once," etc., to Bushy, who just spoken of the possible success of the duke of k.

Scene III.

My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,"—i. e. "My wer is only to a message to Lancaster, which name I come to seek in England."

Scene IV.

Scene IV."—Johnson thought this scene "inartfully irregularly" thrust in here, and suspects that it ht to form the second scene of the third act.

ACT III.—Scene I.

Dispark'd *my parks*"—To "dispark" signifies to st a park of its name and character, by destroying enclosures, and the vert, (or whatever bears green es, whether wood or underwood,) and the beasts hase therein; laying it open.

'rom mine own windows torn my household coat," etc. It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, nneal the arms of the family in the windows of the se."—Johnson.

he "impress" was the device or motto of the coat-of-arms, which was often very conspicuously inscribed, and cut on stone over the gates, or in the halls and gal leries of old mansions.

"—*fairly let her be* entreated"—Old writers, especially our dramatists, use "entreat" for *treat*. So in the old play, "The Weakest goeth to the Wall," (1600:)—

> *Entreat* them well, as thou wilt answer me
> At my return.

Scene II.

"*As a long parted mother with her child*
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles," etc.

The usual mode of reading these two beautiful lines is as follows:—

> As a long parted mother with her child
> Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting.

"Smiles," in this way, is a verb; but, by the transposition of the comma, it is read as a noun. The "long-parted mother" does not only play fondly with her tears, but with her smiles also. Richard adds—

> So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth.

"—*heavy-gaited toads*"—"This epithet is one of the many examples of Shakespeare's wonderful accuracy in observing natural objects, and of his power of con veying an image by a word."—Knight.

"—bloody *here*"—The earliest quarto has "*bouldy* here," which was perhaps a misprint for *boldly*, and this may have been the Poet's word, though all subsequent editions have "bloody here." "*Boldly* here" seems to accord better with the "trembling at themselves," at the close.

"*Awake, thou* coward *majesty*"—The folio has varied this epithet of the preceding old editions, to "thou *sluggard* majesty," which is perhaps the epithet more appropriate to the context, and may on that account have been the author's own correction.

"—*that small* model *of the barren earth*"—A "small model," or *module*, (for they were the same in Shakespeare's time,) seems to mean, in this place, a *small portion*, or *quantity*. It is a Latinism, from "*modulus*, the *measure* or *quantity* of a thing."

"—*ghosts they have depos'd*"—i. e. Ghosts of those whom they have deposed. This sort of ellipsis is frequently used by our Poet.

"—*there the antick sits*"—In Henry VI. (Part I.) we meet with the expression, "thou antick death;" and Douce observes, that Shakespeare may have borrowed this idea of death sitting in the king's crown from the wood-cuts called *Imagines Mortis*, attributed, though erroneously, to Holbein. There, however, death is represented taking off an emperor's crown, and not sitting and keeping his court in it; so that, though Shakespeare may have had it in his mind, he did not copy the image.

This is not improbable. Holbein's fame was widely spread in England, where he had been, and the wood-cuts, under his name, must have been popular there, as well as throughout Europe.

"—*I'll hate him everlastingly*,
That bids me be of comfort any more."

Johnson well remarks on this passage, as founded in general nature—"Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer."

"*To* ear *the land*"—i. e. To *cultivate* that soil which promises to be productive. To "ear the land" meant to prepare it for seed, by *ploughing* it. In Antony and Cleopatra, Shakespeare speaks of *earing*, or ploughing, the sea:—

> Make the sea serve them, which they *ear* and wound
> With keels.

Scene III.

"*Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle*," etc.

"Observe the fine struggle of a haughty sense of power and ambition, in Bolingbroke, with the necessity for dissimulation."—Coleridge.

"*Of his bright passage to the occident.*"

In every old edition, quarto and folio, these six lines are given to Bolingbroke, and there is no reason for giving them to York, as has been done by the editors since the time of Warburton. It is not inconsistent with the character of Bolingbroke, and what he has before said of Richard, that he should so speak of him. After he has so spoken, and after York's answer, we must suppose Bolingbroke to retire with York, and to leave the conduct of the interview to Northumberland, until he rejoins Bolingbroke just before Richard descends to the plain. Richard's observation to Northumberland, "For yond', methinks, he stands," shows that Bolingbroke was not out of sight.—Collier.

"*Words of* sooth—i. e. Words of *assent;* assuaging, *soothing* words. As "sooth," in its first meaning, is *true*, or *truth*, so to *soothe* is to receive as true; and thence to *assent*, to *propitiate*.

"*My gay apparel*"—Richard's expense, in regard to dress, was very extraordinary. "He had one coate which he caused to be made for him, of gold and stones, valued at three thousand marks."—Hollingshed.

"— *Bolingbroke says* ay"—For the rhyme we ought to read, as in the old copies, "and Bolingbroke says *I;*" for "ay" was then almost invariably spelled with a capital *I*.

"— *in the* base *court*"—i. e. In the *lower* court, (*basse-cour;*) a term derived from the Norman-French of the ancient lords of England's castles.

"*Set on towards London*"—"The duke, with a high sharp voice, bade bring forth the King's horses; and then two little nags, not worth forty francs, were brought forth. The King was set on one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other; and thus the Duke brought the King from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Gloster's son and to the Earl of Arundel's son, (that loved him but little, for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the castle."—Stowe. (*From a manuscript account by a person who was present.*)

Scene IV.

"*And I could* sing, *would weeping do me good*," etc.

"Thus all the old copies; but Pope, having corrected an error just above, was satisfied that another error existed, and changed 'sing' to *weep*. This reading has been adopted in subsequent editions. We believe that the original was right, and that the sense of the passage was mistaken. The queen, who speaks constantly of her sorrow, it may be presumed does weep, or has been weeping. The lady offers to sing, but the queen desires sympathy:—'Thou should'st please me better would'st thou weep.' The lady could weep, 'would it do you good.' The queen rejoins—

And I could *sing*, would weeping do me good.

If my griefs were *removed by weeping*—if my tears could take away my sorrow—I should be ready to sing;—I could sing, and then, my sorrows being past, I would 'never borrow any tear of thee,'—not ask thee to weep, as I did just now."—Knight.

"— *for every one doth so*
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.

"The Poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness and plaintive conversation."—Johnson.

"*Go, bind thou up yond' dangling* apricocks," et

"See here the skill and judgment of our Poet giving reality and individual life, by the introduc of accidents in his historic plays, and thereby mak them dramas, and not histories. How beautiful an i of repose—a melancholy repose, indeed—is this sc with the Gardener and his servant. And how t affecting and realizing is the incident of the very h Barbary, in the scene with the Groom in the last act! Coleridge.

Our *apricot* is from the French *abricot*. But the n came with the fruit from Persia, (*bricoc;*) and we pr bly derived it from the Italian. Florio, in his "N World of Words," has "*Berricocoli;* apricock-plumb

"*Her* knots *disorder'd*"—The symmetrical beds a garden were the "knots."

"— *press'd to death, through want of speaking*" believe Malone is right here in pointing out anothe those common-law allusions, so strangely frequen Shakespeare, and which are certainly not among excellences:—"The Poet alludes to the ancient l punishment called *peine forte et dure*, which was flicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refu to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They w pressed to death by a heavy weight laid upon t stomach."

"*Here did she* fall *a tear*"—"This is the read of the quarto, (1597,) and doubtless the language Shakespeare. The later quartos and folios substi *drop* for 'fall.' In Othello, (act iv. scene 1,) we h a corresponding expression:—

Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

So in the Comedy of Errors:—

—— as easy may'st thou *fall*
A drop of water.

And in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, we meet w 'her mantle she did *fall*.' There are other instan in which Shakespeare uses to *fall* as a verb active."

"— *a bank of* rue, *sour herb of grace*"—"Rue" called "herb of grace" by old writers; but Shakespea authority on the point is sufficient. We have it m tioned as "herb of grace" in All's Well that E Well, and in Hamlet it is introduced by both names "There's *rue* for you, and here's some for me: we m call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays." It was freque termed *herbgrace*, for brevity.

Act IV.—Scene I.

"*Westminster Hall*"—"The rebuilding of Westm ster Hall, (says Malone,) which Richard had begu 1397, being finished in 1399, the first meeting of pa ment in the new edifice was for the purpose of depos him." The old brief stage-direction is, "Enter Bol broke with the Lords to Parliament."

"— timeless *end*"—i. e. *Untimely*.

"*Shall I so much dishonour my fair* stars," etc.

As the starry influence was thought to influence fortune, Aumerle considers his "stars" as having rai him above equality with his accuser.

"*If that thy valour stand on* sympathy," etc.

"Here is a translated sense much harsher than t of the stars. Aumerle has challenged Bagot, with so hesitation, as not being his equal; and therefore whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws do his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if stands upon 'sympathy,' (i. e. upon equality of bloo the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not ferior to his own. 'Sympathy' is an affection incid at once to two subjects. This community of affect implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence Poet transferred the term to equality of blood."

— RAPIER'S *point*"—"The rapier was a weapon not
vn in the time of Richard. This is an anachronism
ch the commentators dwell on, but which is justified
n the principle of employing terms which were fa-
ar to an audience."—KNIGHT.

From sun to sun"—i. e. From sunrise to sunset. So
YMBELINE:—

Imo. How many score of miles may we well ride
Twixt hour and hour?
Pisa. One score 'twixt *sun and sun*,
Madam,'s enough for you, and too much too.

old quartos read, "'Twixt *sin and sin*." The
ndation is Stevens's. This speech is not in the folio.
ask the earth" probably means, "I lay the *burthen*
y pledge upon the earth to the like purpose," ac-
panying the words by throwing his mailed glove
he ground. Some of the quartos read *take*, and
nson thinks the right reading may be, "take thy
."

Who sets me else? by heaven, I'll throw at all."
xpressions used in games with dice.

— *here do I throw down this*"—Hollingshed says,
on this occasion "he threw down a *hood* that he
borrowed."

— *true* NOBLESS"—"Nobless" is the reading of the
edition, for *nobleness*, as it was afterwards printed—
an old form of the same word, and used by Spen-
nd Ben Jonson, and from the metre would appear
e the word written by the Poet himself.

— *a* SORT *of traitors here*"—i. e. A *company* of
ors. The use of the word in this sense is common
Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

— *thou* HAUGHT, *insulting man*"—The adjective
ught" was nearly in as common use as *haughty*.
meet with it in Spenser and Marlowe, and down to
ime of Milton.

, *good!* CONVEY?—CONVEYERS *are you all*," etc.
"convey," "conveyer," and *conveyancer*, were,
hakespeare's time, words of double meaning. To
nvey" meant to *cheat*, and *defraud*, or, more strictly,
ick pockets; and *conveyers* and *conveyancers* were
nly lawyers, but persons who practised tricks of
ht of hand.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

— *Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower*"—The tradition
liar to all Londoners is, that the ancient portion of
tower was built by Julius Cæsar; and it was
ected for ill," as it had been the scene of many state
es—such as those alluded to by Gray, doubtless
this very phrase in his mind:—

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.

— *thou most beauteous* INN"—"Stevens and Knight
gest that 'inn' is here used in a higher and older
e than Falstaff uses:—'Shall I not take mine ease
nine inn?' An inn was originally a dwelling, and
ently applied to 'any dignified habitation.' We
still the Inns of Court: Lord Braybrooke's seat in
x, commonly called Audley-End, is, properly, Aud-
nn. When the queen opposes the term *ale-house*
nn,' she does not mean to discriminate between two
es of houses of entertainment, but between a pub-
ouse and 'a beauteous mansion.'"

"— *I am sworn brother, sweet,*
To grim necessity," etc.

Sworn brother" alludes to the *fratres jurati*, who, in
age of adventure, bound themselves by mutual oaths
nare fortunes together. The meaning is, "I have
nciled myself to necessity: I am in a state of amity
the constraint which I have sustained."

Sent back like HALLOWMAS"—Or *All-Hallows*, the
of November; opposed to "sweet May."

"*Better far off, than near, be ne'er the* NEAR."

That is, Never the *nearer*—better be wide apart than more near in actual space, and yet unable to meet again. Johnson says the phrase is still used in the midland counties of England, for "making no advance towards the desired good." The literal sense is more fitting here.

SCENE II.

"— *and that all the walls*
With painted imagery had said at once," etc.

The allusion is to the painted cloths that were hung in the streets during the pageants, in which the figures sometimes had labels from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.

"*As in a theatre, the eyes of men,*
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage," etc.

Dryden, in the preface to his "Troilus and Cressida," quotes these lines, with this warm and just praise:—"The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it, in any other language."

"*Did scowl on* GENTLE *Richard*"—The lovers of Shakespearian rhythm and expression owe thanks to Mr. Collier, for restoring the epithet "gentle," which adds so much to the feeling of the language, and the pause of the long line, to that of the versification. It is wanting in the folio, but is found in the quartos; and has been silently left out in the popular editions, since Malone, in order to bring the line to a regular ten-syllable measure. Lines of twelve syllables, so frequent in SHAKESPEARE, are especially abundant in this play.

"*But that is lost by being Richard's friend,*
And, madam, you must call him RUTLAND *now.*"

"The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were deprived of their dukedoms by an act of the first parliament of Henry IV.; but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon."—HOLLINGSHED.

SCENE III.

"*Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?*"

"This is a very proper introduction to the future character of King Henry V.: to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood."—JOHNSON.

As this conspiracy was in 1400, and Henry of Monmouth was born in 1388, in point of fact the prince was too young at this time to act in the manner here spoken of, even if he ever did so, which appears doubtful; but on this point the Poet adopted the popular notion.

"*I see some* SPARKS *of better hope*"—We give these lines as they appear in all the old editions, except that, in two of the quartos, *sparkles* is printed for *sparkes*, as it is in the rest. The modern unauthorized reading is thus:—

I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.

"*York.* [*Within*]"—The stage-direction in the old quartos is, "The duke of York knocks at the door, and crieth."

"*And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'*"

The old ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid," referred to in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, is here alluded to. There may have also been a popular interlude on the subject, for the story is referred to by various contemporary writers.

"— *say* PARDONNEZ MOI"—i. e. "*Excuse me*—a phrase used when any thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish away."—JOHNSON.

"*The* CHOPPING *French*"—i. e. The *changing*, or changeable French. Thus "*chopping* churches" is *changing* one church for another; and "chopping logic" is discoursing or *interchanging* logic with another. To *chop* and change is still a common idiom.

"— *our trusty brother-in-law*"—The brother-in-law was John, Duke of Exeter, (brother to Edward II.,) who had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.

"— *I pray* HEAVEN *make thee new*"—Here, as in several other passages, in this play and others, we have substituted, according to the folios, the word "Heaven" for *God*—a frequent variance between the older editions and the folio of 1623. On this Knight well observes, that "the editors of the folio retained the name of the Most High when it is used in a peculiarly emphatic, or reverential manner, and have not made the change to 'Heaven' indiscriminately. The substitution of this word, in most cases, was made in obedience to a statute of James I., (3 Jac. I. c. 21;) and it appears to us that the modern editors have not exercised good taste, to say the least of it, in restoring the readings of the earliest copies, which were issued at a time when the habits of society sanctioned the habitual and light employment of the Sacred Name."

SCENE IV.

"—*he* WISTLY *look'd at me*"—"Wistly" meant *earnestly*; with *eager attention*—a word used by Drayton, and other contemporary writers. Stevens, and the editors who follow his text, change it to *wistfully*; and Collier gives it *wishtly*, as an abridged form of the same word. It is of little importance as to the context, and adherence to the old text is only of consequence as aiding to preserve an expressive old word.

SCENE V.

"—*this little world*"—"The little world of man," as in LEAR. Shakespeare here uses the philosophy which is thus explained by Raleigh:—"Because in the little frame of man's body there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *microcosmos*, or the little world."—(*History of the World.*)

"— *and do set the* WORD *itself*
Against the WORD," etc.

So the four quarto editions; meaning, of course, the Divine Word—Holy Writ. The folio changes it into "the *faith* itself against the faith." Perhaps it was thought that this allusion to Holy Writ was too direct for the times when the folio (1623) was published.

"— *the postern of a needle's eye*"—There is a variation here between the folio of 1623 and the editions preceding it, which is worthy of note, as marking the gradual change of language. The older editions have it thus:—

To thread the postern of a *small* needle's eye.

This, when "needle" was pronounced as a monosyllable, (*neeld*, *neele*,) as it seems to have been until about 1600, made this a regular metrical line; and thus Shakespeare pronounced the word in KING JOHN, the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, (act iii. scene 2,) and elsewhere; but the present pronunciation of "needle" becoming more general, the metre was afterwards accommodated to it, probably by the author himself.

"*Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch,*
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point," etc.

"It should be recollected, that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time, viz: by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these, the King severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward-watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*. His finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial's point: his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell hour. In KING HENRY IV., (Part II.,) tears are u in a similar manner:—

But Harry lives, that shall convert those *tears*,
By number, into *hours* of happiness."

HENLEY

"It is somewhat difficult to follow this readi Richard says, Time has made him a numbering clo A clock and a watch were formerly the same inst ments; a clock so called because it clicketh—a wa so called because it marks the *watches*, the anci divisions of the day. Comparing, then, himself such an instrument, he says his thoughts jar—that tick their watches on (into) his eyes, which the outward part of the instrument—the dial-plate which the hours are numbered—whereto his finger, dial's point, is pointing. These analogies may app forced, and somewhat obscure; but it must be obser that throughout the character of Richard, the Poet made him indulge in those freaks of the imagina which belong to weakness of character."—KNIGHT.

"— *his Jack o' the clock*"—The figure that in clocks used to strike the hour, was called the "Jack the clock," and "Jack of the clock-house." It is of mentioned by old writers.

"— *a strange* BROOCH *in this all-hating world*"—i "As strange as a brooch, which is now no longer wor and we have already seen, in ALL'S WELL THAT E WELL, that brooches were then out of fashion—"; like the brooch and tooth-pick, *which wear not no* This explanation of Malone's is adopted by the la editors, and is therefore reprinted here, though to m seems forced and improbable. "Brooch," though or nally an ornament of a particular kind, (a rich *pin*, *l* or *buckle*,) was taken for any ornamental jewel; thus is here equivalent to "a rich jewel out of place this angry and embittered world." The thought, the fore, is like that of Portia's—

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

"*The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.*"

Boswell suggests that an allusion is intended here the *royal* and *noble*, as pieces of money.

"—*that* SAD DOG"—"Sad dog," in its present colloq use, is more modern than Shakespeare's time, wher had no such burlesque association as it now conve "Sad" was used for *grave*, *serious*; and "sad d would be then equivalent to *gloomy fellow*.

"*Rode he on Barbary*"—"This story of Roan B bary might have been of Shakespeare's own inventi Froissart, however, relates a yet more silly tale c cerning a favourite greyhound of King Richard's, 'w was wont to lepe upon the King, but left the King came to the erle of Derby duke of Lancastre, and m to hym the same friendly countinaunce and chere as was wonte to do to the King,' etc."—STEVENS.

Stevens is entitled to our thanks for this reference the greyhound, in spite of the tastieless and flipp tone of his note. It is quite probable that the incid of the greyhound did indeed suggest this touching beautiful passage of Roan Barbary, for the idea of fallen prince's seizing and dwelling upon the circu stance of a favourite animal's ingratitude, amidst the u versal prostration of his fortunes and his desertion of wonderfully deep truth and feeling. But the Po familiar with every shade of the canine character "hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, cu sloughs, water-rugs;" "the swift, the slow, the sub the housekeeper, the hunter,"—of which he has giv a hundred proofs; knowing that the greyhound the most—indeed the only—faithless and heartless mal of his whole species, transferred the sentiment the conduct of a nobler creature. The feeling in its so natural, to all who have that sympathy with dom tic animals which makes us regard them as hum friends, is specially in unison with the characters o knightly prince and his faithful groom. Virgil has ma

a similar incident, and with the same poetic ob-
that of interesting the reader in the fall and death
rant, by this and other redeeming touches at the
I allude to the address of Mezentius to his war-
, Phœbus:—

—— Aperit si nulla viam vis
Occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime credo
Jussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.
(*Æneid*, x. 864.)

This day thou either shall revenge my woe,
For murdered Lausus on his cruel foe,
Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquered master die;
For after such a lord I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign lord, or Trojan load endure.

ere is no reason to suppose that the great dramatist
ie Latin Poet in his mind here, (whom, however,
ight have read, if not in the original, in Phaer's
ation,) for there is nothing of that sort of resem-
e which enables us to trace the marks of imita-
even in Milton and Gray. But the coincidence of
ht and feeling is sufficiently striking, and proves
oth of the great artists drew from nature.

– by JAUNCING *Bolingbroke"*—Richard compares
lf to a spur-galled beast that Bolingbroke rides—
ncing" (*jaunting*, hurriedly moving) Bolingbroke.
t suggests that it may be a contraction of *joyaunc-*
ut it rather seems to be the older use of our word
ing, taken in its primitive sense of the old French
r—to work a horse hard.

Strikes the Keeper"]—This and the two next stage-
ions are not in the old copies. Something of the
seems necessary.

Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die."
. Amyot, who has taken such successful pains in
tigating the curious point of Richard's death, thus
up his own views:—
he story of Richard's murder by Sir Pierce of Ex-
is now generally disbelieved, and the prevalent
on is, that the King died in prison in the year 1400.
think that he starved himself to death; others,
ie was starved by his keepers. On the other hand,
s been maintained by Mr. Tytler that he escaped,
ived for several years in Scotland. The contro-
is much too voluminous for us; and I would refer
who wish to have a notion of it to a paper, read
e late Lord Dover to the Royal Society of Litera-
on the 4th of May, 1832. Lord Dover sums up
lly and fairly, and finally pronounces judgment in
r of Mr. Amyot, who disbelieves the Scottish
."—COURTENAY, (*Commentary on Shakespeare's
rical Plays.*

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his play is one of those which Shakespeare has
ently revised; but as success in works of inven-
is not always proportionate to labour, it is not fin-
at last with the happy force of some others of his
dies, nor can be said much to affect the passions,
large the understanding."—JOHNSON.

ICHARD II. as well as RICHARD III., according to
ne's dates, appeared in 1593. The former tragedy
timable for its pathos and skilful delineation of
cter. Its eloquence is not unblemished by a dis-
ion to play upon words, the besetting sin of Shake-
e; but it is wholly free from the intermixture of
c scenes. The march of incidents is perspicuous and
essively affecting. Our interest at the outset is
oken against Richard, and we wish well to the
hed Bolingbroke. Nor is the Poet unfaithful to
tter personage, but rather mitigates the truth of
y in describing the Lancastrian hero's treatment
e fallen king. But Lancastrian in his prejudices,
akespeare was—he lets us see, though without
g so directly, that Henry IV., though heir to his
r's property, was not the inheritor of all his virtues.
aged Gaunt is a model of heroic loyalty and justice.
loquence on his death-bed is prophetic; and we
reverence Gaunt's predictions of what would ensue to Richard for his injustice, not the less superstitiously that they are tinged with human sagacity. Nor is the Bishop of Carlisle's part in this drama to be overlooked, as the intrepid champion of Richard. When he appeals in parliament for his hapless sovereign, and protests against his being sentenced in his absence, whilst thieves are not condemned without a hearing, he says most eloquently—

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, etc.

"With such characters in the piece as the heroic Gaunt and this intrepid churchman, it is absurd to talk of this tragedy depending for its interest solely on the character of the hapless Richard. The king is undoubtedly at first obnoxious to us. But the Poet coils up his strength, as the piece closes, to the double task of commanding our warm tears for Richard, and preserving our cold respect for Lancaster. As Henry Bolingbroke advances to be a king, he ceases to interest us as a man; whilst, as Richard is unkinged, he becomes a more rational man, and more interesting to our sympathies. We forget his past errors when dust is thrown upon his discrowned head, and when none among the brutal mob cries, God bless him! The Poet has departed from the letter of history in several particulars; among others, in representing his queen, who could have been then only twelve years old, as his equal companion; for after the death of his first wife, the "*good Queen Anne*," of Bohemia, he was betrothed to the daughter of France, in her ninth year. If Shakespeare had given himself the trouble to adhere to the truth of history, it is not unimaginable that he might have drawn effect from the very circumstance of their unequal ages. Richard was a beautiful man, and his queen, young as she was at twelve, might have been attached to him, though betrothed before she had a free choice. I doubt if she ever came to England?

"Shakespeare keeps Henry IV.'s memory in good odour by assigning the murder of Richard II. to Sir Pierce of Exton, whom he makes the usurping monarch reprimand for his officious cruelty; but there is too much reason to believe that Henry IV., who infamously purchased the support of the clergy by allowing them to burn heretics alive, was the real murderer of the dethroned monarch, and that he caused him TO BE STARVED TO DEATH."—CAMPBELL.

"Admirable is the judgment with which Shakespeare always in the first scenes prepares, yet how naturally, and with what concealment of art, for the catastrophe. Observe how, in the first scene of the first act, he presents the germ of all the after events in Richard's insincerity, partiality, arbitrariness, and favoritism, and in the proud, tempestuous temperament of his barons. In the very beginning, also, is displayed that feature in Richard's character, which is never forgotten throughout the play—his attention to decorum, and high feeling of the kingly dignity. These anticipations show with what judgment Shakespeare wrote, and illustrate his care to connect the past and future, and unify them with the present by forecast and reminiscence.

"It is interesting to a critical ear to compare the six opening lines of the play—

Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, etc.

each closing at the tenth syllable, with the rhythmless metre of the verse in HENRY VI. and TITUS ANDRONICUS, in order that the difference, indeed, the heterogeneity, of the two may be felt *etiam in simillimis prima superficie*. Here the weight of the single words supplies all the relief afforded by intercurrent verse, while the whole represents the mood. And compare the apparently defective metre of Bolingbroke's first line,—

Many years of happy days befall—

with Prospero's,

Twelve years since, Miranda! twelve years since.

The actor should supply the time by emphasis, and pause on the first syllable of each of these verses."—COLERIDGE.

"In KING RICHARD II. the Poet exhibits to us a noble kingly nature, at first obscured by levity and the errors of unbridled youth, and afterwards purified by misfortune, and rendered more highly splendid and illustrious. When he has lost the love and reverence of his subjects, and is on the point of losing his throne, he then feels, with painful inspiration, the elevated vocation of the kingly dignity, and its prerogatives over personal merit and changeable institutions. When the earthly crown has fallen from off his head, he first appears as a king whose innate nobility no humiliation can annihilate. This is felt by a groom: he is shocked that his master's favourite horse should have carried the proud Bolingbroke at his coronation: he visits the captive King in his prison, and shames the desertion of the great.

"The political history of the deposition is represented with extraordinary knowledge of the world:—the ebb of fortune on the one hand, and the swelling tide on the other, which carries every thing along with it. While Bolingbroke acts as a king, and his adherents behave towards him as if he really was so, he still continues to give out that he comes with an armed band merely for the sake of demanding his birthright, and the removal of abuses. The usurpation has been long completed before the word is pronounced and the thing publicly avowed.

"John of Gaunt is a model of chivalrous birth: he stands there like a pillar of the olden time which he had outlived."—SCHLEGEL.

"The action of the present play commences in 1398, when Richard had attained his thirty-second year; and closes with his death in 1400. Hollingshed furn the facts which the Poet dramatised; and, with th ception of a few minor points, Shakespeare adher his authority. * * *

"To avoid all mention of the bad features of his h character was impossible; but the dramatist tou them with a lenient hand. He found Richard a v tuary, a tyrant, and a desponding coward; but by mencing his play within two years of Richard's de tion, he sunk twenty of violence, rapacity, and tyra

"Shakespeare judiciously selected the banishme Hereford, and the seizure of Gaunt's wealth, as inst of Richard's despotism and rapacity; for both events are intimately connected with the subsec action of the play. This inadequate tribute having paid to truth, the reverse of the picture is height by the most strenuous exertion of the Poet's skill. and various imagery, pious, philosophical, and sub reflection, and all the graces of impassioned eloqu are lavished on Richard. If he had manfully brave buffets of calamity, and become a prey to sorrows, dued only by the might of their accumulation, the s gle might have been awful; but as he pusillanim yielded to despair, our sympathy is but slight, Richard is upbraided and forgotten.

"Hollingshed relates, that, under his misfort Richard was 'almost consumed with sorrow, and manner half dead.' Such is the historian's slight tion of the King's character in the hour of adver and this brief notice has been expanded by the n of Shakespeare into a perfect picture of intelle cowardice."—SKOTTOWE.

KING HENRY IV

Part I.

Part 1.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS PLAY, AND ITS INFLUENCE—NOT A DRAMATIZED HISTORY, BUT AN HISTORIC TRAGI-COMEDY—ITS COMIC INVENTION—ITS DEVIATIONS FROM CHRONOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL ACCURACY, AND PRESERVATION OF THE HISTORICAL SPIRIT—DATES OF COMPOSITION AND PUBLICATION—DICTION AND VERSIFICATION—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

ITH all sorts of readers and spectators this is the greatest favourite of the whole of Shakespeare's English Histories, and indeed is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language. The popu- of this play has extended itself to the other Histories with which it is connected, until it has made them all y as familiarly known as itself. It is probably owing quite as much to Falstaff and to Hotspur as to the al merits of the other histories—great as they are, though in very different degrees—that this whole dramatic s of Histories have been mixed up with all our recollections and impressions of the Wars of York and Lan-r, and finally become substituted in the popular mind for all other history of the period. Thus it is to this that the great majority of those at all familiar with old English history, in its substantial reality, not as a re chronological abridgment of names and events, but exhibiting the men and deeds of the times, are indebted rally for their earliest and always their most vivid, impressive, and true conceptions of England's feudal ages. e ten plays of this historic series, the first part of HENRY IV. is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the attractive; while it is substantially as true as any of the rest in its historical instruction,—although it is neither matized chronicle in the old fashion, nor yet a strictly historical drama in the sense in which it has been avoured to show that RICHARD II. and JULIUS CÆSAR are preeminently indebted to that appellation,—as pre-ng only historical personages and great public events with the condensed effect and sustained feeling of atic unity and interest.

KING JOHN and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA exhibit the transition of the historic drama proper into the more c form of historic tragedy, so the two parts of HENRY IV., and especially this first part, which is as a drama plete in itself, without its sequel, must be regarded as a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy;—historic personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions oad comic humour.

e principal events of Henry the Fourth's reign are rapidly presented in this play and its sequel; so that we nade familiar with the King's cold policy and his talent, the rebellions against him and his triumphs over them ll this is so presented as to be subservient to the main object of interest, and to conduce to that unity of effect h distinguishes a work of dramatic art from the chronicle or story thrown into dialogue. That main central est is, of course, the remarkable story—now familiar to young and old through this play, and as familiar before the Poet's times by traditional anecdote and by rude theatrical representation—of youthful Harry Monmouth's roked humours and loose behaviour," and of his heroic "reformation glittering o'er his fault," when his noble e emerged from its eclipse, no longer permitting

> ——the base contagious clouds
> To smother up its beauty from the world.

ne character of the reformed rake, in its coarsest form, has always something of interest in it, as it addresses ympathies alike of the frailer and the better parts of human nature; but here the fascination of the character stronger when it is not the mere sobering down of vulgar debauchery that addresses these sympathies, but ay and witty youth of idle pleasure passing at once into wise counsel, magnanimous sentiment, and heroic n. The first part of the Prince's character, and the traditionary associations that belonged to it, at once sug-d and demanded the comic portion of the drama. In surrounding him with the companions and the subjects s amusements and pleasures, the Poet's own rare knowledge of life must have readily supplied him with living els of fit personages, and they rush on the scene in a joyous crowd—Bardolph, Pistol, Peto, and the more emanly Poins, with Dame Quickly and the rest. Yet it would be but a dull and vulgar mind that could long

find enjoyment in such associates alone. The Poet saw that it was necessary to preserve his young hero f intellectual degradation without raising the moral tone of his associations, and the inimitable Falstaff appeare the lord of the mirthful scene. In one sense, Falstaff is strictly an historic personage; for the Poet must have what all must see by his light, that the dissolute pleasures and idle humours of a young prince of ardent ambit high thoughts, and eminent talent, such as Henry the Fifth afterwards approved himself, would soon cease to h any charms for him without the companionship of wit and talent as well as sheer profligacy. There can be question that the real Harry of Monmouth must have had about him profligates resembling Falstaff in the sor entertainment they afforded this prince, however inferior to Shakespeare's "villainous, abominable misleade youth," either in intellect or in bulk. In a more literal sense, he is the most original as well as the most real o comic creations—a character of which many traits and peculiarities must have been gleaned, as their air of rea testifies, from the observation of actual life; and yet, with all his tangible and ponderous reality, as much a c ture of the Poet's "forgetive" fancy as the delicate Ariel himself. In his peculiar originality, Falstaff is to classed only with the Poet's own Hamlet and the Spanish Don Quixote, as all of them personages utterly un any of those whom we have known or heard of in actual life, who at the same time so impress us with their tr that we inquire into and argue about their actions, motives, and qualities, as we do in respect to living pers whose anomalies of conduct perplex observers. Thus Falstaff's cowardice or courage, as well as other points his character, have been as fruitful subjects for discussion as the degree and nature of Hamlet's or Don Quixo mental aberration.

Thus it is that all the comic side of this drama, while it is of the boldest and gayest invention, is through impregnated with the very spirit of history, as exhibiting the very form and tone of such a society as Harry Monmouth must have revelled in when he and his comrades "doff'd the world aside and bade it pass," and wh to use old Hollingshed's humbler prose, "he passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder with a of mis-governed mates and unthrifty play-feers."

On the other side of the varied and animated picture, Shakespeare has brought out the Prince's heroic charac by a bold and free paraphrase of his actual history, giving him a maturer age than he had in fact at the battle Shrewsbury, and there making "the child of honour and renown—the gallant Hotspur, that all-praised Knigh render "all his glory up" to his youthful rival, "the unthought-of Harry." Hotspur, on the other hand, wh recorded by the chroniclers to have been of the same age with Henry IV. himself, is thrown back to the Princ own age, with such admirable poetic and moral effect, that he must be a very bigoted worshipper of chronolog and biographical accuracy, who can object to the alteration of the record. Percy, in the old historians, has li to distinguish him from the other warlike, brave, and turbulent barons described by Froissart and the chronicl His personal valour, his military activity, his resentment of the King's ingratitude, his rebellion and death, are historical; but history gives us no more of him. The Poet has placed him in a living and brilliant contrast to other "young Harry," and made him the very Achilles of feudal chivalry. So striking and impressive are individuality and life of the character, that it has been suggested that the Poet had the aid of traditionary kno edge to fill up the meagre outline of the chroniclers. It may be so; but I rather think that he drew the you baron from his personal observation of some of the more conspicuous men of that class, and has thus given us not the precise historical portrait of the very Harry Percy, a very true and living portrait of the higher minds his class and order, under the influence of feudal manners and ideas, individualized by some personal peculiarit (such as the "speaking thick," and many others,) to aid in the dramatic illusion. Indeed, I have been recen struck with the strong resemblance of the dramatic Hotspur to the character of one of the Poet's own contem raries, Charles Gontaut-Biron, as it is given by the contemporary French writers. (See Capefigue's *Hist. H Henri IV.*) They describe him as the very counterpart of Hotspur, in impetuous bluntness, unwearied activ of mind and body, courage, ambition, generosity, and even in horsemanship. Like his English counterpa he had helped to elevate to the throne his own Henry IV., who repaid him with ingratitude and death. T parallel is so perfect, that I had almost thought that the Poet had these contemporary circumstances in his mir for, though occurring in another kingdom, they must have been well known as the familiar news of the tim Had this play been written a few years later, it would not be easy to refute the conjecture. But the judicial m der of Marshal Biron occurred in 1602, and this play had been printed four years before. I therefore mention t parallel, not only as a curious coincidence, but as confirming the wonderful general truth of this strongly indivi alized character. Glendower and the other personages are also historic names, embodied in forms of the Poe creation, and most true to the spirit of their age. (See note on Glendower, act iii. scene 1.)

Of all the strictly historical personages of this first part, Henry IV. himself, alone, seems drawn entirely a scrupulously from historical authority; and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest lineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his tale and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiment from the sa cious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy and anxiety,—all combine to form portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left of Tiberius.

Thus has been produced a drama historical in the highest sense of the term, as being imbued throughout, pe trated with the spirit of the times, and of the men and scenes it represents; while in a more popular sense of t epithet historical, it is so chiefly in its subjects and main incidents. Though boldly deviating from chronological exa ness, and freely blending pure invention with recorded facts, yet in all this the author neither designs nor effe any real distortion of history; but while he impresses upon the bare succession of events the unity of feeling and p

e required for dramatic interest, he converts the dead, cold record of past occurrences into the very tragi-comedy ch those occurrences must have exhibited as they arose, and thus reflects "the very age and body of *those* s, their form and pressure."

leares, in his "Tamia," in the list of Shakespeare's works before 1598, mentions HENRY IV. Whether he rred to both parts or not, cannot be ascertained; but at least the first part must have been then meant. In d, in another page, he quotes Falstaff's "There is nothing but roguery in villainous man." This play was first ered in the Stationers' Register for copyright, or what was then analogous to it, on the 25th of February, 1597. ch was the beginning of our February, 1598, the year then ending on the 25th of March. It was shortly after lished with this title:—"The History of Henrie the Fovrth; With the battell at Shrewsburie, betweene the g and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henrie Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John talffe." It appeared again in the next year, with the author's name, as "newly corrected by W. Shakespeare;" the only change of any note is that of *Falstalffe* into *Falstaffe*. It appears to have been very popular, as five arate editions were printed, (1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, and 1613,) before it appeared in the folio collection. As name of Falstaff, though differently spelled, appears in the very first edition, which character, there is good on to believe, (see note on "old lad of the castle," act i. scene 2,) had originally borne the name of Oldcastle. would indicate that the play had been some time before in representation, and must have been written before 7. Mr. Halliwell has lately placed the date of its composition as early as 1593, as Chalmers had done in 1596, Malone in 1597. The external evidence on which these dates have been assumed, amounts to almost nothing. internal indications of language and versification, I think, are decidedly against the earliest date, which would e its composition in the author's twenty-eighth year; and as decidedly in support of the later date, which makes play nearly contemporary with, or probably a little preceding, the MERCHANT OF VENICE, which was entered publication a few months after this.

n its poetic diction, and general taste and cadence of verse, it is much nearer to the poetic portion of the comedies known to have been produced by him during the last four or five years of the sixteenth century, than it does those of any of his earlier works. And these characteristics of style are sustained uniformly, as it appears to e been struck out at once in the very form it now bears; for it has not, like ROMEO AND JULIET, and the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, the vestiges of an earlier style and manner, placed beside the products of his more matured judgment. The corrections mentioned in the title-pages of the quartos, seem to have been little more than changes of Falstaff's name. This is confirmed by the fact that the text of this play is found, in the main, in its est form, in the very first edition, as Mr. Collier's accurate collation has satisfactorily shown. That text is erally followed, in the present edition, though there are many slight variations in the old copies, some of which e been here preferred. Where these variations affect the sense, they are stated in the notes, with the reasons ne preference. There are some smaller discrepancies, where what seemed most probable has been selected, nout encumbering the notes with the contending readings and authorities.

ARCHITECTURE AND COSTUME.

he architectural views and scenes, in this edition of the two parts of HENRY IV., (chiefly from Knight's picto- edition,) are either from old prints or drawings, or are restorations of ancient architectural remains still exist- They are all from the most authentic sources, and are illustrative of the manners, as well as the civil, relis, and domestic architecture of the times of the drama. Both these and the representations of personal ume, as has been before suggested, have a use and interest in these English historical plays, much above those ne other plays, where the scene is laid in ancient Rome or Greece, or in contemporary Italy. For those, however valuable to the artist, formed no part of the Poet's own ideal conception of his scene; while these old Eng- costumes and scenes embody the very forms in which the Poet's dramatic creations must have presented nselves to his imagination. We add the substance of Mr. Planché's comments on the personal costume, armour, of the age of the first and second parts of HENRY IV.:—

The fashions of the reign of Richard II. underwent little if any variation, during that of Henry IV. * * * begin with the king; the effigy of Henry, in Canterbury Cathedral, is one of the most magnificent of the series oyal monuments. The king is represented in his robes of state, consisting of a long tunic, with pocket holes ly embroidered, as are also the borders of the sleeves. Over his shoulders is a cape which descends in front enough to cover the girdle. The inner tunic has a rolling collar sitting close up into the neck. The mantle, a broad edging of embroidery, is connected not only by cords and tassels, but by a splendidly jewelled band, ing over the chest. The face has beard and moustaches, but no hair is visible on the head, it being cropped ound excessively short,—a fashion which commenced towards the close of his reign. 'The crown is very large most tastefully ornamented, and may have been a faithful representation of the 'great Harry Crown,' which broken up by Henry V., and pawned in pieces, (A. D. 1415,) to raise moneys for the expenses of the French

Of Henry, Prince of Wales, there are two representations. One in a copy of Occleve's 'Poems,' in the ish Museum, in which the poet is depicted presenting a copy of his 'Regimine Principis' to the prince, who ressed in a pink robe, and wears a peculiarly shaped coronet on his head. The other is a painting by Vertue, ed from some other illuminated manuscript, also representing that poet offering a book to the prince. The ce is therein habited in a long blue robe, with the extravagantly long sweeping-sleeves of the period, lined ermine, and escallopped at the edges.

The decoration of the collar ('SS.') first appears during this reign; but of the derivation we have still no preinformation. The most plausible conjecture is that it was formed of the repetition of the initial letter of Henry s word or device, 'Souveraine;' which appears also to have been that of his father, John of Gaunt. The collar

of 'SS.'s' is seen round the neck of Joan of Navarre, Henry's queen, who lies beside him, at Canterbury; and canopy of the monument is powdered with the letter 'S.,' intermingled with the eagle volant and crowned, wh in this reign was usually appended to the collar of 'SS.' That of Queen Joan had formerly such a pendant, bu is now broken off. A great gold collar, called of Ilkington, is mentioned, in Rymer's 'Fœdera,' as having bee personal jewel of Henry V., while Prince of Wales. It was richly adorned with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, pawned, for five hundred pounds, to the Bishop of Worcester, in 1415. To the prince also belonged a sword, sheath of which was garnished with ostrich feathers, in goldsmith's work, or embroidery. Such dresses and de rations would, of course, be worn by Prince Henry only on state occasions. In his revels at the Boar's Head, would wear only the dress of a private gentleman; and for the general dress of the time the best authorities the illuminations in manuscripts, especially one in the Harleian collection, which is a curious little calendar of year 1411, every month being headed with the representation of a personage following some occupation or amu ment, indicative of its peculiarities, and affording a most authentic specimen of the habit of the period. * * The effigy of Westmoreland, in complete armour, in Staindrop Church, Durham, affords an illustration of the m tary costume of this reign. The basinet is ornamented with a splendid border and fillet of goldsmith's work jewellery. The jupon, emblazoned with the arms of Neville, confined over the hips by an equally magnific military girdle. With the difference of the armorial bearings, such would be the appointments of every knigh the field, from the sovereign downwards,—the king's basinet, or those of the knights armed in *imitation* of king, being surrounded by a crown instead of a jewelled band, or fillet.

"For the dress of Falstaff and his companions, the manuscripts before mentioned must be consulted; but cannot help noticing the impropriety complained of, previous to the reformation of the costume of this play by Charles Kemble,—namely, the sending 'Sir John Falstaff, a knight, the companion, however dissipated, of Prince of Wales, and an officer in the English army, into battle, at the commencement of the fifteenth centu without a particle of defensive armour—in the very same dress in which he lounges over his sack and sugar, in parlour of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap!'"

For the proper costume of the Ladies Northumberland, Percy, and Mortimer, we should point to the effi of the Countess of Westmoreland, in Staindrop Church, Durham; and for that of Dame Quickly and Doll T sheet to the descriptions of Chaucer, and the illuminated manuscripts of the period, which are followed in wood-cuts from the "Pictorial" SHAKESPEARE, forming part of the embellishments of this edition.

Mr. Collier has given us, among other fruits of his minute antiquarian researches, the following curious not indicating the manner in which the stage Falstaff was altered, while his original performer must have been still the stage. It was found in the well-known handwriting of Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect, who was veyor of the royal works, and in that official capacity directed the dress and decoration of the masques and page at court.

"The surveyor of the works, describing the dress of a person who was to figure in one of the court masq early in the reign of James I., says, that he is to be dressed 'like a Sir John Falstaff, in a robe of russet, quite l with a great belly, like a swollen man, long moustachios, the shoes short, and out of them great toes, like nal feet: buskins, to show a great swollen leg.' We are, perhaps, only to understand from this description, that appearance of the character was to bear a general resemblance to that of Sir John Falstaff, as exhibited on stage at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatres."

HISTORICAL SOURCE OF THE PLOT OF HENRY IV. (PARTS I. AND II.) AND HENRY V.

Shakespeare's great book of study and reference for English history was Hollingshed's "Chronicles," as we h repeated occasions to show. Hollingshed was himself much indebted to his predecessor Hall, whom he of merely copies; but though there are many passages in these three plays which might be traced either to Hall o Hollingshed, I am not aware that there is any thing that can be traced only to Hall, while to Hollingshed th are constant verbal resemblances, that prove the Poet's habitual use of the book. But I have no doubt that memory was filled with the narrative of "the unquiet times of King Henry IV.," and the "victorious acts of K Henry V.," as told in the more venerable and impressive style of Hall; both because Hall's "Chronicle" w popular book in Shakespeare's youth, and because there are incontestable indications of his familiarity with it the use he made of it in RICHARD III. and HENRY VI. In the second part of HENRY IV., he is thought by editors to have looked occasionally into Stow. If so, he could not have used either of Stow's works now c monly known and referred to, the "Chronicles," or the *Flores Historiarum*, both of which were published a the now ascertained date of these three plays, but must have had recourse to his original publication, Stow's "Su marie of English Chronicles," (1565.)

In addition to these materials, it has been suggested, and I think it highly probable, that the Poet has in woven some incidents, anecdotes, personal peculiarities, notions of character, from the traditional recollections the reign of the Plantagenets, still floating about in his time. Such traditions, preserved locally, are so comm in Europe even now, that in an age when the mass of the population had little or no access to books, it must h been much more abundant. It may have been from such sources that the Poet drew his individual peculiari of his personages—Henry V.'s tall and thin figure, and swiftness of foot; Hotspur's horsemanship, and his ra utterance,—with others.

Within the present century, two historical volumes have been written to prove that Shakespeare was quite m taken as to Henry V.'s youthful wildness, and that in reality he was a precocious, sober-minded youth, who t more pleasure in hunting down Welsh rebels and burning their houses, than in the frolic and fun of London l life. These are Luder's "Essay on the Character of Henry V.," (London, 1813;) and the Rev. John Endill ler's "Henry of Monmouth, or Memoirs of the Life and Character of Henry V.," (London, 1838.)

ese authors argue ingeniously, from contemporary documents collected with great industry; but if theirs be ue history, it is certainly not that which either the Poet or his times believed to be so. Shakespeare's his- that of the industrious old chroniclers nearest the events, and was backed by the general tradition, as we learn ther sources, and the universal belief of the Poet's age. With such vouchers, "we will (as Hamlet says ghost) take *the Poet's* word for a thousand pounds," against all the contradiction of modern philosophical rgumentative history.

e subject of this play, and of its sequel, may, however, have been suggested by an older play, of which some nt will be found in the introduction prefixed to the second part of HENRY IV

Army before Shrewsbury

PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } Sons to the KING
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, }

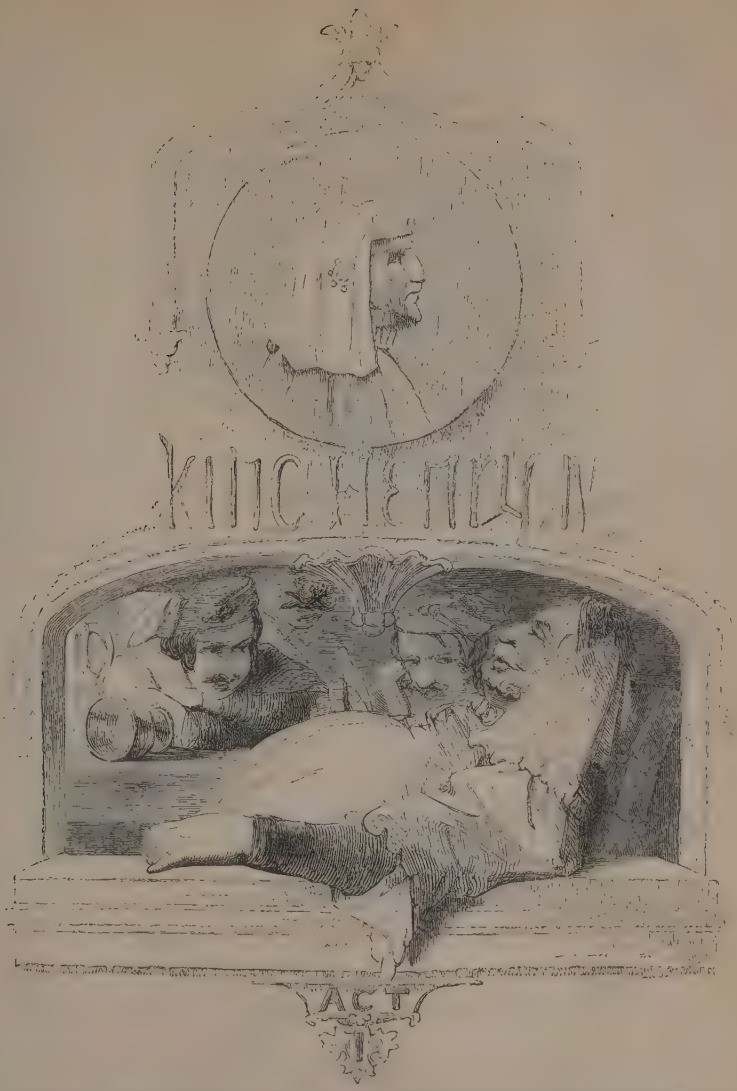
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } Friends to the KING
SIR WALTER BLUNT, }

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
POINS
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, Wife to HOTSPUR, and Sister to MORTIMER.
LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to GLENDOWER, and Wife to MORTIMER.
MRS QUICKLY, Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants

SCENE—ENGLAND



ENE I.—London. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
d we a time for frighted peace to pant,
d breathe short-winded accents of new broils
be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
more the thirsty entrance of this soil
ll daub her lips with her own children's blood;
more shall trenching war channel her fields,
r bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
hich, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
of one nature, of one substance bred,
d lately meet in the intestine shock
d furious close of civil butchery,
ll now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross,
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.—Then, let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,

What yesternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met;
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:
Then, would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz',
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer th
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeu*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Apartment the Palace.*

Enter HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and* FALSTAF

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinki of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, a sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou h forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would truly know. What a devil hast thou to do w the time of the day? unless hours were cups sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, a the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flam colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal; we, that take purses, go by the moon and the sev stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, "that wanderi knight so fair." And, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, wh thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majest I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will ser to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, round roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou king, let not us, that are squires of the night's bod be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minio of the moon; and let men say, we be men of go government, being governed as the sea is, by o noble and chaste mistress the moon, under who countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, to for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, do ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the s is, by the moon. As for proof.- Now, a purse gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, a most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; g with swearing—"lay by;" and spent with crying "bring in;" now, in as low an ebb as the foot of t ladder, and, by and by, in as high a flow as t ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most swe robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague ha I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do wi my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoni many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay th part?

al. No: I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid here.

. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin ld stretch; and, where it would not, I have my credit.

al. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here rent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows stand- in England when thou art king, and resolution fobbed, as it is, with the rusty curb of old er antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou king, hang a thief.

. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

al. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the ancholy of Moor-ditch?

al. Thou hast the most unsavoury similies; art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallest, et young prince.—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble no more with vanity. I would to God, thou I knew where a commodity of good names e to be bought. An old lord of the council d me the other day in the street about you, sir; I marked him not: and yet he talked very ely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked ely, and in the street too.

. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out ne streets, and no man regards it.

al. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, ed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done ch harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a distance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg.

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then, art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have case buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted ward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know the be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; for the third, if he fight longer than he sees re I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest wi the incomprehensible lies that this same fat r will tell us, when we meet at supper: how t at least he fought with; what wards, what bl what extremities he endured; and in the rep of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide t things necessary; and meet me to-morrow nig Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit* P

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while u
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for c
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eye
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [

SCENE III.—The Same. *Another Apartmen the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, W CESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and perate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as y down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the pr
Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little serves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own h
Have holp to make so portly.
North. My lord,—
K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone; for see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir! your presence is too bold and perempt
And majesty might never yet endure

moody frontier of a servant brow.
have good leave to leave us: when we need
use and counsel, we shall send for you.—
[*Exit* Worcester.
were about to speak. [*To* Northumberland.
rth. Yea, my good lord.
e prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
ch Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,
e, as he says, not with such strength denied
deliver'd to your majesty:
er envy, therefore, or misprision
ilty of this fault, and not my son.
t. My liege, I did deny no prisoners;
I remember, when the fight was done,
n I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
thless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
e there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
h as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
v'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
vas perfumed like a milliner,
'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
uncet-box, which ever and anon
ave his nose, and took't away again;
, therewith angry, when it next came there,
it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
all'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
ring a slovenly unhandsome corse
vixt the wind and his nobility.
many holiday and lady terms
uestion'd me; among the rest, demanded
risoners, in your majesty's behalf.
n, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
e so pester'd with a popinjay,
of my grief and my impatience,
ver'd neglectingly, I know not what,
hould, or he should not; for he made me mad,
ee him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
uns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!
telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
parmaceti for an inward bruise;
that it was great pity, so it was,
villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
of the bowels of the harmless earth,
ch many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
owardly; and, but for these vile guns,
would himself have been a soldier.
bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
swer'd indirectly, as I said;
I beseech you, let not his report
e current for an accusation,
vixt my love and your high majesty.
lunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my
lord,
ate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
uch a person, and in such a place,
uch a time, with all the rest re-told,
reasonably die, and never rise
lo him wrong, or any way impeach
at then he said, so he unsay it now.
. *Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
with proviso, and exception,
t we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
o, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
lives of those that he did lead to fight
inst that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
ose daughter, as we hear, that earl of March
h lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
emptied to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.
K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt King* Henry, Blunt, *and Train.*
Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What! drunk with choler? stay, and
pause awhile:
Here comes your uncle.

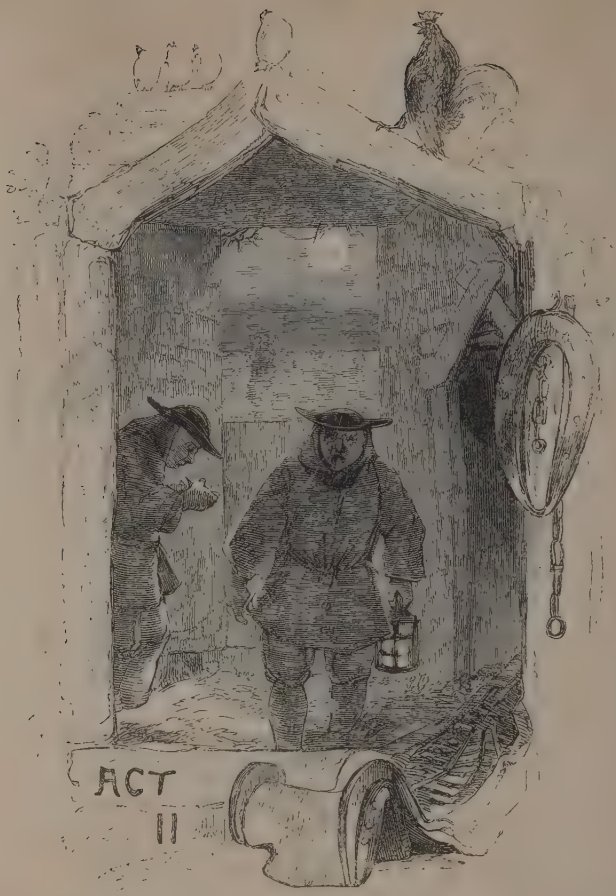
Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
North. Brother,—[*To* Worcester.]—the king
hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?
Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him. Was he not pro-
claim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was: I heard the proclamation:

And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.
Hot. But, soft! I pray you, did king Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did: myself did hear it.
Hot. Nay then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done,)—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—
Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it, from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.
North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble S
That are your prisoners,—
Hot. I'll keep them all
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to spea
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of W
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some chance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to yo
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-tongue and impa fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scou with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do ye call the place
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my kne
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ra spurg.
North. At Berkley castle.
Hot. You say true.—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—and, "kind sin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God fo me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale: I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done, i' faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish oners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight
And make the Douglass' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reas
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you.—My lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERL
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hot. Of York, is it not?
Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,

what I think might be, but what I know
ruminated, plotted, and set down;
d only stays but to behold the face
that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
on my life, it will do wondrous well.
North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st
slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot.—
d then the power of Scotland, and of York,
join with Mortimer, ha?
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
save our heads by raising of a head;
r, bear ourselves as even as we can,
e king will always think him in our debt
d think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on
him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course,
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you, and Douglas, and our powers at
once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive,
I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit, than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cr

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on t hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not h An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to brea pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, an hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'cl

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you me come to London?

Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, 'arrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call the gentlemen: they will along with company, they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the mberlain; for thou variest no more from picking purses, than giving direction doth from labour-; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds rent, that I told you yesternight: there's a nklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three ndred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell o one of his company, last night at supper; a l of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge God knows what. They are up already, and for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nich-' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st nt Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I g, old sir John hangs with me, and thou know-he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Tro-s that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport e, are content to do the profession some grace, t would, if matters should be looked into, for ir own credit sake, make all whole. I am ned with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-ny strikers: none of these mad, mustachio pur-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tran-llity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than y: and yet I lie; for they pray continually to ir saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not y to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and vn on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? l she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored . We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more olding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your lking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a re in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a e thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. l the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. rewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

ter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at some distance.*

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed lstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What rawling dost thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!—[*They whistle.*]—Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned,—[*Aside to* POINS.]—where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, *&c., driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true m
Now could I and thou rob the thieves, and go m
rily to London, it would be argument for a we
laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *&c.*

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and th
to horse before day. An the prince and Poins
not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirri
there's no more valour in that Poins, than i
wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*Rushing out upon th*

Poins. Villains.

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS
upon them. They all run away, and FALSTA
*after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving
booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily
horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fe
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeu*

View of Gadshill.

ENE III.—Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

—"But for mine own part, my lord, I could be
ll contented to be there, in respect of the love I
r your house."—He could be contented,—why
ne not then? In respect of the love he bears
house:—he shows in this, he loves his own
n better than he loves our house. Let me see
ne more. "The purpose you undertake, is dan-
ous;"—Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to
e a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my
l fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this
wer, safety. "The purpose you undertake, is
ngerous; the friends you have named, uncertain;
time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too
t for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."
—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very

HOT. God's me, my horse!

ncerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king,
d lay open all our proceedings. O! I could
vide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a
sh of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.
ang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared.
will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

ow now, Kate? I must leave you within these
two hours.

Lady. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone?
or what offence have I this fortnight been
banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage!—to the field!" And thou hast
talk'd
Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O! what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: O, *esperance!*
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why my horse,
My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: but if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away!
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?

Hot. Come; wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate?
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force
[*Exe*

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boa*
Head Tavern.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amor
three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sw
brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them
by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick,
Francis. They take it already upon their sal
tion, that though I be but prince of Wales, ye
am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am
proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a
of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they
me,) and when I am king of England, I shall co
mand all the good lads in Eastcheap. They
drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you brea
in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you p
it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient
one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with a
tinker in his own language during my life. I
thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that th
wert not with me in this action. But, sweet N
—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee t
pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into
hand by an under-skinker; one that never spa
other English in his life, than—"Eight shillings a
sixpence," and—"You are welcome;" with t
shrill addition,—"Anon, anon, sir! Score a p
of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned,
drive away the time till Falstaff come. I pr'yth
do thou stand in some by-room, while I question
puny drawer to what end he gave me the suga
and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that
tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step asi
and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POI

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into t
Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Franci

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest th
be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy
denture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and r
from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all t
books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next
shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.
P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the ar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't ?
Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.
P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
Fran. Anon, anon.
P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-rrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, eed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—
Fran. My lord?
P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crys-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, dis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—
Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?
P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your y drink: for, look you, Francis, your white can- doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot ne to so much.
Fran. What, sir?
Poins. [*Within.*] Francis!
P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear m call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such calling? Look to the guests within.—[*Exit* ANCIS.]—My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen re, are at the door: shall I let them in?
P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open door.—[*Exit* VINTNER.]—Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.
P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the eves are at the door. Shall we be merry?
Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ; what cunning match have you made with this t of the drawer? come, what's the issue?
P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have w'd themselves humours, since the old days of dman Adam to the pupil age of this present elve o'clock at midnight.—[*Re-enter* FRANCIS, *h wine.*]—What's o'clock, Francis?
Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*
P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer rds than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! s industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his quence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he t kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a akfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,— ie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my eet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou led to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," s he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour er; "a trifle, a trifle."—I pr'ythee, call in Fal- ff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall y dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the nkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?
Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a ven- nce too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of k, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too! A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*
P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.
Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack: die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.
P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?
Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!
P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?
Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that? and Poins there?
Poins. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.
Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.
P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.
Fal. All's one for that.—[*He drinks.*]—A plague of all cowards, still say I.
P. Hen. What's the matter?
Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.
P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?
Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.
P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?
Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.
P. Hen. Speak, sirs: how was it?
Bard. We four set upon some dozen,—
Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.
Bard. And bound them.
Peto. No, no, they were not bound.
Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.
Bard. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—
Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.
P. Hen. What fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What four? thou saidst but two eve now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and main thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but to all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four eve now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain els

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall hav more anon.

FAL. Here I lay, and thus I bore my point.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,—

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know the men in Kendal green, when it was so dark th could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your re son: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I wou not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blac berries, I would give no man a reason upon co pulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: th sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-bac breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dri neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, f breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yar you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it in; and when thou hast tired thyself in base nparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four: you nd them, and were masters of their wealth.—rk now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—en did we two set on you four, and, with a word, -faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, l can show it you here in the house.—And, lstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, h as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and l ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What ave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, l then say, it was in fight! What trick, what de-e, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to e thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast u now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that de ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as val-t as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will touch the true prince. Instinct is a great mat-, I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the ter of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a iant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—stess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-rrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all titles of good fellowship come to you! What! ll we be merry? shall we have a play extem-re?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest e.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what 'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of court at door would speak with you: he says, comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a al man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at mid-ht?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are ns too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not ich the true prince, no;—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how ne Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and d, he would swear truth out of England, but he uld make you believe it was done in fight; and rsuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear ass, to make them bleed; and then to beslubber r garments with it, and to swear it was the blood true men. I did that I did not this seven year fore; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O, Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O, Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not i words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy com pany, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like you majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpu lent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a mos noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that ma should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tre may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in tha Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And te me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where has thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do tho stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me u by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.
Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.
P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?
Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.
P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are evous.
Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll kle thee for a young prince, i' faith.
P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree-ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve

FAL And here is my speech.

capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? nerein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, t in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?
Fal. I would your grace would take me with u: whom means your grace?
P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.
Fal. My lord, the man I know.
P. Hen. I know thou dost.
Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in yself, were to say more than I know. That he is l, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: t that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, at I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, od help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a , then many an old host that I know, is damned: to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine e to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, nish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack alstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valnt Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, beg, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy arry's company, banish not him thy Harry's comny: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*
[*Exeunt Hostess, and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bard. O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.
Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!—
P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?
Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?
Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so?
P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.
Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bring-

ing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince, and* PETO.

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'cloc

[*Exeunt Sheriff, and Carri*

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well
Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arr
and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breat
Search his pockets.—[PETO *searches.*]—What ha
thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto. Item, A capon,..... 2*s.* 2
Item, Sauce,..... 4
Item, Sack, two gallons,..... 5*s.* 8
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper,.... 2*s.* 6
Item, Bread,..... *d*

P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennywor
of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—Wh
there is else, keep close: we'll read it at more a
vantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to t
court in the morning: we must all to the wars, a
thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this
rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death w
be a march of twelve-score. The money sh
be paid back again with advantage. Be with m
betimes in the morning; and so good morro
Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeu*

NE I.—Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

ter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will
sit down?—And, uncle Worcester.—A plague
it! I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
by that name as oft as Lancaster
speak of you,
cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh
wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen
dower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
urning cressets; and at my birth,
frame and huge foundation of the earth
'd like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same
on, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though
self had never been born.
Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was
born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
u suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth
did tremble.
Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens
on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.—

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth: tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
Within that space you may have drawn together,
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up,
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent, as much
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you th
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
For I was train'd up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my he
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care.
I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deser friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may awa night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure henc
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross father.

Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," "well," "go to,"
But mark'd him not a word. O! he's as tedio
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,
When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he doe
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-bla
And since your coming hither have done enou
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this faul
Though sometimes it show greatness, cour blood,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:

e least of which, haunting a nobleman,
seth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
on the beauty of all parts besides,
guiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be
your speed!
re come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps: she will not part
with you,
'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her, that she, and my
aunt Percy,
ll follow in your conduct speedily.
[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry, one
That no persuasion can do good upon.
[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*
Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.
[*She speaks again.*
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.
[*She speaks again.*

LADY P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Mort. O! I am ignorance itself in this.
Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay
you down,
d rest your gentle head upon her lap,
d she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
d on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
arming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
aking such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
is the difference betwixt day and night,
e hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
gins his golden progress in the east.
Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.
Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my
head in thy lap.
Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Music plays.*
Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands
Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then, should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours.
Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Would'st thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh Song by Lady M.*

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live; and, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

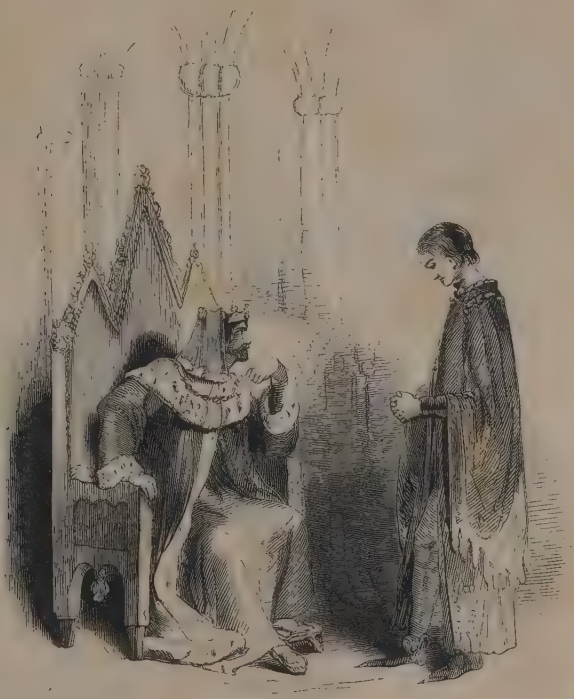
Enter King HENRY, *Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I,
Must have some private conference: but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wond
Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is h
Others would say,—"Where? which is Boli
broke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a litt
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids dov
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. *Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
more myself.
K. *Hen.* For all the world,
thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
hen I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
l even as I was then, is Percy now.
v by my scepter, and my soul to boot,
hath more worthy interest to the state,
an thou the shadow of succession:
of no right, nor colour like to right,
doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
rns head against the lion's armed jaws,
l, being no more in debt to years than thou,
ds ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,



P. Hen. I will redeem all this on Percy's head.

e archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
bitulate against us, and are up.
: wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
hy, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
hich art my near'st and dearest enemy?
ou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
e inclination, and the start of spleen,
fight against me under Percy's pay,
dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
show how much thou art degenerate.
P. *Hen.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
l God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
ur majesty's good thoughts away from me!
ill redeem all this on Percy's head,
l in the closing of some glorious day,
bold to tell you that I am your son;
hen I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which, if He be pleas'd, I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it.—Come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy fac my oath should be, By this fire, that's God's ange but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indee but for the light in thy face, the son of utter dar ness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the nig to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst be an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no pu chase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triump an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved m a thousand marks in links and torches, walking wi thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: b the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have boug me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandle in Europe. I have maintained that salamander yours with fire any time this two and thirty year God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in yo belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you i quired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John, what do you think, John? Do you think I keep thieves in my hous I have searched, I have inquired, so has my hu band, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servan the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house befor

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shave and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pock was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host. Who I? No. I defy thee: God's ligh I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, John: I know you, sir John: you owe me mone sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile m of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your bac

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given the away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolte of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland eight shillings an ell. You owe money here b sides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, a money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; wh call you rich? let them coin his nose, let the coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, w you make a younker of me? shall I not take mi ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pock picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather' worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell hi I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup 'Sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him li a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *marching.* FA STAFF *meets the Prince, playing on his truncheo like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that doo 'i faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly How does thy husband? I love him well: he an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.
Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.
P. Hen. What sayest thou, Jack?
Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is ned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.
P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?
Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four ds of forty pounds a-piece, and a seal ring of my ndfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.
Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.
P. Hen. What! he did not?
Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.
Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in

Fal. How! poor?—Let them coin his nose

rawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, thing, go.
Host. Say, what thing? what thing?
Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.
Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would a should'st know it: I am an honest man's ; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a ve to call me so.
Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a t to say otherwise.
Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?
Fal. What beast? why an otter.
P. Hen. An otter, sir John: why an otter?
Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man ws not where to have her.
Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou ny man knows where to have me, thou knave !
P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he ders thee most grossly.
Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this r day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?
Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.
Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.
Fal. Did I, Bardolph?
Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.
Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.
P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.
P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.
Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!
P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why,

thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, begone.—[*Exit Hostess.*]—Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee.—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing t
dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charg
foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Wh
shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a
thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabo
I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be than
for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuo
I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of L
caster, to my brother John; this to my lord
Westmoreland.—Go, Peto, to horse, to horse!
thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere din
time.—Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temp
hall at two o'clock in the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and th
receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE, POINS, *and* BARDOL

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess,
breakfast; come.—
O! I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*E*

View of Bangor.

CENE I.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth,
his fine age were not thought flattery,
h attribution should the Douglas have,
not a soldier of this season's stamp
uld go so general current through the world.
God, I cannot flatter: I defy
e tongues of soothers; but a braver place
ny heart's love hath no man than yourself.
, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
man so potent breathes upon the ground,
I will beard him.
Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

at letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.
Mess. These letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?
Mess. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.
Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
uch a justling time? Who leads his power?
der whose government come they along?
Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
d at the time of my departure thence,
was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
he by sickness had been visited:
health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
e very life-blood of our enterprize:
catching hither, even to our camp.
writes me here,—that inward sickness—
d that his friends by deputation could not
soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
lay so dangerous and dear a trust
any soul remov'd, but on his own.
doth he give us bold advertisement,
t with our small conjunction we should on,
see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
ause the king is certainly possess'd
ll our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—
d yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
ms more than we shall find it.—Were it good,
set the exact wealth of all our states
at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?—
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd; like estridges that with the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste my hor
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more ne
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear yet.

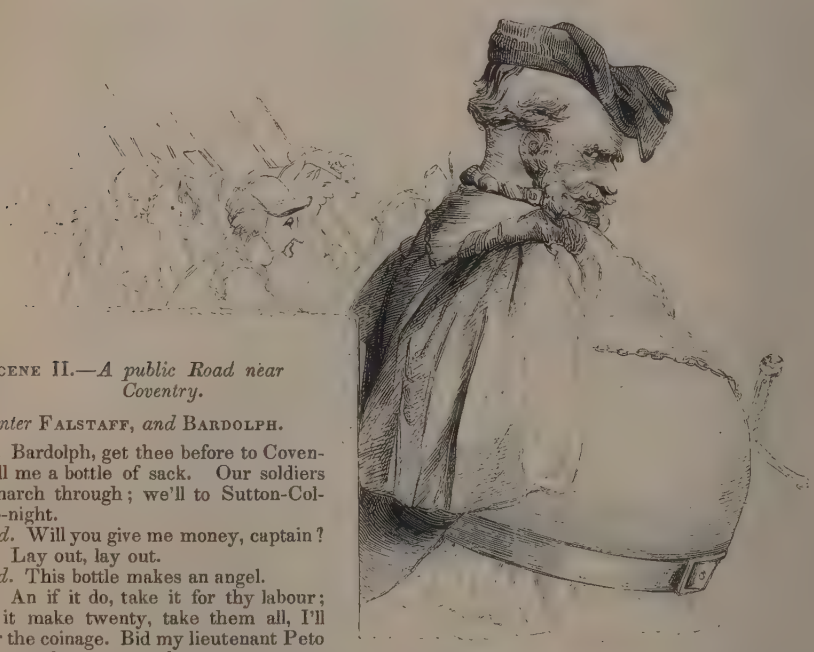
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sou

Hot. What may the king's whole battle re unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half yea
[*Exe*



SCENE II.—*A public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corpor lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as r ged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, inde were never soldiers, but discarded unjust servi men, younger sons to younger brothers, revol tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers o calm world, and a long peace; ten times more honourable ragged than an old faced ancient: such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that h bought out their services, that you would think t I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lat come from swine-keeping, from eating draff husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and

had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the
bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows.
ot march through Coventry with them, that's
-nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the
as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the
of them out of prison. There's but a shirt
half in all my company: and the half-shirt is
apkins, tacked together, and thrown over the
lers like a herald's coat without sleeves; and
hirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at
lbans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry.
hat's all one; they'll find linen enough on
hedge.

ter Prince HENRY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!
l. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a
dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord
estmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your
r had already been at Shrewsbury.
st. 'Faith, sir John, 'tis more than time that
re there and you too; but my powers are
already. The king, I can tell you, looks for
: we must away all night.
l. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a
steal cream.
Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy
hath already made thee butter. But tell me,
whose fellows are these that come after?
l. Mine, Hal, mine.
Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.
l. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for
er, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well
ter: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.
st. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are ex-
ng poor and bare; too beggarly.
l. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where
had that: and for their bareness, I am sure,
never learned that of me.
Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three
s on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste:
y is already in the field.
l. What, is the king encamped?
st. He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.
l. Well,
e latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

NE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

ter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and*
VERNON.

t. We'll fight with him to-night.
or. It may not be.
ug. You give him, then, advantage.
r. Not a whit.
t. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
r. So do we.
t. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
or. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
r. Do not, my lord.
ug. You do not counsel well.
speak it out of fear, and cold heart.
r. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
I dare well maintain it with my life,
ell-respected honour bid me on,
d as little counsel with weak fear,
ou, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
t be seen to-morrow in the battle,
ch of us fears.
ug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to
God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.
Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,

That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.
In short time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. 'Pray God you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, *and Sir* MICHAEL.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief.
With winged haste to the lord marshal:
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make h

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with lord Harry: and, I fear, sir Mich
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence the
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not f
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a hea
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is; but yet the king h drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be oppos'd.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed;
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against hin
Therefore, make haste. I must go write agai
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael.
[*Exe*

ACT V

ENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

er King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *f Lancaster, Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and Sir* OHN FALSTAFF.

. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
ve yond' busky hill: the day looks pale
his distemperature.
'. Hen. The southern wind
h play the trumpet to his purposes;
by his hollow whistling in the leaves
etels a tempest, and a blustering day.
. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathise,
nothing can seem foul to those that win.—
[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

v now, my lord of Worcester! 'tis not well,
t you and I should meet upon such terms
ow we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
made us doff our easy robes of peace,
crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
s is not well, my lord; this is not well.
at say you to it? will you again unknit
s churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
move in that obedient orb again,
ere you did give a fair and natural light;
be no more an exhal'd meteor,
rodigy of fear, and a portent
roached mischief to the unborn times?
Vor. Hear me, my liege.
mine own part, I could be well content
ntertain the lag-end of my life
h quiet hours; for, I do protest,
ve not sought the day of this dislike.
. Hen. You have not sought it! how comes it
then?
al. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
'. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace!
Vor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
avour, from myself, and all our house;
yet I must remember you, my lord,
were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.
K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee.
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Wor. Then are we all und
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eye
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd u
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know
In any case the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS; *Officers an Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what new
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmorel
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*E*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the kin
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I h thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The prince of Wales stepp'd forth be the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon our hea
And that no man might draw short breath to-d
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contemp
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongu
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,

ll dispraising praise, valued with you;
which became him like a prince indeed,
ade a blushing cital of himself;
hid his truant youth with such a grace,
he master'd there a double spirit,
aching, and of learning, instantly.
e did he pause: but let me tell the world,—
outlive the envy of this day,
nd did never owe so sweet a hope,
uch misconstrued in his wantonness.
t. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
s follies: never did I hear
y prince so wild o' liberty.
e he as he will, yet once ere night
embrace him with a soldier's arm,
he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
arm, with speed!—And, fellows, soldiers,
friends,
r consider what you have to do,
I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
ift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

ss. My lord, here are letters for you.
t. I cannot read them now.—
ntlemen! the time of life is short;
end that shortness basely, were too long,
did ride upon a dial's point,
nding at the arrival of an hour.
we live, we live to tread on kings;
, brave death, when princes die with us.
for our consciences, the arms are fair,
n the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

ss. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
t. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
profess not talking. Only this—
ach man do his best: and here draw I
ord, whose temper I intend to stain
the best blood that I can meet withal
e adventure of this perilous day.
—*Esperance!*—Percy!—and set on!—
d all the lofty instruments of war,
y that music let us all embrace;
heaven to earth, some of us never shall
ond time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

rsions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS, *and* BLUNT, *eting.*

unt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
my head?

ug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
use some tell me that thou art a king.

unt. They tell thee true.

ug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
ss thou yield thee as my prisoner.

unt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—there's honour for you; here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*

P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.
P. Hen. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Hen. I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland,
Lead him to his tent.
West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.
P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.
Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight: the* KING *being in danger, enter Prince* HENRY.
P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.
K. Hen. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
P. Hen. O God! they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit King* HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmou
P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Hen. Why, then I
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Perc
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is con
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part fi thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fi*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sw my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life tin fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust
And food for— [*D*
P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare t well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—this earth that bears t dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He sees* FALSTAFF *on the grou*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this fles
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*E*
Fal. [*Rising.*] Embowelled! if thou embo

to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and
me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to
nterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid
scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no
nterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is
the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life
a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man
reby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true
and perfect image of life indeed. The better part
of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I
have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this
gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if
he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith,
I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.
Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear
I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I?

FAL. The better part of valour is discretion.

hing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees
therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your
h come you along with me.

[*He takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY, *and Prince* JOHN.

Hen. Come, brother John; full bravely hast
thou flesh'd
maiden sword.

John. But, soft! whom have we here?
you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and
bleeding
he ground.—
thou alive? or is it phantasy
t plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;
will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
u art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man;
if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.
re is Percy: if your father will do me any
ur, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy him-
I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure

Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw
dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is
n to lying!—I grant you I was down and out
reath, and so was he; but we rose both at an
nt, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury
k. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them
should reward valour bear the sin upon their
heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave
him this wound in the thigh: if the man were
alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make
him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I
heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, *and Prince* JOHN.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow
great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack,
and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *prisoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to y
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high co
tesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we div
our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall bend you, with your dear
speed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scro
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wale
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exe*

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE FOURTH.—PART I.

ACT I.—Scene I.

No more the thirsty ENTRANCE *of this soil,*" etc.

When Shakespeare wrote this line, he had (Ma- suggests) a personification of England in his mind. thirsty entrance' he meant *thirsty mouth*, and for- ng that he had given no more of the personification the allusion to the mouth, he added the next line—

Shall daub *her* lips with her own children's blood.

seems the natural explanation of a passage that has ted much dispute. Stevens first recommended *en- ts*, and subsequently adopted a conjecture by M. on, that it was a misprint for *Erinnys*, than which things could be more unlikely. Coleridge thought bald's interpretation right, that 'thirsty entrance' at the dry penetrability of the soil; and he added, obscurity of this passage is of the Shakespearean "—Collier.

In the *Variorum* editions of Shakespeare, except ne's, of 1821, we have this correction of the text:—

No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil.

nnys,' according to Monck Mason, is the Fury of *ord*. He gives examples of the use of the name Virgil, Lucan, and Statius. But such a change is le the proper duty of an editor, whose business is to attempt the improvement of his author, but to ain what he has written. 'Entrance' could not be isprint for *Erinnys;* the words could not be con- ded by a transcriber;—nor could the ear mistake ne for the other. The first conjecture of Stevens, the word was *entrants*, came within the proper line litorial emendation;—the suggestion of Douce, (*en- s,*) is not far beyond it. But why is the original to be disturbed at all?—

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood—

mewhat obscure; but the obscurity is perfectly in manner of Shakespeare, and in great part arises the boldness of the metaphor. 'Entrance' is put *outh;* and if we were to read, 'No more the thirsty th of this earth shall daub her lips with the blood r own children,' we should find little more diffi- than with the passage in 'Genesis,' which was ably in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote the line:—'And now art thou cursed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood* from thy hand.' The terms entrance and mouth are convertible even now—as the mouth of a river, for the entrance of a river.

"Or, suppose the word *surface* stood in the place of 'entrance'—for as the surface is the outward part so is the entrance—the difficulty is lessened. 'No more this soil shall daub her lips' is clear:—'No more the thirsty surface of this soil shall daub her lips,' is equally clear. The only difficulty, then, is in taking 'entrance' to mean *surface*. If we look at the whole passage as an impersonation of 'soil,' (earth, *mother* earth,) little remains to be explained or guessed at."—Knight.

Thy brother's blood, the thirsty earth has drunk—

is a parallel passage of Henry VI. (Part III.,) confirming this sense.

"—*a power of English shall we* LEVY"—Stevens says, "To *levy* a power 'as far as *to* the sepulchre of Christ,' is an expression quite unexampled, if not corrupt;" and he proposes to read *lead*. To this, Gifford ("Notes on Ben Jonson") replies:—"The expression is neither unexampled nor corrupt, but good authorized English. One instance of it is before me:—'Scipio, before he *levied* his forces *to* the walles of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the citie in a cake to be devoured.'—(Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587.")

"—*forwarding this dear* EXPEDIENCE"—i. e. *Expedition*. Shakespeare often uses "expedient" for *expeditious;* and, in Antony and Cleopatra, we have "expedience" in the same sense as above. Afterwards, in this play, (act i. scene 3,) we have *expedition* instead of "expedience."

"—LIMITS *of the charge*"—To "limit" is to *define;* and therefore the "limits of the charge" may be the calculations, the estimates.

"Balk'd *in their own blood*"—Some commentators would read *bak'd;* but "balk'd," which means laid up in a *ridge*, or *hillock*, is correct; and all the old editions concur in so printing it. "Balk" is the old English of Chaucer, and still locally in use, for a ridge or range of hillocks, like that made by the plough.

"—*the prisoners,*
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps," etc.

"Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the king; for, being a prince of the royal blood, (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.,) Henry might justly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative."—STEVENS.

"—*in all* ASPECTS"—"Aspects" was generally accented, in the age of Elizabeth, as here, on the last syllable. The allusion is to the familiar false science of astrology. The uncle is spoken of as the star that shed its evil aspects on Hotspur's conduct.

"—PRUNE *himself*"—The metaphor is borrowed from falconry. A hawk is said to "prune" herself when she picks off the loose feathers, and smooths the rest: it is applied to other birds, and is perhaps so familiar as hardly to require a note. It is thus found in Greene's "Metamorphosis," (1613:)—

Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.

Milton uses to *plume* in the same sense:—

She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow her wings.

"*For more is to be said, and to be done,*
Than out of anger can be uttered."

That is, It is out of anger, (in consequence of anger,) that I cannot now speak of much which should be said and done in this matter.

SCENE II.

"—'*that wandering knight so fair*'"—These words seem to be a fragment of some popular ballad, or poem, founded on the romance of the *Knight of the Sun*, who, when Don Quixote disputed with the Curate which was the better knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul, was maintained by master Nicolas, the barber-surgeon, to be that knight to whom "none ever came up." The adventures of the Knight of the Sun were translated into English, in 1585; and the renowned worthy is described not only as a "wanderer," but as "most excellently fair." Falstaff's allusion would be understood by Shakespeare's audience; nor would they object to the sun being represented as a wanderer, according to the long-received theory which the discoveries of Copernik had scarcely then shaken. Douce thinks the allusion was to a spiritual romance, translated from the French, by the name of the "Wandering Knight;" and which may have suggested to Bunyan the idea of his "Pilgrim's Progress."

"—*squires of the* NIGHT'S *body*"—i. e. Let not us, who are body squires to the night, (i. e. adorn the night,) be called a disgrace to the day. To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to disgrace it. A "squire of the body" originally signified the attendant of a knight. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*. Falstaff puns on the words *knight*, "night," and *beauty*, (*quasi* booty.)

"—'*lay by*'"—i. e. *Stop, stand*, be quiet: apparently known as the highwayman's phrase of the time.

"—'*bring in*'"—The call to the drawers for more wine.

"*As the honey of Hybla, my* OLD *lad of the* CASTLE"—These words have been the text for many pages of learned controversy. We are indebted to Mr. Singer for the following clear and brief summary of the question, as it stood twenty years ago:—

"This passage has been supposed to have a reference to the name of Sir John *Oldcastle*. Rowe says that there was a tradition that the part of Falstaff was originally written by Shakespeare under that name. Ful in his 'Church History,' (book iv. page 168,) ment this change in the following manner:—'Stage p have themselves been very bold with, and others v merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, wh they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial roys and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Fals hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and late is substituted buffoon in his place.' In confir tion of this, it may be remarked that one of Falst speeches, in the first edition, has *Old.* instead of *F* prefixed to it; and in the epilogue to the second of KING HENRY IV. the Poet makes a kind of retra tion for having made too free with Sir John Oldcast name—'Where, for any thing I know, *Falstaff* s die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard o ions; for *Oldcastle* died a martyr, and *this is not man.*' Add to this, that Nathaniel Field, in his 'Ame for Ladies,' (1618,) alludes to Falstaff's definition honour, in the following words, which he attributes Oldcastle:—

—— Did you never see
The play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle,*
Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?

Field, who was a player, was hardly likely to h been mistaken, or to have confounded characters. I true that in the old play of 'King Henry V.,' which been exhibited before 1589, Sir John Oldcastle character, and fills the place of Falstaff as companio the prince in his revels and his robberies. But as Sha speare took the hint from the old play, why might not take the name also? and change it when he fo that he was injuring a worthy person; or at the insta of the queen, (as it has been said,) out of respect to memory of Lord Cobham. Weaver describes castle, as Shakespeare does Falstaff, to have been page of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and castle is alluded to as the *fat knight*, in other old bo Against the weight of all this evidence Stevens and lone have contended; but, as Reed justly obser 'they have opposed conjecture and inference alon conjecture very ingeniously suggested, and infere very subtilly extracted; but weighing nothing aga what is equivalent to positive evidence.' The rea will find the whole voluminous controversy at the of the first part of KING HENRY IV., in Boswell's tion."—SINGER.

But the controversy was not thus closed. Na (Glossary) and Knight still maintain that "old lad of castle" was a familiar appellation, perhaps (as Farr thought) "lad of *Castile*," (Castilian;) but taken i convivial sense, as we should now say *old buck*. Sha speare's contemporary, Gabriel Harvey, has a pass which confirms this opinion, in which he speaks of " lads of the castle with their rapping bable, roaring boy The controversy has been recently renewed by Halliwell, in a curious and learned pamphlet, (Lond 1841.) Mr. Collier thus sums up the latest conclusi of himself and his Shakespearian associates, on this stinately contested question:—

"The folio (1623) merely reads, 'As is the hon my old lad of the castle.' The words 'old lad of castle' are conjectured to be an allusion to the name *Oldcastle*, by which Falstaff was originally known this play: there could otherwise be no joke in the pression. Mr. Halliwell, in his 'Essay on the Cha ter of Sir John Falstaff,' goes far to establish the th following propositions:—'1. That the stage was in possession of a rude outline of Falstaff before Shakespe wrote either part of HENRY IV., under the name of John Oldcastle. 2. That the name of Oldcastle was tained for a time in Shakespeare's HENRY IV., changed to Falstaff before the play was printed. That in all probability some of the theatres, in act HENRY IV., retained the name of Oldcastle, after author had made the alteration.' Mr. Halliwell maintains, that 'Shakespeare probably made the cha before the year 1593.' I am disposed to fix the com sition of HENRY IV. (Part I.) in 1596."

r. Hackett, whose minute study and perfect mas- of the character gives high authority to all his ions on the subject, thinks that, in adopting this name, Shakespeare intended to designate the moral other peculiarities, etc., of the personage, in the e way as he named Shallow, Slender, Pistol, etc. manuscript note, he says—"I regard the name as mpound index to the moral of his character. Fal- depended upon his wit and humour to make and him friends with the Prince, etc.—a reliance h in the end proved to him a *false staff* indeed."

— *robe of durance*"—The *buff-jerkin*, the coat of kin, (*bœuf*,) was worn by sheriff's officers. It was obe of durance," an "everlasting garment," as in COMEDY OF ERRORS;—but it was also a robe of rance" in a sense that would not furnish an agree- association to one who was always in debt and ger, as Falstaff was.

— *I am as melancholy as a* GIB *cat*"—"Gib" and were old English names for a male cat. We have alt called "king of cats" in ROMEO AND JULIET. ert is the cat in "Reynard the Fox." Chaucer, in "Romaunt of the Rose," gives "Gibbe" as the slation of "Thibert," the cat. The name appears ave been applied to an *old* male cat, whose gravity oaches to the character of melancholy.

— *a Lincolnshire bagpipe*"—Lincolnshire bagpipes often spoken of by old writers, and this phrase as used proverbially, though the allusion has not explained. Thus we find, in the "Three Lords Three Ladies of London," (1590)—a play partaking he character of a morality and a historical drama— sweet ballad of the Lincolnshire bagpipes." Douce ests that it means the dull, long croak of frogs, who he native musicians of the marshy county of Lincoln- .

What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of r-ditch"—The melancholy of a hare seems to have proverbial; and Taylor, in his "Penniless Pil- age," (1618,) speaks of "Moor-ditch melancholy," ference to the filthy, stagnant condition of the water t formerly. According to Stowe's "Survey," it parated Bedlam Hospital from the fields," another on for associating it with melancholy.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch surrounding the city ondon, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, was nly stinking, poisonous, muddy, black, as described Thomas Decker, in 1606, but it was bounded by an holesome and impassable morass; so that the citi- , who had many beautiful suburban fields, regarded quarter as amongst the melancholy places in which ilence continually lurked, and which they naturally ined."—KNIGHT.

— *thou hast damnable* ITERATION"—i. e. *Repetition; recitation*, as Malone thought. Falstaff does not plain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but he has been *retorting* and *distorting* the meaning is words throughout the scene. For example, Fal- talks of the *sun* and moon—the Prince retorts with ea and moon. Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense— Prince in another:—so of *judging;* and so in the age which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint—the king of the "old lord" talking wisely in the street, the Prince rejoining by an allusion to an often-quoted otural expression:—"Wisdom crieth without; she reth her voice in the streets.—I have stretched out hand, and no man regarded."—(*Proverbs*, chap. i., . 20 and 24.)

— *if Gadshill have set a* MATCH"—So every quarto on. The folio has "set a *watch*," which was a very misprint; and it seems, by the quotation pointed by Farmer in "Ratsey's Ghost," (1606,) that "to match" was technical among thieves:—"I have many times beholding to tapsters and chamber- for directions and *setting of matches*." In addition, have the phrase "setting a *match*," for making an appointment, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair." To "set a *watch*" would, therefore, seem to be directly contrary to what Shakespeare intended. See also what Gadshill says (in act ii. scene 1) to the chamberlain.

"— *Sir John* SACK-AND-SUGAR"—"The favourite potation of Falstaff—'a good sherris-sack'—which, with the genial knight, 'ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes,'—has had a different effect upon certain expounders of its virtues. The solemn disputations which the world has seen upon the nature of 'sherris-sack'—whether it was wet or dry—whether it was Sherry or Malaga—whether the name 'sack' was derived from *sec*, because it was dry, or from *secco*, because it was sold in a bag—why Falstaff drunk it with sugar, and why he eschewed lime in it—have wasted much learned ink; and, like many other controversies, the questions which have agitated the disputants seem to be left pretty much in their original obscurity. It may be sufficient to refer to Dr. Drake, ('Shakespeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 130,) for the main argument, on one side, that 'sherris-sack' was not our Sherry, but was a sweet wine; and to Archdeacon Nares (Glossary, art. 'Sack') on the other hand, that 'sherris-sack' was undoubtedly the same wine which we now call Sherry—a wine of the dry or rough kind. There appears only one thing quite certain in the controversy—that the English, in the time of Elizabeth, were accustomed to put sugar in their wines; and this fact rests upon the authority of Paul Hentzner and Fynes Moryson."—KNIGHT.

Mr. Knight has not done justice to the erudite argument of the learned and acute archdeacon, who we think has settled the question, and shown the cause of the obscurity which hung over it. He proves, by the following (among other) authorities, "Falstaff's favourite beverage to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry*. Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*—that is, *sack* from *Xeres*. '*Sherry* sack; so called from *Xeres*, a sea-town of Corduba, in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made.'—(BLOUNT'S *Glossographia*.) It may derive its name of *sack* from being a dry wine, (*vin sec;*) and was anciently written *seck*. 'Your best *sacke* (says Gervase Markham) are of *Seres* in Spaine.'—(*English Housewife*.) The difficulty about it has arisen from the later importation of sweet wines from Malaga, the Canaries, etc., which were at first called Malaga or Canary *sacks;* sack being, by that time, considered as a name applicable to all white wines. 'I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought in to this reign but Malmsyes,' (says Howell, in his 'Londinopolis;') and soon after, 'Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than for drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used.' One of the sweet wines, still retaining the name of *sack*, has thrown an obscurity over the original *dry sack;* but if further proof were wanting, the following passage affords it abundantly:—'But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack, must be understood of Sherrie sack;* for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste.'—(VENNER'S *Via Recta ad Vitam longam*, 1637.) Venner afterwards carefully distinguishes 'Canarie wine, of some termed a *sacke*,' with this adjunct '*sweete*,' from the genuine sack; 'for it differeth (he adds) not only from *sacke* in sweetness, but also in colour and consistency.'"

Ben Jonson, also, records in a manuscript memorandum, quoted by Nares, his receiving "a present of ten dozen of *Palm sack;*" and old Herrick, the jovial clerical poet of the next generation, chaunts the virtues of "Canary sack." These examples prove Nares's conclusion, that *sack* had become a general name for the stronger white wines, which were distinguished by the prefix of their several kinds—much as we now say *Sicily* Madeira, *Marseilles* Madeira, etc.

"— ALL-HALLOWN *summer*"—i. e. Summer in November, on the first of which month is the feast of *All-Hallows*, or All-Saints—a phrase answering to our "*Indian* summer," and applied here, as that epithet might be metaphorically, to "an old man with youthful passions and habits."

"— *Falstaff*, BARDOLPH, PETO, *and Gadshill*"—"In all the old copies, *Harvey* and *Rossill* are put for Bardolph and Peto: perhaps these were the names of the actors of the parts, though we do not meet with them in any list of the company. It is possible that Harvey and Rossill were names by which Peto and Bardolph were called in the play, as it originally stood, before Oldcastle was changed to Falstaff. At all events, the robbery was committed by Bardolph and Peto, and their names ought to be inserted in the text."—COLLIER.

"— *and*, SIRRAH"—This word, here and in other passages, is used familiarly, and even sharply, but not contemptuously. It is supposed to have meant, originally, *Sir, ha!* which etymology agrees with Shakespeare's general application of the term.

"— *for the* NONCE"—Gifford's explanation of this phrase (which is also the interpretation of Lord Hailes) is the true one. "*For the nonce* is simply *for the once*—for the *one thing* in question, whatever it be. * * * The progress of this expression is distinctly marked in our early writers—'a ones,' 'an anes,' 'for the ones,' 'for the nanes,' 'for the nones,' 'for the nonce.'"—(BEN JONSON's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 218.)

"— *provide us all things necessary; and meet me tomorrow night in Eastcheap*"—As the Prince is evidently thinking of the festive meeting at supper, after the affair, he directs Poins, in the same breath, to make the needful preparation for the present, and invites him to meet him at supper next evening; all which seems so clear that it is strange that a large majority of the editors should concur in altering the old reading, "to-morrow night," into *to-night*.

"— *falsify men's* HOPES"—"Hopes," for mere *expectations*, is to be found in old English books, as it is sometimes still heard in colloquial use. Nares points out the same broad application, both in Latin and Greek.

SCENE III.

"— *than my* CONDITION"—"Condition" is used, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, for *nature, disposition*, as well as estate or fortune. It is so interpreted by Philips, in his "World of Words."

"*The moody* FRONTIER *of a servant brow.*"

"Frontier" is said anciently to have meant *forehead*, to prove which, Stevens adduces this quotation, from Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses: "Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth ousted round their *frontiers*, and hangeth over their brow." Nares observes, that this does not explain the passage: "The moody *forehead* of a servant brow" is not sense. Surely it may be better interpreted "the moody or threatening *outwork*;" in which sense "frontier" is used, in act ii. scene 3:—

Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets.

"*My liege, I did deny no prisoners*," etc.

"The character of Hotspur is drawn with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. Of the likeness we are as certain as when we look at the Charles V. of Titian, or the Lord Stafford of Vandyke. But it is too young, say the critics. The Poet, in the first scene, (say they,) ought not to have called him 'young Harry Percy,' for he was some thirty-five years old at the battle of Holmedon; and the wish of the king—

—— that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet—

was a very absurd wish, and such a change was qu beyond the power of a 'night-tripping fairy;' for Pe was born about 1366, and Henry of Monmouth so twenty years later. Every thing in its place. We sire the utmost exactness in matters where exactnes required. Let History proper give us her dates to very day and hour; but let Poetry be allowed to bre the bands by which she would be earth-bound. Wh Shakespeare shows us the ambitious, irascible, s willed, sarcastic, but high-minded and noble Hotsp and places in contrast with him the thoughtless, go tempered, yielding, witty, but brave and chivalr Henry, we have no desire to be constantly remind that characters so alike in the energy of youth ha been incorrectly approximated in their ages by Poet. Fluellen had, no doubt, very correct notions touching the direction of the military discipline;' when he bestowed upon Captain Macmorris 'a few putations,' in the way of argument and friendly co munication, when the town was besieged and the tru pet called to the breach, we think the captain was p fectly justified in telling the worthy Welshman tha was 'no time to discourse.'

"Sir Henry Percy received his *soubriquet* of Hots from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpet forays and battles. The old ballad of the 'Battle Otterbourne' tells us—

He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

He was 'first armed when the castle of Berwick taken by the Scots', in 1378, when he was twelve ye old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *spur was never cold*. Nothing can be more historic true than the prince's description of Hotspur—'he t kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakf washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fye upon quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry, (s she,) how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give roan horse a drench,' (says he,) and answers, 'So fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' The absti tion of Hotspur—the 'some fourteen,—an hour after, has been repeated by our Poet in the beautiful sc between Hotspur and his lady, in this act:—

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, *else he loves me not.*

The servant has been called and dismissed; the l has uttered her reproof; a battle has been fough Hotspur's imagination, before he answers—

Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not.

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be tri tionary; and so might be the

—— speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish.

At any rate, these circumstances are singularly cha teristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially po cal. Such are the magical touches by which Sha speare created the imperishable likenesses of his hist cal personages. He seized upon a general truth, made it more striking and permanent by investin with the ideal."—KNIGHT.

"— *his chin, new reap'd,*
Show'd like a stubble-land," etc.

In the varying changes of the fashion of the beard chin, it may be necessary to explain to the reader, t the allusion is not to a close-shaved chin, which is far as may be from the bristly appearance of a "stubl land;" but to a cherished and cultivated beard, of Poet's age, newly shorn and clipped, more closely th was the use of plain men, who suffered their beards grow long, with rare recurrence to tonsorial art.

"*A* POUNCET-BOX"—i. e. "A small box (says W burton) for musk, or other perfumes, then in fashi the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it name—from *poinsoner;* to *prick, pierce*, or *engra* Various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, l before tobacco was thus employed."

" His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer," etc.

tevens and Malone here pointed out some over-
ts of Shakespeare, with regard to this Lord Morti-
. Before he makes his personal appearance in the
, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-*
In the second act, Lady Percy expressly calls
her brother Mortimer. And yet, when he enters
e third act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in
she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency
be accounted for as follows:—It appears from Dug-
and Sanford's account of the Mortimer family, that
e were two of them taken prisoners, at different
s, by Glendower, each of them bearing the name
dmund—one being Edmund *Earl of March*, nephew
ady Percy, and the proper Mortimer of this play;
other *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, uncle to the former,
brother to Lady Percy. The Poet has confounded
wo persons.

hall we buy treason, and indent with FEARS,
Vhen they have lost and forfeited themselves?"

To indent with" is found in the old poets, as Har-
on's "Ariosto" and Davenant, and is explained in old
onaries, etc. (as Baret,) in the sense of "to make a
nant or compact with one." "Fears" for the *ob-*
of fear, is a sense which can hardly be considered
lete; for it is merely the use of the word with a
ide of meaning which may, I think, be found
orized by good writers of later times. It certainly
the authority of Shakespeare's contemporaries.
, in a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Valen-
n:"—

—— If I must perish,
Yet shall my *fears* go foremost.

is, "If I must perish, my fears (those whom I fear)
perish first." The king, therefore, indignantly
"Do you think that I will buy off treason, or
e terms with those whom I may be thought to fear—
n in reality they have, by their own act, put an
to all cause of alarm?"
ch is, I think, the clear meaning of the passage.
the commentators have taken different views of it.
e (with Stevens) take "indent with fears" to mean
agreement with cowards. Johnson would read
h *peers*," (i. e. lords who have forfeited their
ur.) Collier interprets thus:—"That is, subscribe
ndenture, as if under apprehension." "They," in
second line, refers to Mortimer and others taken
him. Mr. Knight is much bolder. As "fears" is
ed in the old copies, as usual, *feares*, he thinks
a misprint for *feres*, and goes on at great length to
that *feres*, an old English word for *companions*,
iates, had also the sense of a "feudal vassal;" and
the king here "alludes to Mortimer and Glendower,
s revolted *vassals*—they are *feres*, with whom he
es to indent, or to put himself on equal terms with.
are, moreover, not competent to contract with
their lord, as being vassals who have forfeited their
" This most Warburtonian interpretation is sup-
ed in an ingenious argument, fraught with curious
ing, very entertaining and instructive, though not
satisfactory as to its object. Among all these va-
es of the commentators, I have no doubt of the in-
etation first given, which has the concurrence of
Dyce, and other sound critics.

" — Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?"

Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir
rent to the crown, in 1385; but he was killed, in
nd, in 1388. The person who was proclaimed
apparent by Richard II., previous to his last voy-
o Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger,
was then but seven years old: he was not Lady
y's brother, but her nephew. He was the un-
ted heir to the crown after the death of Richard.
nas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter
wen Glendower, and the subsequent historians
d him. Sandford says that he married Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund, Earl of Stafford. Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist, Lord Grey of Ruthven. Hollingshed led Shakespeare into the error. This Edmund, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in 1392, and at the time when this play is supposed to commence, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not thirteen." MALONE.

" — this CANKER, *Bolingbroke"*—The "canker" is the *dog-rose*—the rose of the hedge, not of the gardens. In MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, we have, "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a rose in his grace."

" — and DISDAIN'D *contempt"*—"Disdain'd" is used for *disdainful*, as in OTHELLO, *delighted* for *delightful*; a loose and inexact use of the participle, very common in the older English poets.

" — the unsteadfast footing of a spear"—i. e. Of a spear laid across the torrent.

" By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap," etc

Theobald, Stevens, and the critics of that school, have sneered at this passage, as "rant;" and T. Warton (a critic of a higher order) has strangely suggested that this is "probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities." But this *rant* is precisely the rant in which such a character as Hotspur might give vent to his feelings, in real life. It is the language of an ardent mind, under strong excitement, giving utterance to its aspirations in grand but half-formed figures; and is justly liable to no other criticism than Worcester himself immediately subjoins, on the "world of figures" created by his nephew's imagination;—a clear proof as to what the author himself intended. This "rant" of Hotspur is not unlike some of the rants of Napoleon, in his bulletins—so extravagant when tried by the standard of cold criticism; so animating and exciting in their actual effect. Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles:—"I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." Johnson says, "Though I am far from condemning this speech, with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection, and beauty of allegory, which Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical; yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.!' In the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense, in which he probably would have joined as heartily as any one.

" Out upon this HALF-FAC'D *fellowship!"*

The epithet "half-fac'd" is repeatedly met with in old writers, always denoting something imperfect, or without its full form and proportions; as "your half-faced English," "yon half-faced mirror," and more literally, in HENRY IV., "that half-faced fellow, Shallow," etc. The commentators have sought the origin of the phrase, in various quarters. Johnson draws it from the use of mantua-makers and tailors, in facing a dress with richer stuff—so that then it would mean "a partnership wanting half of its honours." Others trace the phrase to the *half-faces*, or profiles, of old used in the smaller coins, as the groat, etc., while those of more value had a full face of the sovereign. Whatever was the origin of the phrase, nothing more seems meant here than a contemptuous expression of repugnance to any partnership (or *co-rival*) in dignity.

"— SWORD-AND-BUCKLER *prince of Wales*"—This is not (as Nares and others explain, and as it would mean in modern use) a phrase indicative of military energy, but was an old English term for a turbulent fellow, who raised brawls in the streets. The meaning of the epithet is clear, from the following authorities:—"This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frayes and common fighting, during the time that swords and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his sword."—(STOWE's *Survey of London.*) There was a poem, published in 1602, entitled "Sword and Buckler, or Serving-man's Defence," by William Bas; and John Florio, in his "First Fruites," (1578:)—"What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*. What weapon is that *buckler?* A clownish, dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

"— *what a* WASP-TONGUE"—We have here the choice of three old readings, every one of which is adopted in some or other of the modern editions. The first quarto (1598) reads *wasp-stung*, which Stevens and Collier think is the true reading. The quarto of 1599 reads "wasp-tongue," which Malone contends for, and Knight adopts. "He who is stung by wasps has a real cause for impatience; but *waspish*, which is often used by Shakespeare, is petulant from temper; and 'wasp-tongue,' therefore, very naturally means *petulant tongue*, which was exactly the accusation meant to be urged." The folio altered it to *wasp-tongued*.

"*'Sblood!*"—All the quartos give, and all the folios omit, this characteristic interjection. The same circumstance occurs afterwards.

"*Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.*"

The greyhound is held in slips, and is loosened when "the game's afoot."

"COUSIN, *farewell*"—This was a common address, in our author's time, to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. (See Hollingshed's "Chronicle," *passim.*) Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

"*When time is ripe, which will be suddenly.*"

I see no reason to change the punctuation of all the old editions, as here given. The modern editors, except Knight, give the lines thus:—

> —— No further go in this,
> Than I by letters shall direct your course.
> When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)
> I'll steal to Glendower, etc.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"— *out of all* CESS"—i. e. Out of all *measure; excessively*, (*præter modum.*) To "cess," or *assess*, was to number, muster, value, *measure*, or appraise.

"— *never joyed since the price of oats rose*"—In 1596 the price of grain was exceedingly high, "by colour of the unseasonableness of this summer;" and Elizabeth issued a proclamation against "Ingrossers." If this play was written about 1596, Shakespeare had probably the scarcity in his mind when he made the dear oats kill poor "Robin ostler."

"— *breeds fleas like a* LOACH"—Why one carrier should say that he has been "stung like a tench," and the other that "chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach," has been thought worthy of learned discussion. Farmer thought that "tench" was a misprint for *trout*, which is spotted; and Mason suggests that as the "loach" is a very prolific little fish, the carrier used it as a simile for any thing breeding in great swarms; which I suppose is the author's meaning.

"— *and two* RAZES *of ginger*'—i. e. *Roots* of ginger. The Spanish has *rays de gengibre*. In the old play of the "Famous Victories," we have a "great *race* of ginger." The phrase has gone out of date, and there seems now no reason for elaborate inquiry, whether th were two large cases or two small parcels of ging all which matter has been duly examined by the cri

"*I think it be two o'clock*"—The carrier susp Gadshill, and wishes to mislead him. He has just it is four o'clock.

"*At hand, quoth pick-purse*"—A proverbial ph met with in such writers of the time as have presen the slang of town life.

"— *saint Nicholas' clerks*"—This was a term highwaymen and robbers, but why, it is not easy to Warburton asserts that the patron saint of clerks b St. Nicholas, and Old Nick being a cant name for devil, the word "clerks" became indifferently app to scholars and robbers. Grey has shown that h waymen were termed "St. Nicholas' knights." (note on Two GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, act iii. scene

"— *no foot* LAND-RAKERS"—i. e. "No *padders; wanderers on foot*:—no 'long-staff, six-penny strike no fellows that infest the road with long staffs, and kn men down for six-pence:—'none of these mad r tachio, purple-hued malt-worms;' none of those wh faces are red with drinking ale."—JOHNSON.

"— *and great* ONEYERS"—Pope interprets this *raires*, (trustees or commissioners;) Theobald, *mo ers;* Hanmer, *owners;* Hardinge, *moniers*, (mintme Capell, *mynheers;* Malone, *onyers*, (public accountar Johnson wisely dispenses with such subtleties, thinks that "great oneyers" is merely a cant phrase *great ones;* as we say *auctioneer, privateer*, etc. *Variorum* editions contain large comments on Gadsh slang, which leave the text pretty much as they foun

"— *we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk in ible*"—Fern-seed being of old supposed to be invisi those who carried it about them were supposed t invisible also.

"— *thou shalt have a share in our* PURCHASE"—" chase" meaning originally any sort of acquisition, o than by legal inheritance, was ironically used as slang word for *booty*, or property obtained by robb

"— HOMO *is a common name to all men*"—"T man" and "false thief" were frequently opposed writers of the time; and when Gadshill says, that "h is a common name to all men," he means that it just as applicable to the "true man," which he called himself, as to the "false thief," which the ch berlain had termed him.

SCENE II.

"— *he frets like a* GUMMED VELVET"—"Velvets" taffatas, when "gummed," fretted or wore themse out by their stiffness. To "fret like a gummed velv or like a *gummed taffata*, was a phrase so often in with our old writers, that it became proverbial. quotation, from Marston's "Malcontent," (1604,)—' come among you, like *gum* into taffata, *fret, fret* shows the allusion intended.

"— *four foot by the* SQUIRE"—i. e. By the *square* carpenter's rule. The phrase is so frequent in authors, still much read, as Burton, etc., as to leave ground for Warburton's notion that there was a joke Falstaff's size—moving forward with his legs four apart, so as to "move four feet by the square."

"*What a plague mean ye to* COLT *me thus*"—To "c is to *trick*, or *fool*, as the commentators have given eral quotations to prove. The prince in his reply p upon the word, as Falstaff was on foot; "uncolted," the loss of his *horse*.

"— *not John of* GAUNT"—Falstaff intends a pas joke on his own corpulence, in a double allusion the valour and the title, "Gaunt," of the prince's gr father; who derived his appellation, of course, not f his person, but from his birth-place—*Ghent*, or Gan

– happy man be his DOLE"—i. e. Happiness be his *on*, or "dole."

– ye fat CHUFFS"—The word "chuff" seems to a pampered *glutton*.

ceunt FALSTAFF, *etc. driving the Travellers out.*"] e old stage-direction is, "Here they rob them and them." It is clear, however, that Falstaff and the go out, leaving the stage to the prince and Poins, return.

– ARGUMENT *for a week*"—i. e. The subject-matter *versation*; as we still say the "argument" of a or poem.

—leaving the booty behind them"]—This is *ver-* the oldest stage-direction; and the controversies e point of Falstaff's courage or cowardice, give some rtance (as Collier remarks) to the matter of Falstaff's ng last, and we therefore preserve it in place of the rn alteration, which says, "Falstaff, after a blow o, and the rest run away."

Scene III.

low now, KATE"—"Shakespeare either mistook the of Hotspur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but beth,) or else designedly changed it, out of the re- able fondness he seems to have had for the familiar lation of 'Kate,' which he is never weary of re- ng, when he has once introduced it; as in this , the scene of Katharine and Petruchio, and the ship between King Henry V. and the French ess."

"*Of palisadoes,* FRONTIERS, *parapets,*" etc.

e use of "frontiers," in this connection, confirms nterpretation given to the word in act i. scene 3, e the editors differ. Old dictionaries and military show that "frontiers" formerly meant not only the ds of different territories, but also the *forts* built or near those limits. Thus, in Ives's "Practice of ication," (1589:)—"A forte not placed where it needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." interprets "*frontiera*, a *frontire*, or bounding ; also a *skonce*, a bastion, a defence, a trench, or -house, upon or about confines or borders." In es from Blackfryers," by H. Fitzgeoffrey, (1617:)—

> He'll tell of basilisks, trenches, and retires,
> Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*.

"*Of* BASILISKS, *of cannon, culverin,*" etc.

rrison's "Description of England" contains "the s of our greatest ordinance." The "basilisk," the n, and the culverin, are fully described. The sk, the largest of all, weighed nine thousand pounds, arried a ball of sixty pounds; the cannon weighed thousand pounds, and also carried a ball of sixty ds, (but this weight of ball would appear to be a int;) and the culverin weighed four thousand ds, and carried a ball of eighteen pounds. Harri- ives a wondrous account of a great gun, compared which the English basilisk must have been a pocket- :—"The Turk had one gun, made by one Orbon, ne. the caster of his ordinance, which could not be n to the siege of Constantinople but by seventy s of oxen and two thousand men."

– the CURRENT *of a heady fight*"—A clear and espearian expression, found in all the old editions— strong rushing of an impetuous battle;" for which editions have substituted the uncouth and weak *currents*, explained as an abbreviation of *occur-* (used for *occurrences*.)

On some great sudden HASTE"—Collier substitutes reading of the first quarto, which may be right, g *hest* for "haste." *Hest*, for *behest*, is a common . "On some great sudden *hest*," is "On some sudden *command*."

"— O, ESPERANCE"—The motto of the Percy family. The folio omits "O."

"*To play with* MAMMETS"—"Mammets" were *puppets*, or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything*; a diminutive of *mam*. "*Quasi dicat parvam matrem, seu matronulam.*"—"*Icunculæ; mammets*, or puppets, that goe by devises of wyers or strings, as though they had life and moving."—(*Junius's Nomenclator, by Fleming*, 1585.) Mr. Gifford has thrown out a conjecture about the meaning of "mammets," from the Italian *mammetta*, which signifies a *bosom*, as well as a *young wench*. (See *Ben Jonson's Works*.) "I have not found the word used in English, in that sense; but *mammet*, for a *puppet*, or dressed-up *living doll*, is common enough."—SINGER.

Scene IV.

"*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*"

"'Who knows not Eastcheap and the Boar's Head? Have we not all been there, time out of mind? And is it not a more real as well as notorious thing to us than the London Tavern, or the Crown and Anchor, or the Hummums, or White's, or What's-his-name's, or any other of your contemporary and fleeting taps?' We quote this passage from Leigh Hunt's delightful 'Indicator.' Mr. Hunt, we take it, is speaking of the endearing *associations* of the Boar's Head—not of a real brick and stone tavern. But Goldsmith, it would appear, had sat in the Boar's Head of Shakespeare. We quote the following from his 'Essays:'—

"'Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, *in the very room* where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time.'

"Alas! the *real* Boar's Head was destroyed in the great fire of London; and its successor, that rose up out of the ruins, was recently swept away with the old London Bridge, to which it was a neighbour. We can no longer make a pilgrimage even to the second Boar's Head."—KNIGHT.

"— *but a* CORINTHIAN"—i. e. A *wencher*, a *debauchee*; a phrase found often in old plays, and used in this sense even by the solemn Milton, in his "Apology for Smectymnus:"—"And raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess with all her young *Corinthian* laity."

"— *breathe in your* WATERING"—i. e. Take breath when you are *drinking*. To "water" was a common word for to *drink*, as we still say to *water a horse*. Some mechanics have still their "watering" time, in the afternoon.

"— *by an under-*SKINKER"—i. e. An *under-drawer* "Skink" is *drink*, and a "skinker" is one that *serves drink* at table.

"— KNOT-PATED"—i. e. With the *hair cut close*: a word of contempt equivalent to the *roundhead* of the next half century.

"— PUKE-*stocking*, CADDIS-*garter*"—"Puke," the modern *puce*, is a sober *brown* colour. The prince describes the drawer's master as a person whose dress and appearance were entirely opposite to those of the gay courtiers who frequented his house. The "caddis-

garter" (the garter of *ferret*) matches the "puce-stocking;" and their colour was more noted in old times, as men's garters were worn in sight, and often very splendid.

"— *your brown* BASTARD *is your only drink*"—"Bastard" was the name of a strong and sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, white and "brown."

"— *I am not yet of Percy's mind*"—"The drawer's answer had interrupted the prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours;—'I am not yet of Percy's mind;' that is, I am willing to indulge myself in gayety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. 'I am not yet of Percy's mind,'—who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier."—JOHNSON.

"— 'RIVO!' *says the drunkard*"—"Rivo!" is a drinking exclamation, which, from the frequency of its use in old poets, seems to have made part of the familiar slang of the London taverns. Its etymology has not been discovered.

"— NETHER-*stocks*"—i. e. *Lower* stocks, or *stockings*.

"— *pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the* SUN"—This being one of the favourite texts for editorial comment, upon which pages of controversy have been bestowed, I have not ventured to substitute for the old text the emendation I otherwise prefer. This is the reading of the folio; the first and second quartos have *sonnes* for "sun." The later quartos are like the folio. The passage has been hotly disputed by Theobald, Warburton, Stevens, Malone, etc. Collier and Knight think that Warburton's interpretation of the meaning must be adopted. He reads "pitiful-hearted Titan" as in parenthesis, and made the word "that" refer to the butter, which "melted at the sweet tale of the sun." Still a difficulty remains in the words "at the sweet tale," unless we suppose Titan to whisper a tale, while he is kissing the "dish of butter."

Malone and Stevens both adopt readings founded on the old quarto one—"of the sonnes." Stevens thought that this refers to Ovid's story of Apollo's melting at his son Phæton's "sweet tale," when, by his plausible story, he won permission to guide the chariot of day. Malone, thinking that it meant Apollo's grief at the story of his son's death, changes the word to "thy sons." After all, Theobald is most likely to be right, in reading "pitiful-hearted *butter*, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun." The change might happen very naturally, by the compositor, or the copyist before him, repeating the word "Titan," instead of *butter*, both words having just before occurred—a kind of mistake which is often observed by all who have much experience either in correcting the press, or in revising copied manuscript.

"— *lime in this sack too*"—Eliot, in his "Orthoepia," (1593,) speaking of sack and Rhenish, says—"The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies."

"— *then I am a* SHOTTEN *herring*"—A "shotten" herring is one that has cast its spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank; which the knight is quite conscious is not his case.

"— *a dagger of lath*"—The Vice in the old moralities was thus armed, as described in TWELFTH NIGHT:—

> In a trice, like to the old Vice,
> Your need to sustain:
> Who with dagger of lath,
> In his rage and his wrath.

The modern Harlequin, who is the lineal descendant of the Vice, retains the lath.

"— *this* DAY *morning*"—So the first two quartos, according to the phraseology of the time. Later editions omit "day." The expression "this day morning" is still used in the eastern counties of England.

"*Down fell their hose*"—Their hose fell down beca the points (i. e. the *laces*, with metal points) bro Falstaff uses "points" in one sense, and Poins in anoth

"— *in Kendal green*"—i. e. Green *cloth*, made Kendal, in Westmoreland, famous of old for its ma facture; and it being the traditional uniform of Ro Hood's men, was celebrated in many old songs plays.

"— *greasy tallow-*KETCH"—In the old copies i *tallow catch*. A "ketch" is a *tub*—a *cask*. A tall cask is no unapt comparison for Falstaff. Modern tions read *keech*, which also gives an appropriate se as a *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox, rolled up lump. But the first is more probably the allusion tended, because *catch* and "ketch" appear to have b formerly spelled the same. Our musical catch is *ket* in Beaumont and Fletcher.

"— *were I at the* STRAPPADO"—The punishment the "strappado" (often alluded to by writers of time) is thus described:—"The *strappado* is when person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly let him fall half way with a jerk, which not only bre eth his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, t for a man to undergo."—(RANDLE HOLME'S *Acade of Arts and Blazon.*)

"— *you* EEL-*skin*"—The old copies have *elf-skin*, which no reasonable sense has been suggested, so t it seems a misprint for *eel-skin;* appropriate enough t tall very thin person, such as Prince "Hal" was. Sto speaking of him, says—"He exceeded the mean stat of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and bones small," etc.

"— *a* ROYAL *man*"—The hostess has previou called the messenger a *nobleman*. The joke lies in difference between the coins—a "royal," which was shillings, and a *noble*, which was only six shillings eight-pence; he that deceived a noble being called, cant language, a *noble-man*. The joke has royal auth ity, for the antiquary Hearne has preserved a sim one of Queen Elizabeth.

"— *taken with the* MANNER"—More correctly, *m nores* is the technical common-law term for "take the fact," or with the evidence of guilt in the prisone hands. This, however, differs from many of our Po other common-law allusions, in having been a famil phrase of colloquial use, found in other dramatists.

"CHOLER, *my lord*"—The reader who would en into the spirit of this repartee, must recollect the si larity of sound between "choler" and *collar*.

"— *my sweet creature of* BOMBAST"—"Bomba was *cotton-wool;* and the older English naturalists the *cotton-plant* the "bombast tree." It was used, well as horse-hair, to stuff out the dress of both sexe

"— *a Welsh hook*"—This weapon appears to h been a pike, with a hook placed at some distance bel its point, like some of the ancient *partizans;* and wo seem to have been used alike for "wood-craft" and irregular war.

"— *with his pistol kills a sparrow flying*"—This very pardonable anachronism, which none but a v accurate antiquary would observe, either in Sha speare's days or our own. Pistols were not known early as Henry V.

"— *a thousand* BLUE-CAPS *more*"—i. e. *Scotsmen;* called from their blue caps, or *bonnets*, so familiar Scottish song.

"— *king Cambyses' vein*"—The allusion is to a p called "A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of Pleas Mirth, conteyning the Life of *Cambises*, King of Persi by T. Preston.

"— *here is my* LEG"—i. e. My *obeisance* to my fath

– *good* TICKLE-BRAIN"—"Tickle-brain" was the ame of some sort or sorts of *strong liquor*.

– *a* MICHER"—i. e. A *truant*. To "mich" is to *ut of sight*—be like "a truant boy, who lurks in elds, and picks wild fruits." Like many other old s, it is to be traced still in provincial use. In Ack-n's "Glossary of Wiltshire Provincialisms," we "*Moocher*, a truant; a *blackberry moocher*, a boy plays truant to pick blackberries."

–*for a* RABBIT-SUCKER"—i. e. A *sucking rabbit*. est (as Johnson points out) is his comparing him- o something small and thin.

– *that* BOLTING-HUTCH *of beastliness*"—A "bolting- " is the wooden receptacle into which meal is , or *sifted*.

– *that huge* BOMBARD *of sack*"—A "bombard" is by Ben Jonson and his contemporaries, for a large for liquor; sometimes for a *barrel*, oftener for a *leather* vessel for ale, etc. Heywood (in 1635) s of "the great black-jacks and *bombards* of the ," as large vessels out of which people used to .

– *that roasted* MANNINGTREE-*ox*"—Manningtree, sex, formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by ex- ng a certain number of stage-plays yearly. There great festivities there, and much good eating, at un-ales, etc. We may therefore conclude that ng an ox whole was not uncommon on those occa- The pudding sometimes accompanied the ox; find in a ballad written in 1658:—

> Just so the people stare
> At an ox in the fair
> Roasted whole with a pudding in's belly.
> (NICHOLL'S *Collection of Poems.*)

– *wherein* CUNNING, *but in craft*"—i. e. *Knowing*, *lful*, but in trickery.

– *I would your grace would take me with you*"— is, Let me understand you; or, as Johnson ex- it, "go no faster than I can follow." The phrase dly out of date.

– *behind the* ARRAS"—England was long dependant anders for most of the fabrics of luxury, and even mestic comfort; and among the rest for the mate- sed for clothing the bare walls, called after the of its manufacture—the city of Arras, in French lers. When "arras" was first brought into Eng- it was suspended on small hooks driven into the of houses and castles; but this practice was dis- nued. After the damp of the stone and brick work been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on s of wood, at such distance from the wall as pre- d the damp from being injurious. Large spaces thus left between the arras and the walls, suffi- to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old atists avail themselves of this convenient hiding- , upon all occasions.

["*Exeunt all but the Prince and* PETO."]

e modern editors have retained Poins on the stage the Prince, and it is to be admitted that Poins has rally been his companion; but in this instance it is that Peto remains; for in the quarto and folio edi- after the sheriff and carrier have retired, the con- tion is entirely between the Prince and Peto, whom Prince by name afterwards wishes good morrow, ng being said about Poins. We therefore (with er) restore the old reading.

tem, Bread, ... ob."—"So the old s: '*ob.*,' for *obulum*, was the mode, at that time, riting a half-penny. In the quartos and folios the nt is drawn up like a tavern-bill, and in this form ght to be preserved."—COLLIER.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"— *our* INDUCTION"—i. e. *Entrance, commencement*, or *introduction*.

"— *burning* CRESSETS"—"Cressets" and cresset-lights were used for *beacons*, and sometimes instead of *torches*, to light processions, etc. They had their name from *croisette*, (French,) because the fire was placed upon a little cross.

"— HUGE *foundation*"—"Huge" is only found in the quarto, (1598.)

"— *though yourself had never been born*"—We follow Collier, in deviating from all the late editions, as to this and Hotspur's preceding speeches, which are printed as prose in all the old copies; and it is not easy to make any thing like verse of them, though they are metrically arranged by Stevens and others. The contrast between Glendower's self-deceiving enthusiasm and Hotspur's impatient bluntness is stronger by the metre of the one and the prose of the other; and so the Poet probably intended.

"*The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes*," etc.

"Owen Glendower—the 'damned Glendower' of the king—the 'great Glendower' of Hotspur—'he of Wales,' that 'swore the devil his true liege-man,' of the Prince, was among the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which, the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice: but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the *guerilla* warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful; and his boast in this drama is historically true, that—

> Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
> Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
> And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
> Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

"Shakespeare has seized, with wonderful exactness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says—

> —— at my birth,
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.

The old chroniclers say, 'the same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.' His pretensions as a magician, which Shakespeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen (as Hollingshed relates) 'conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of.' His tedious stories to Hotspur—

> —— of the moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
> And of a dragon, and a finless fish,
> A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion, and a ramping cat—

were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Hollingshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular, that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower, was executed. 'This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the Moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.' Glendower might probably have

> Believed the magic wonders which he sang—

but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was 'trained up in the English court,' as he describes himself, and he

was probably 'exceedingly well read,' as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to 'bare-footed blackguards,' it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

> Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
> Reft of his aid the Percy fell." KNIGHT.

The above historical note is substantially, perhaps literally, correct; yet its facts are coloured by the rays of Shakespeare's fancy breaking through the sober gloom of history. Stevens, in a much more prosaic mood, informs us, that "Glendower's real name was Vaughan, and he was originally a barrister;" and old Hollingshed informed Shakespeare, in most unpoetic phrase, that "he became an *utter barrister*, or an apprentice of the law." If he had gone on in the beaten track of professional life, he would have risen to be Sergeant Vaughan, or perhaps Judge Vaughan, in the year-books, whose opinions might have been cited every half century, in the courts at Westminster, Albany, or Richmond, and throughout the whole domain of the common-law. But his name has gained higher honours. There is, however, I believe, no evidence whatever that he gave, either to his own noble and primitive tongue, or to that of England, the "helpful ornament" of verse. Briefly and transiently as his character is presented, it strikes me as one of Shakespeare's most original conceptions, and also as being wholly his own, in all its individual and poetical aspects. Glendower is made a boasting enthusiast, a very quick-tempered and positive gentleman, and, moreover, somewhat of a *bore*—all traits of character fitted for comedy. Yet Shakespeare has shed around the whole a halo of poetic glory.

"*The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds,*" etc.

Malone quotes a passage from an account of an earthquake in Catania, to show that Shakespeare's description of the effects of one of the rarer phenomena of nature was literally true:—"There was a blow as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying.*"

"— *my* MOIETY"—"Hotspur calls his third share a 'moiety.' Lear divides his kingdom into three parts, and yet Gloster talks of either duke's 'moiety.' In his dedication to the RAPE OF LUCRECE, Shakespeare uses 'moiety' in the sense of a small part of a whole. The explanation which we find in modern deeds, of *moiety*—'a moiety or half-part'—would show that it anciently signified any part; otherwise the explanation is superfluous."—KNIGHT.

"— *a monstrous* CANTLE"—"This word, in its strict sense, (says Douce,) signifies a small piece of any thing, but here a *portion*, or *parcel*. The French have *chanteau* and *chantel*—from the Latin *quantulum*."

"— *a brazen* CANSTICK"—*Candlestick* was written and printed "canstick," as here, for the sake of the metre; and so it stands in every old quarto. The folio (1623) first introduced *candlestick*, when the other mode began to be unintelligible.

"*By that time will our* BOOK, *I think, be drawn.*"

It was very common to call any paper writing, at this period, a "book." In the "Egerton Papers," (quarto, 1840,) many instances may be found where persons sent patents, deeds, or drafts of deeds, to the Lord Chancellor, calling them *books*. The "book" to which Mortimer refers, was the agreement betwe himself, Glendower, and Percy, in the preparation which Glendower had undertaken to "haste the write

"— *Lady, my* BRACH"—"Brach" is *hound.*

"— *protest of* PEPPER-*gingerbread*"—i. e. *Spice* g gerbread.

"*To* VELVET-GUARDS, *and Sunday-citizens.*"

Stubbes, ("Anatomy of Abuses," 1583)—a gr authority in matters of ancient dress—says that wome gowns, in his day, were "guarded with great *guar* of velvet." The "velvet guards" (edges of velv seem to have been a distinguishing peculiarity of t dress of the London city-wives. Fynes Moryson says "At public meetings the aldermen of London wear sc let gowns, and their wives a close gown of scarlet, w *guards of black velvet.*"

SCENE II.

"*Find pardon on my true submission.*"

The construction is, (says Johnson,) "Let me beg much extenuation that, upon confutation of many fa charges, I may be pardoned some that are true." T whole speech is parenthetically involved: the sense "reproof" is *disproof* in this passage; or, as Johns explains it, *confutation.*

"*And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,*" etc.

This is understood, by Malone, as meaning that " robbed heaven of the worship due to it." Gifford's terpretation of the same words, in a passage of Massi ger, seems more correct:—"Massinger, in the 'Gre Duke of Florence,' has adopted this expression:—

> —— Giovanni,
> A prince in expectation, when he lived here,
> *Stole courtesy from heaven.*

Mr. Gifford, in the note on this passage, gives this planation of the phrase:—'The plain meaning of t phrase is, that the affability and sweetness of Giovan were of a heavenly kind, (i. e. more perfect than w usually found among men,) resembling that divine c descension which excludes none from its regard; a therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heave whence all good proceeds. The word *stolen*, he means little else than *to win by imperceptible progr sion, by gentle violence.*'"

"— *and rash* BAVIN *wits*"—A "bavin" is a *fagg* made of brushwood. Holloway ("Dictionary of P vincialisms") states that, in Kent and Sussex, a "bavi means a *brush faggot.*

"—CARDED *his state*"—Warburton understood "ca ed" as *discarded.* Stevens shows, by several exampl that to *card* was a familiar figure, drawn from the *ca* ing of wool, the ancient staple of England, and so m gling coarse with fine qualities, was used for to *mix;* in a play of Greene's, (1620:)—"You *card* your bee etc. Thus, it here means that Richard II. *mixed* state with baser materials. Ritson took it that Richa played his state away, as at *cards.* The explanati of Stevens is clearly preferable, though Knight sugge yet another sense—i. e. that he fretted away his st as the carder attenuates the locks of wool.

"— *with* CARPING *fools*"—The quarto (1598) rea *capring;* all subsequent editions have "carping;" either of which words might have well been misprint for the other, and each giving an appropriate sen To *carp*, as Chaucer uses it, meant to *prate* and *je* In 1617, Minshew explains it, in his Dictionary, " *taunt*, to find fault with, or bite with words."

> "*And gave his countenance, against his name,*
> *To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push*
> *Of every beardless vain comparative,*" etc.

That is, The King gave his countenance to the inju of his name and character, ("against his name" be parenthetical,) to "every beardless vain comparative

silly boy who chose to try his wit against the
s, and so compare himself with him as an equal.
feoff being the term denoting the fullest legal con-
ce—the conveying in *fee*—it is here used for
ng himself absolutely and entirely over to popu-
, without reservation."

- *interest* TO *the state*"—We should now write *in*
tate; but this was the phraseology of the Poet's
So in the WINTER'S TALE—"he is less frequent
princely exercises than formerly."

APITULATE *against us*"—This use of the verb, in
ense, is unusual, but warranted by its etymology.
onfederates had drawn up *heads* of articles against
y IV., in vindication of their rebellion. Minshew
ins "capitulate," *per capita seu articulos pacisci*—
ake a compact under *heads*, or *articles*."

- *stain my* FAVOURS *in a bloody mask*"—i. e. *Fea-*
So in RICHARD II.:—

—— Yet I well remember
The *favours* of these men.

o, our author has elsewhere, a "good favour," a
favour;"—though others explain "favours" here
he colours, the scarfs, or decorations," by which
ts of rank were distinguished, which Stevens sup-
by this line—

Then let my *favours* hide thy mangled face—

v. scene 4, of this play. The "bloody mask,"
ver, seems quite inapplicable to this sense, and to
e that the prince is intended to say that he would
his *countenance* with blood, as with a mask.

he which, if HE *be pleas'd, I shall perform*," etc.
folio (1623) gives this line, "The which, if I per-
nd do survive;" the change becoming necessary
sequence of the substitution of *heaven* for "God,"
preceding line.

SCENE III.

- *while I am in some* LIKING"—i. e. While I have
flesh; am in good case. *Good-liking* is thus used
English Bible.

- *the knight of the burning lamp*"—"This is a natu-
cture. Every man who feels in himself the pain
ormity, however, like this merry knight, he may
to make sport with it among those whom it is his
st to please, is ready to revenge any hint of con-
upon one whom he can use with freedom."—
ON.

- BOLTERS *of them*"—i. e. *Sieves*, used for bolting
ing meal.

- *holland of eight shillings an ell*"—In this age of
-looms we are apt to forget the high price of
ng in old times, and to think that the hostess was
ing upon Falstaff when she charged the holland
shirts at eight shillings an ell. Stubbes, in his
tomy of Abuses," tells us that the meanest shirt
crown,—and some as much as ten pounds.

- *no more faith in thee than in a* STEWED PRUNE"—
s has been too abundantly copious on the subject
ewed prunes." They were a refection particularly
on in brothels, in Shakespeare's time,—perhaps
nistaken notions of their antisyphilitic properties.
ot easy to understand Falstaff's similes; perhaps he
as faithless as a *strumpet*, or a *bawd*.—SINGER.

- *no more truth in thee, than in a* DRAWN FOX"—
awn fox is surely neither an *exenterated* fox! nor
drawn over the grounds to exercise the hounds;
hunted fox—a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose
g in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes
ile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletch-
the 'Tamer Tamed,' call Moroso, a cunning, ava-
old man, 'that *drawn fox*.' 'Drawing is a term
n hunting, when they beat the bushes, etc., after
"—(*Country Dictionary*, 1704.)—SINGER.

"—*maid Marian*"—"Maid Marian" was the female companion of Robin Hood, and she was subsequently introduced into morris-dances. Shakespeare speaks of her in her degraded state, when she was represented by a strumpet, or a clown, in these exhibitions.

"*Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster*"—This whole passage is, in the older editions, arranged in lines, as if metrical; but without any thing of metre in them to the ear, or indeed to the eye, or in the syllables. The editors have laboured to bring them more into form by lopping off syllables, and changing, without authority, *Peto* into *Poins;* but they have still not made verse, even of the harshest kind, out of them. I have, therefore, with Singer, adopted Douce's suggestion, that they were originally written as prose; though I think the metrical form is assumed two lines before they make it commence.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"*The quality and* HAIR *of our attempt*
Brooks no division," etc.

The word "hair," in this passage, has caused dispute, and editors differ in their readings and interpretations. In the quartos (1598 and 1599) it stands *haire;* in the quarto of 1608, *heaire;* and in the later quartos, and the folios, *heire*. Johnson thought that "hair" was to be taken for *complexion, character*. Boswell recommended the substitution of *air*, which Knight adopts; while Collier interprets "hair" thus:—"Worcester means that there ought to be no splitting or division of their power, already small enough for the attempt: 'the hair of our attempt brooks no division.'"

But Nares ("Glossary") and Dyce, in his "Remarks," have abundantly shown the old familiar, metaphorical use of the word "hair," for *quality, nature, character* of any thing, or person. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher, and other old dramatists, we find, "A lady of my *hair;*" "I am of the right *hair;*" "A fellow of your *hair;*"—all bearing this sense, which is here perfectly clear.

"—*we of the* OFFERING *side*"—i. e. Of the *challenging* side; the side "offering" battle.

"—*this* TERM *of fear*"—So the earlier editions; the folio, *dream* of fear.

"*The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*" etc.

This is not a random epithet, but, whether the Poet got it from tradition or from the old chroniclers, strictly correct. Stowe says of Prince Henry, "He was passing swift in running; insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe, in a large park."

"*All plum'd; like* ESTRIDGES *that with the wind*
BATED, *like eagles having lately bath'd,*" etc.

These are the words of all the old copies, though the punctuation in them varies much, and has led to much doubt of the sense and conjectural change of language. We adhere to the original reading, adopting the punctuation of Singer:—"The reading of all the old copies Hanmer altered to—

All plum'd like estridges, *and* with the wind
Bating like eagles, etc.

Then Johnson changed it thus:—

All plum'd like estridges, that *wing* the wind;
Bated like eagles, etc.

This reading was adopted by Malone, and by Stevens, with a voluminous commentary, and is now the ordinary text. But surely (remarks Singer) if a clear sense can be deduced from the passage as it stands, no conjectural alteration should be admitted. The meaning of the passage is this:—'The prince and his comrades were all furnished, all in arms, all plumed: like estridges (*ostriches*) that bated (i. e. *flutter* or *beat*) the wind with their wings; like eagles having lately bathed.' Johnson's reading is exceptionable, if it was not an innovation, because *to wing the wind* and *to bate* are the

same thing; and the difficulties of an elliptical construction are not avoided by it. Nor do I think (with Mr. Douce) that, by 'estridges,' *estridge falcons* are here meant, though the word may be used in that sense in ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. The *ostridge's* plumage would be more likely to occur to the Poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. So in Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' (song xxii.:)—

> Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,
> The Mountfords *all in plumes like estridges* were seen.

Bating, or *to bate*, in falconry, is the unquiet fluttering of a hawk. (To *beat the wing; batter l'ale*, Ital.) All birds *bate* (i. e. flutter, beat, or flap their wings, to dry their feathers) after bathing; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings, to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character: it is a fluttering or flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates, naturally excited these images. *Bated* refers both to the flapping of the plumes, and of the wings of the ostrich; the plumage of that bird is displayed to more advantage when its wings are in motion, than when at rest; and hence the propriety of representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion, or when it 'bated the air, like eagles lately bathed.'"

Mr. Knight varies from this punctuation, and thus somewhat modifies the sense. He reads and interprets thus:—

> —— All furnish'd, all in arms;
> All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
> Bated,—like eagles, etc.

"The meaning appears to us to be this:—the prince and his comrades all furnished, all in arms, are plumed like estridges, (*falcons*, not ostriches,) that *with* the wind bated—(to *bate* is to swoop upon the quarry, a term of falconry)—like eagles having lately bathed. Their plumes, their caparisons, are as smooth as the unruffled feathers of the hawk that flies with the wind upon his prey;—as brilliant as the eagles that have just dipped their wings in the crystal waters of the mountain tarn."

"—*with his* BEAVER *on*"—This, which is a part of the *helmet*, is often used to express the helmet generally. It is so used in RICHARD III.:—

> What is my *beaver* easier than it was.

But in HENRY IV. (Part II.) we have the word used for a part of the helmet, as it also is in HAMLET:—

> Their armed staves in charge, their *beavers* down.

"*His* CUISSES *on his thighs*"—"The reason why his 'cuisses' are so particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horsemanship is here praised; and the *cuisses* are that part of the armour which most hinders a horseman's activity."—JOHNSON.

"—*let me* TASTE *my horse*"—i. e. *Try* my horse; which was the phraseology of the time—from the French *tester*, (to try.) In Chapman's translation of the "Odyssey," (book xxi.,) the expression occurs:—

> —— he now began
> To *taste* the bow.

And, in TWELFTH NIGHT, Sir Toby tells Viola to "*taste* her legs." This word, very characteristic in Hotspur's mouth, is found in the two earliest editions, but was afterwards changed, I suppose by a copyist, or in printing, to *take*, which is the more usual modern reading.

"—*let us* TAKE *a muster*"—"All the old copies read "*take* a muster;"—most modern editions, "*make* a muster." Hotspur eagerly inquires as to the number of the king's forces; and then desires to take an account, or muster-roll, of his own. He would not wish to *make* a muster—to assemble his troops—to collect them together,—for they were all with him; but he desires to know the exact number of 'the powers of us' which are to oppose the king's 'thirty thousand.'"—KNIGHT.

SCENE II.

"—*a soused gurnet*"—The "gurnet," or *gurn*
was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably dee
a vulgar dish when "soused," or *pickled;* hence, "sou
gurnet" was a common term of reproach or conte
It frequently occurs in writers contemporary
Shakespeare.

"—*I pressed me none but such* TOASTS AND BUTTE
According to F. Moryson, ("Itinerary," 1617,) "
doners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are i
proach called cocknies, and eaters of *buttered toasts*

"—*an old-faced* ANCIENT"—"Ancient" was
both for the *standard*, and the officer who bor
Here Falstaff means an old *patched flag*.

"—*good enough to* TOSS"—i. e. To "toss" u
pikes: a military phrase of the time. It occurs a
in HENRY VI., (Part III.; act i. scene 1.)

SCENE III.

"—*of our* QUALITY"—i. e. Of the same *kind* with
from its original Latin sense. Thus, in the TEMP
we find "Ariel and all his *quality*."

"*To sue his* LIVERY"—Meaning, to sue out the *d*
ery, or possession, of his lands from those persons
on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, se
their lands, till the heir "sues" out his "livery."

"—TASK'D *the whole state*"—i. e. *Tax'd* the w
state. In the time of Shakespeare, to *task* seem
have been as commonly used, in this sense, as to *t*
though originally a *task*, or *Tasck*, meant a tribut
subsidy, and not exactly what we now mean by *ta*

"—*to be* ENGAG'D *in Wales*"—Theobald altered '
gag'd" into *incag'd*, but without any ground for
change. "Engag'd" signifies delivered as a *gag*
hostage. A line in act v. scene 2, of this play, dire
supports the old reading:—

> And Westmoreland, that was *engag'd*, did bear it.

SCENE IV.

"—*a rated* SINEW *too*"—The folio reads, "r
firmly." A "rated sinew" signifies a force calcul
upon—a help of which account was made.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"*Above yond'* BUSKY *hill*"—i. e. *Woody*, from
middle Latin *boscus*, or from the French *bosque;* th
fore more properly spelled *bosky*, as it stands in
TEMPEST, (act iv. scene 1.) Milton also writes it *bo*
"I do not know (says Mr. Blakeway) whether Sh
speare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, bu
has described the sun's rising over Haughmound
from that spot, as accurately as if he had. It still m
the name of a *busky* hill."

"*To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel*," etc.

Henry IV. was not thirty-eight at the battle of Shr
bury. We may suppose that Shakespeare had c
looked the exact number of years he had been on
throne, and supposed him an older man than he re
was at his accession; and he of course wished to n
room, in his dramatic chronology, for Prince Henry
of an age fitted for his purpose. Yet, with Hall
Hollingshed before him, he could not be ignorant
Henry was not an old man, in the sense that we sh
now apply the epithet. Perhaps the reason assig
for his designation of "old John of Gaunt" (RICHARD
act i. scene 1) may have had some influence here.
contemporary French writers speak of the age of
famous protestant leader, Coligni, in this same
years before his death; and he was killed when
three.

"*Peace*, CHEWET"—"Chewets" were a sort
minced-meat pie, and so some annotators say it is

as if the Prince had said—"Peace, *pudding*, !" Theobald says that the *chuet* is "a noisy, chat- bird, a magpie," or jackdaw, which would be appropriate here, as the Prince chides Falstaff for attering out of place. The French word is *te*, but there is no proof of any such word in Eng- e.

ls that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our nest," etc.

akespeare was a naturalist, in the very best sense word. He watched the great phenomena of na- he economy of the animal creation, and the pecu- s of inanimate existence; and he set them down almost undeviating exactness, in the language of ighest poetry. Before White, and Jenner, and gu had described the remarkable proceedings of uckoo, Shakespeare here described them, as we e, from what he himself saw. But let us analyze escription:—

—— being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow.

was the only scientific writer upon natural history as open to Shakespeare. We are no believers in mmon opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning; e hold, therefore, that he might have read Pliny in, as we think he read other books. The first h translation of Pliny, that of Philemon Holland, ot published till 1601; this play was printed in Now, the description of the cuckoo in Pliny is, ny respects, different from the description before SHAKESPEARE. 'They always (says the Roman list) lay in other birds' nests, and most of all in *ck-dove's*.' In a subsequent part of the same pas- Pliny mentions the *titling's* nest, but not a word *sparrow's*. It was reserved for very modern lists to find that the hedge-sparrow's nest was a ite choice of the old cuckoo. Dr. Jenner (in says, 'I examined the nest of a hedge-sparrow, then contained a cuckoo and three hedge-spar- eggs.' Colonel Montagu also found a cuckoo, a few days old, in a hedge-sparrow's nest, in a close to a cottage.' Had Shakespeare not ob- for himself, or, at any rate, not noted the origi- servations of others, and had taken his descrip- om Pliny, he would, in all probability, have men- the stock-dove, or the titling. In LEAR we have edge-sparrow.' But let us see further—

—— did oppress our nest.

ord *oppress* is singularly descriptive of the opera- of the 'ungentle gull.' The great bulk of the , in the small nest of the hedge-sparrow, first s the proper nestlings; and the instinct of the in- renders it necessary that they should be got rid he common belief, derived from the extreme vo- of the cuckoo, (to which we think Shakespeare s when he calls it a gull—*gulo*,) has led to an n, that it eats the young nestlings. Pliny says, ssly, that it devours them. How remarkable is it, that Shakespeare does not allude to this belief! akes Worcester simply accuse Henry, that he ppress our nest.' Had Shakespeare's natural his- ot been more accurate than the popular belief, he have made Worcester reproach the king with ly destroying the proper tenants of the nest. The s were then ready to accuse him of the murder hard. We, of course, do not attempt to assert hakespeare knew the precise mode in which the o gets rid of its cohabitants. This was first made n by Dr. Jenner. But, although Shakespeare not have known this most curious fact, the words, ppress our nest,' are not inconsistent with the ledge. The very generality of the words is some that he did not receive the vulgar story of the o eating his fellow-nestlings. The term, 'oppress st,' is also singularly borne out by the observa- f modern naturalists; for nests in which a cuckoo en hatched have been found so crushed and flat- tened, that it has been almost impossible to determine the species to which they belonged.

Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing,
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight.

We have here an *approach* to the inaccuracy of the old naturalists. Pliny, having made the cuckoo devour the other nestlings, says, that the mother at last shares the same fate, for 'the young cuckoo being once fledged and ready to fly abroad, is so bold as to seize on the old titling, and to eat her up that hatched her.' Even Linnæus has the same story. But Shakespeare, in so beautifully carrying on the parallel between the cuckoo and the king, does not imply that the grown cuckoo swallowed the sparrow, but that the sparrow, timorous of 'so great a bulk,' kept aloof from her nest, '*durst* not come near *for fear* of swallowing.' The extreme avidity of the bird for food is here only indicated; and Shakespeare might himself have seen the large fledged 'gull' eagerly thrusting forward its open mouth, while the sparrow fluttered about the nest, where even its 'love durst not come near.' This extraordinary voracity of the young cuckoo has been ascertained beyond a doubt; but that it should be carnivorous is perfectly impossible; for its bill is only adapted for feeding on caterpillars, and other soft substances. But that its insatiable appetite makes it apparently violent, and, of course, an object of terror to a small bird, we have the evidence of that accurate observer, Mr. White of Selborne. He saw 'a young cuckoo hatched in the nest of a titlark; it was become vastly too big for its nest, appearing—

To have stretched its wings beyond its little nest—

and was very fierce and pugnacious, pursuing my finger, as I teased it, for many feet from the nest, sparring and buffeting with its wings like a game-cock. The dupe of a dam appeared at a distance, hovering about with meat in her mouth, and expressing the greatest solicitude.' In the passage before us, Shakespeare, it appears to us, speaks from his knowledge. But he has also expressed the popular belief by the mouth of the Fool, in LEAR:—

For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young."

KNIGHT.

"— *you have* ARTICULATED"—i. e. Exhibited in *articles*.

SCENE II.

"*What is* IN *that word, honour*"—Our reading is that of the two earliest editions. The quarto (1613) has, "What is that word, honour? Air." This is the text adopted by the folio, and commonly followed; but seems not as complete as the one here given.

"— *Westmoreland, that was* ENGAG'D"—"*Engag'd* is *delivered* as an *hostage*. A few lines before, upon the return of Worcester, he orders Westmoreland to be dismissed."—JOHNSON.

"*How show'd his* TALKING? *seem'd it in contempt?*"

The folio, as well as all the editions published before it, except the very first, read thus, ("talking,") for which the first quarto has *tasking*. This has been adopted by all the later editors, explaining it as used for *taxing*, or *satirizing*, or *taking* to *task*. But nothing has been said to induce Hotspur to think that the Prince had so *task'd* him; while "talking," a somewhat contemptuous phrase, is perfectly appropriate in Hotspur's mouth, and has stronger support from the old authorities.

"*He made a blushing* CITAL"—i. e. *Cited*, or *referred* to himself. A modern writer would say, "He made a modest mention of himself."

"— *and of learning*, INSTANTLY"—i. e. At the same *instant*.

" Of any prince so wild o' *liberty."*

" The three oldest quartos have this reading; but the quarto of 1613 having '*at* liberty,' the error was introduced into the folio. The phrase 'so wild of liberty' is perfectly intelligible; whereas Malone and Stevens were obliged to produce authorities for '*at* liberty,' which they adopted. Johnson thought it meant, that the Prince ought to have been 'confined as a madman,' and not left '*at* liberty.'"—COLLIER.

" *Now,*—ESPERANCE"—" Esperancé," or *Esperanza,* has always been the motto of the Percy family. The word in the text is to be pronounced as containing four syllables, not, as late editors say, because it would have that power in French verse, but because the final *e,* in old Norman-French, was commonly sounded in words where it is now mute.

SCENE III.

" SCENE III."—The stage-direction in the old quartos and folios illustrate the simplicity of the ancient English stage; for in them it is only said that after Hotspur, etc., have embraced, without any *exit* marked for them, " the King entereth with his power, etc. Alarum to the Battle," etc.

" TURK *Gregory never did such deeds*"—" Meaning (says Warburton) Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his " History," hath made Gregory so odious, that doubtless the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one."

" *— let him make a* CARBONADO *of me*"—A " carbonado" is a piece of meat cut and hacked for broiling.

SCENE IV.

" O, Harry! thou hast robb'd me of my youth."

The prowess of Prince Henry, in this battle, is thus described by Hollingshed:—" The Prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman, for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow, so that divers noble men that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would in no wise suffer them so to do, lest his departure from his men might haply have stricken some fear into their hearts; and so, without regard of his hurt, he continued with his men, and never ceased, either to fight where the battle was most hottest, or to encourage his men where it seemed most need."

His personal triumph over Hotspur gives great dramatic effect to the closing scenes, and a unity to the tragic interest; but is wholly of the Poet's invention. Hollingshed says:—" The King slew that day, with his own hand, six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Percy." Speed says Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

" But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool," etc.

" Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavours to console himself. The glory of the Prince *wounds his thoughts;* but thought, being dependent *on life,* must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thou depends, is itself of no great value, being the *fool* sport of *time*—of time, which, with all its dominion o sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped. JOHNSON.

" *— so* GREAT *a show*"—So in all the ancient editi except the first, which reads *dear.* " Great" seems m fitting in the Prince's mouth, as connected with sh and may well be the Poet's own change of his first wo *dear.*

" *— let my* FAVOURS *hide thy mangled face*"—" vours" are explained to refer to the scarf, or distinc drapery, worn by men of rank over their armour. W this the Prince covers the face of his fallen enemy. is worthy of notice how fond Shakespeare is of exhi ing this relenting, magnanimous justice, from a vi hero to his fallen foes—as in Antony over Brutus, A dius over Coriolanus. It is a sentiment of chivalry which little or no trace is to be found in the pagan roes of Homer and Virgil, though often expressed the old chroniclers, as Froissart, etc.

" *Death hath not struck so* FAT *a deer to-day,"* etc.

" There is in these lines a very natural mixture of serious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Pe and Falstaff. I wish all play on words had been borne."—JOHNSON.

" *Fat* is the reading of the first folio, (1598,) the n authentic impression of this play, and of the folio. other quartos have *fair.*"—MALONE.

" So *fat* a deer" seems to be the better reading, Turbervile, in the " Terms of the Ages of all Beasts Venerie and Chase," observes:—" You shall say by deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unless it a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* ro bucke."

" EMBOWELL'D *will I see thee*"—To *imbowell* was old term for *embalming* the body, as was done by th of persons of rank. Thus in " Aulicus Coquinari (1650:)—" The next day was solemnly appointed *imbowelling* the corps."

" *— I'll give you leave to* POWDER *me*"—To " p der" was the old word for to *salt,* and is not yet ou use, in Surrey, (England.) " Powdered beef," as as " corned beef," are phrases as intelligible in N York as in Surrey, though it would seem, from Mr. lier's note, requiring explanation in London.

" *— I am not a double man*"—" That is, (says Jo son,) I am not Falstaff and Percy together, thou having Percy on my back, I seem double."

SCENE V.

" I thank your grace for this high courtesy," etc.

This reply of Prince John of Lancaster is omitted many modern editions, because, though found in four earlier editions, it was afterwards left out, and Johnson supposed) might have been rejected by author, though I do not see why. There can be reason for omitting what originally came from the of Shakespeare, even if we were to suppose him af wards to have struck out the passage, though it is m likely that the Poet made Prince John give some s reply.

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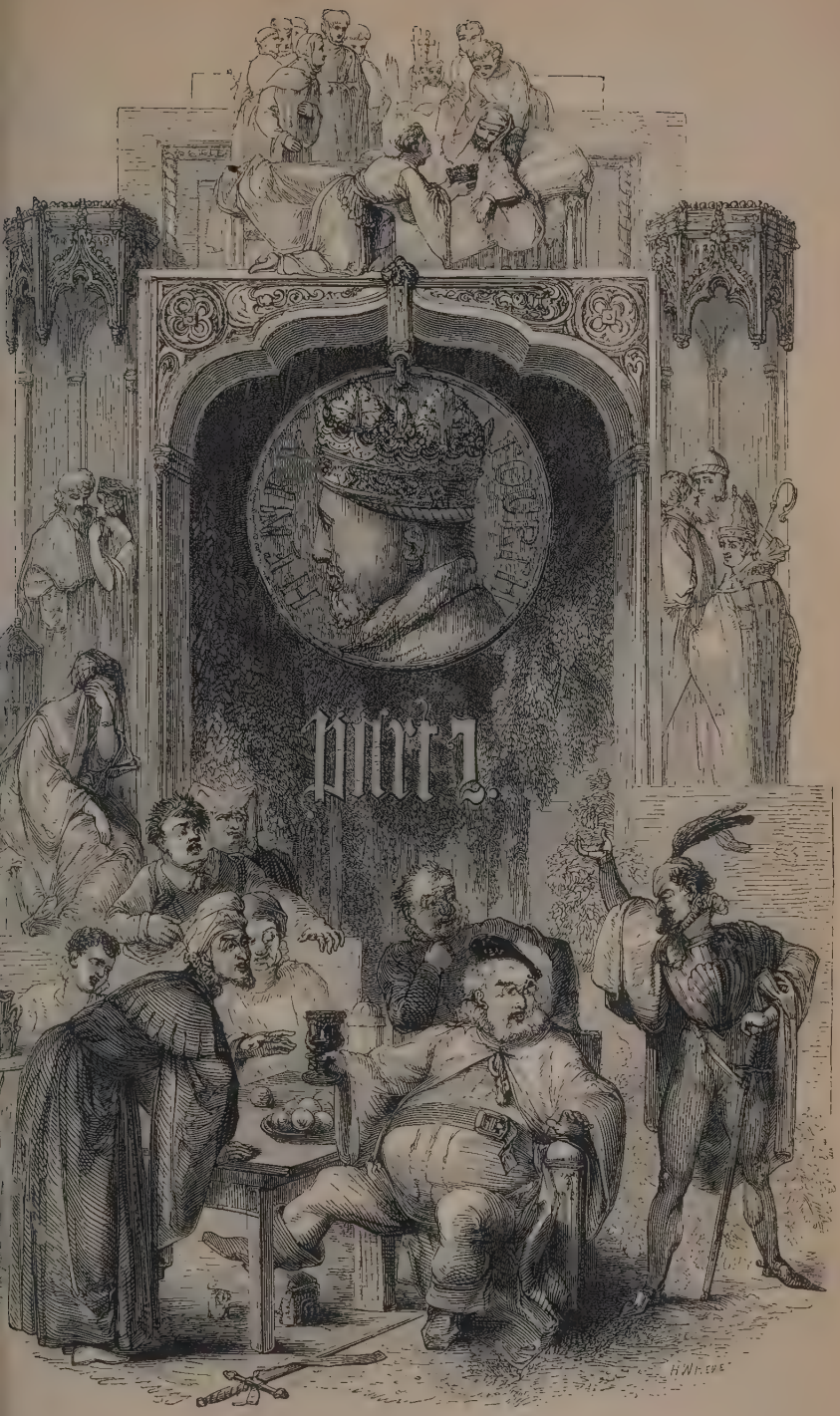
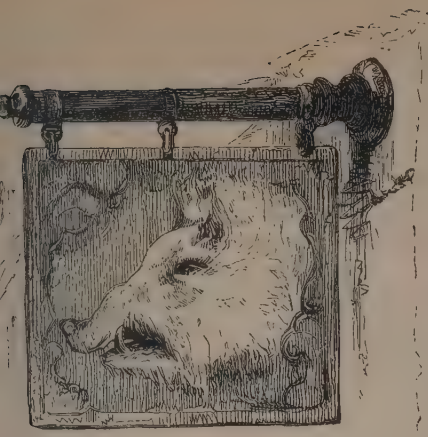
KING HENRY IV.

PART II





INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAY—SOURCE AND NATURE OF THE VARIATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO OLD EDITIONS—STATE OF THE TEXT—GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND ROMAN "HISTORIES," AS TO THEIR POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

THERE was but one edition of this play printed during the author's life time, which appeared in 1600, with this title: "The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare."

though first published in 1600, it must have been written two or three years before, as is shown from an tly slight yet conclusive circumstance which Mr. Collier has thus pointed out with lawyer-like acuteness: nay state with more certainty than usual, that HENRY IV., Part II., was written before the 25th February, Act ii. scene 2 of the 'history' before us, contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle was written; viz. that the prefix of *Old.* is retained in the quarto, 1600, before a speech which belongs to , and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know that the name of Oldcastle was changed of Falstaff, anterior to the entry of HENRY IV., Part I., in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 25th ry, 1597–98. This circumstance overturns Malone's theory, that HENRY IV., Part II., was not written until It requires no proof that it was produced after RICHARD II., because that play is quoted in it."

peared in the folio of 1623 with several large additions, and some shorter omissions. The nature and object e alterations are worth examining, as those in the different old editions of Shakespeare's plays always are ver, as here, they appear to come from the author himself, and thus enable us to learn something of his mode natic composition, and the degree of care he bestowed upon his works. There was evidently no regular revision of the whole play in detail; for there is no alteration of incident, character, or sentiment, and very language, but there are in different parts of the more elevated dialogue, additions of great poetic and dramatic nce. They seem to have been mainly intended, in their origin, for the purpose of making the play more com- itself, by bringing incidentally before the reader or the audience, circumstances materially contributing to the of the story, which had in the first edition been hurried over, or left to the general recollection of the pre- play. Such is the Archbishop's own reference to Bolingbroke's former popularity, and the deposition of II; and again, Lady Percy's touching and graphic recollection of Hotspur. So also Mortimer's account of hbishop and his insurrection.

e and other ideas occurring to the author, as proper to give more dramatic effect to his scene by being o the dialogue, expanded themselves in his fertile mind into elevated poetry, some of it, indeed, admirable. nission of lines or sentences found in the first edition, on the other hand, do not seem to have been made on tical principle of rejection; but apparently to have been struck out, when it could be done without injury context, for the purpose of shortening the piece, after its length had been thus increased by more important ns. On that account, they have been returned in this edition in their original place, and not thrown into es, as has been done in other plays, (see ROMEO AND JULIET,) when the Poet had evidently substituted nes or words to those of his first conceptions. Our text therefore includes as well the passages peculiar to artos, as those afterwards added, "in order, (as Collier justly here observes,) that no syllable which rom the pen of Shakespeare may be lost. Even if we suppose our great dramatist to have himself rejected portions, preserved in the quarto, the exclusion of them by a modern editor would be unpardonable, as rm part of the history of the Poet's mind."

e comic part, no alterations of this character are found; the changes in the folio being merely verbal, and confined to the softening or expunging words or phrases which seemed profane. The text, therefore, pre- ttle contest between various readings, and but one or two difficulties admitting of any doubt.

observations on the dramatic character, historic verity, invention, and style of the first part of HENRY IV., in roductory Remarks prefixed to it in this edition, are in the main equally applicable to the second part. It been written, as the external and internal evidence concur in showing, not very long after the first part, he author's mind was filled with the characters, story, and the spirit of that, the two together have the unity gle drama. It is, however, inferior to its predecessor as a work of dramatic art, though, in my judgment, not o as a work of genius. It is not as perfect as the other as an historical tragi-comedy, as on its tragic side it ess vivid and sustained interest, and approaches in those scenes more to the dramatized chronicle; in fact, ng much more rigidly to historical authority, and deviating from it very little except in compressing into

connected continuous actions, events really separated by years. Its nobler characters have much less of chiv and romantic splendour, and its action less of stage interest and effect, and its poetry far less of kindling and ting fervour. On this account it has long disappeared as a whole from the stage; but portions of it are fan even to those whose knowledge of Shakespeare is acquired only from the stage, having been interwoven by ber, or some other manufacturer of the "acted drama," into the action of RICHARD III. Other portions, like King's invocation to sleep; the Archbishop's meditation on the instability of popular favour; Lady Percy's la for Hotspur; and the last scene between the Prince and his father, have sunk deep into thousands of hearts, live in the general memory. Nor is the entire graver dialogue unworthy of these gems with which it is stud for it is throughout rich in thought, noble and impressive in style, and the characters it presents are drawn, i with the same bold freedom and pointed invention as in the first part, yet with undiminished truth and disc ination.

But on the comic side of the play there is no flagging either of spirit or invention. On the contrary, the hum if perhaps less lively and sparkling, is still more rich and copious. It overflows on all sides. The return character of comic invention in a second part is a hard test of originality and fertility, which even Don Quixote Gil Blas did not stand without some loss of the charm of our first acquaintance with them. Falstaff's humour, as that which he exhibits in his character, as that which he utters, is more copious, more luxuriously mirthful, a if the phrase may be allowed—more unctuous than ever. Those of his companions, whose acquaintance we m in the first part, lose nothing of their droll effect; and our new acquaintances, Shallow, Slender, etc., are still m amusing. The scenes in which these last figure, give us a delightful peep into the habits of the rural gentry o England, and, as mere history, are worth volumes of antiquarian research.

Both parts of this drama, as well as its prelude, RICHARD II., and its sequel, HENRY V., present a contin historical chain of revolutions, wars, conspiracies, and rebellions. Every incident is connected with some g political movement. Nothing can be more picturesque, more life-like, than the manner in which these are into action, or more like the very reality of such things, than the ruminations, motives, conferences, counsels, contests of the princes and chiefs, and their followers. Nor does the Poet allow our minds to rest on the m external shows of the hurried and crowded scene. He is earnest and abundant in wise moral teaching. instability of all mortal greatness and the emptiness of human pomp and power—the dread responsibility of power—the base ingratitude of the great, and the fickleness of the masses—the independence of conscious r tude,—all these, and other topics, are enforced in verses that have made them the lessons of youthful instruc and household morality, wherever the language is spoken. Yet it is very observable that, though the facts scenes from which these ethical teachings arise, are all in some sort political, or connected with public tra tions, the speculation or admonition is always of a personal nature, the philosophy ethical, not political, wit any thing of those larger views of society as an organized whole, or of the conflicts of political principles, w may be found in the Roman dramas, and elsewhere; as, for example, in the eloquent didactic dialogue of strangely blended TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This difference must be ascribed, I think, chiefly to the different periods at which these plays were seve produced—a circumstance which critics often overlook in their speculations upon Shakespeare's opinions, as as in those upon his taste, style, and knowledge. It has been shown, in the Introductory Remarks, in this edi on the plays last referred to, that they were written some time after the accession of James I., when the great liamentary and national struggle against the crown first commenced,—when the royal authority and the right the people, in the republican sense of the term, began to be brought into collision,—when the very principle government were openly canvassed; when all those elements of the great approaching conflict of radically diffe political opinions were fermenting in the public mind, and already entering into the popular elections. Altho parties had not yet become finally arrayed in the distinct manner they became in the next reign, this state things could not but familiarize the mind of a thinking man, however aloof from active participation in party general political reflection, and to make literary and poetical references to such topics, or exhibitions of such sce more acceptable to the popular taste. Hence we find in those later dramas, that the author looks more distin upon man as the member of a state, upon the various forms of civil polity, and upon the conflicts of party and r lutions of government, as influenced by political opinion. The English historical dramas, except the last on the series, HENRY VIII., were all written under the stern and steady rule of Elizabeth, and the author, still yo had grown up in a state of society, where the only question of principle which had, during the memory of that g ration or their fathers, divided the nation, was that of religious difference; their only other notion of political p being that of the conflicts of rival houses, or of personal ambition. It is probably fortunate, not less for spirited accuracy of historic delineations in these dramas, than for their dramatic and poetic effect, that this the case.

Even when the insurrections, revolutions, and contests, under the Plantagenets, really involved or affected principles of freedom, and the substantial permanent rights and happiness of the subject, they did not (unles far as the acquisition of Magna Charta, and the subsequent appeals to it, may be exceptions) take that form; were struggles for immediate and practical objects, the redress of pressing grievances, the defence of charte rights, or the overthrow of an oppressor. The divisions and dissensions which, like the Wars of the Roses, luged England with blood, had nothing in view beyond a change of rulers or of dynasty, neither attaining looking to, in the result, any object of a truly public nature, and leaving nothing to the faithful chronicle record but (as old Hall says) "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous re hath suffered."

all these conflicts, calling forth high energies and exhibiting stirring scenes and a crowd of majestic person-
ne young dramatist entered with the very spirit and sympathies of the times, naturally assimilating his
o that of the men of those days, and thus painting them and their deeds as they showed to their own gene-
not as they now appear to the philosophical student of history. Thus he vehemently asserts, in the person
ard II. and his adherents, the indefeasible, hereditary right of kings; but shortly after makes the successful
r, Bolingbroke, equally ready to rebuke rebellion and "hurly-burly innovation," without troubling himself
ıss the truth of the doctrine, or the propriety of its application, in the mouth of either. His business was
e passions and actions of men, not with the principles of government; and the Wars of the Roses were
raphically and vividly described in the absence of any wish or design, however indirect or remote, to incul-
litical opinion or political philosophy, of any sort or colour.

later period, the Poet generalized more, depicting, in Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, the collisions of
ding principles, or lecturing, with Ulysses, on "the unity and married calm of states."

Chief Justice

SOURCE OF THE PLOT IN AN OLDER PLAY.

Shakespeare's historical and traditional materials, for the two parts of this drama, have been already indica in the Introductory Remarks prefixed to the first part. But it has of late years been ascertained that he ov something (and some critics supposed a good deal) to an older piece on the same subject. A more careful exa nation of that play has reduced the amount of those obligations to very little indeed, except the suggestion of subject.

The immediate cause of Shakespeare's selecting the subject of Harry of Monmouth's life, for three plays, r be ascribed to the popularity of an old play which he found on the stage, entitled "The Famous Victories of He the Fifth." This seems to have been first printed in 1594; but it is satisfactorily proved to have been upon stage when Shakespeare first became connected with it. Mr. Collier observes:—

"Richard Tarlton, who died in 1588, was an actor in that piece, but how long before 1588 it had been produc we have no means of ascertaining. It is, in fact, in prose, although many portions of it are printed to look verse, because, at the date when it first came from the press, blank-verse had become popular on the stage, the bookseller probably was desirous of giving the old play a modern appearance. Our most ancient public dra were composed in rhyme: to rhyme seems to have succeeded prose; and prose, about the date when Shakespe is believed to have originally come to London, was displaced by blank-verse, intermixed with couplets and stan 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth' seems to belong to the middle period; and as Stephen Gosson, in 'School of Abuse,' 1579, leads us to suppose that at that time prose was not very usual in theatrical performan it may be conjectured that 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth' was not written until after 1580.

"That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry the Fifth was upon the stage in 1592, we have the indis table evidence of Thomas Nash, in his notorious work, 'Pierce Penniless, his Supplication,' which went thro three editions in the same year: we quote from the first, where he says, 'What a glorious thing it is to have He the Fifth represented on the Stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to sw fealtie.' We know also that a drama, called 'Harry the V.,' was performed by Henslowe's Company on the 2 November, 1595, and it appears likely that it was a revival of 'The Famous Victories,' with some important a tions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's Diary) were of s an amount as was generally only produced by a first representation. Out of this circumstance may have ar the publication of the early undated edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The reproduction 'The Famous Victories' by a rival company, and the appearance of it from the press, possibly led Shakespe to consider in what way, and with what improvements, he could avail himself of some of the same incidents the theatre to which he belonged.

"It is to be observed, that the incidents which are summarily dismissed in one old play, are extended by great dramatist over three—the two parts of HENRY IV. and HENRY V. It is impossible to institute parallel between 'The Famous Victories' and Shakespeare's dramas; for, besides that the former has reache evidently in an imperfect shape, the immeasurable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to tr resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison. Who might be the writer of 'The Famous Victor it would be idle to speculate; but it is decidedly inferior to most of the extant works of Marlowe, Greene, Pe Kyd, Lodge, or any other of the more celebrated predecessors of Shakespeare."

But beyond the mere suggestion of a subject so admirably adapted alike for heroic tragedy, and for every vari of comic pleasantry, Shakespeare owes nothing to the old play, either poetically or dramatically. He retai from it the names thus made familiar to his audience, and among others, certainly at first, Oldcastle for his Falst but that personage has there very little to say, and is merely one of the coarse companions of the Prince, with being either a wit, or even an overgrown *bon-vivant*. We extract from Knight's notice of the old play enough show its taste and spirit:—

"It is satisfactory that this extraordinary performance has been preserved. None of the old dramas exhibit a more striking light, the marvellous reformation which Shakespeare produced in the dramatic amusements of age of Elizabeth. We have seen how immeasurably superior the KING JOHN of our Poet is to the 'King John' 1591, upon which it was founded. But even that play, feeble and coarse as it is, is of a higher character, a work of art, than 'The Famous Victories of Henry V.,' of which the comic parts are low buffoonery, without slightest wit, and the tragic monotonous stupidity, without a particle of poetry. And yet Shakespeare built u this thing, and for a very satisfactory reason—the people were familiar with it. In the instance of 'The Fam Victories,' some improvements might have been made upon the original when it was acted, in 1595; for it see almost impossible that an audience, who were then familiar with Shakespeare, could have tolerated such a m of ribaldry and dulness. We can, however, only judge of Shakespeare's obligations to that play from the c which has come down to us.

"We are introduced to the 'young Prince' in the opening scene. His companions are 'Ned,' 'Tom,' and 'John Oldcastle,' who bears the familiar name of 'Jockey.' They have been committing a robbery upon the Kin receivers; and Jockey informs the Prince that his (the Prince's) man hath robbed a poor carrier. The plun of the receivers amounts to a thousand pounds; and the Prince worthily says, 'As I am a true gentleman, I w have the half of this spent to-night.' He shows his gentility by calling the receivers villains and rascals. T royal amusements in the old tavern, in Eastcheap, are thus described by a boy of the tavern: 'This night, ab two hours ago, there came the young Prince, and three or four more of his companions, and called for wine g store, and then they sent for a noise of musicians, and were very merry for the space of an hour: then, whet their music liked them or not, or whether they had drunk too much wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots fl against the walls, and then they drew their swords, and went into the streets and fought, and some took one p and some took another.' The Prince is sent to the 'counter' by the Lord Mayor. 'Gadshill,' the Prince's m who robbed the carrier, is taken before the Lord Chief Justice; and the young Prince, who seems to have out of the counter as suddenly as he got in, rescues the thief, after the following fashion:—

Henry. Why then belike you mean to hang my man.
Judge. I am sorry that it falls out so.
Henry. Why, my lord, I pray ye who am I?

dge. An please your Grace, you are my Lord the young Prince, our King that shall be after the deccase of our Sovereign Lord Henry the Fourth, whom God grant long to reign.
nry. You say true, my Lord: And you will hang my man.
dge. An like your Grace, I must needs do justice.
nry. Tell me, my Lord, shall I have my man?
dge. I cannot, my Lord.
nry. But will you not let him go?
dge. I am sorry that his case is too ill.
nry. Tush, case me no casings, shall I have my man?
dge. I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord.
nry. Nay, and I shall not say, and then I am answered.
dge. No.
nry. No, then I will have him. [*He gives him a box on the ear.*]
d. Gog's wounds, my Lord, shall I cut off his head?

The scene ends with the Chief Justice committing Henry to the Fleet. In a subsequent scene with Oldcastle, and Tom, we have a passage which has evidently suggested a part of the dialogue betwixt the Prince and ff:—

"FAMOUS VICTORIES."

ry. Here's such ado now-a-days, here's prisoning, here's g, whipping, and the devil and all: but I tell you, sirs, I am king, we will have no such thing, but, my lads, if the ng my father were dead, we would be all kings.
astle. He is a good old man. God take him to his mercy oner.
ry. But Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do, e to put my Lord Chief Justice out of office, and thou shalt Lord Chief Justice of England.
Shall I be Lord Chief Justice? By Gog's wounds, I'll be avest Lord Chief Justice that ever was in England.

SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV."

Falst. I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.
Henry. No, thou shalt.
Falst. Shall I? O rare, I'll be a brave judge.

The ruffian prince of the old play goes on in the same low strain:—'That fellow that will stand by the way- courageously, with his sword and buckler, and take a purse,—that fellow, give him commendations.' 'But ner are ye going now?' quoth Ned. 'To the court,' answers the true gentleman of a prince; 'for I hear say ather lies very sick. . . . . The breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown y head.' To the court he goes, and there the bully becomes a hypocrite. 'Ah, Harry, now thrice unhappy y. But what shall I do? I will go take me to some solitary place, and there lament my sinful life, and when e done, I will lay me down and die.' The great scene in the second part of HENRY IV.—

I never thought to hear you speak again—

nded, probably, upon a passage in Hollingshed: but there is a similar scene in 'The Famous Victories.' It highest attempt in the whole play."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.,
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards created (2nd Henry V.) Duke of Bedford,
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, afterwards created (2nd Henry V.) Duke of Gloster,
} his Sons

EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
GOWER,
HARCOURT,
} of the King's Party

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

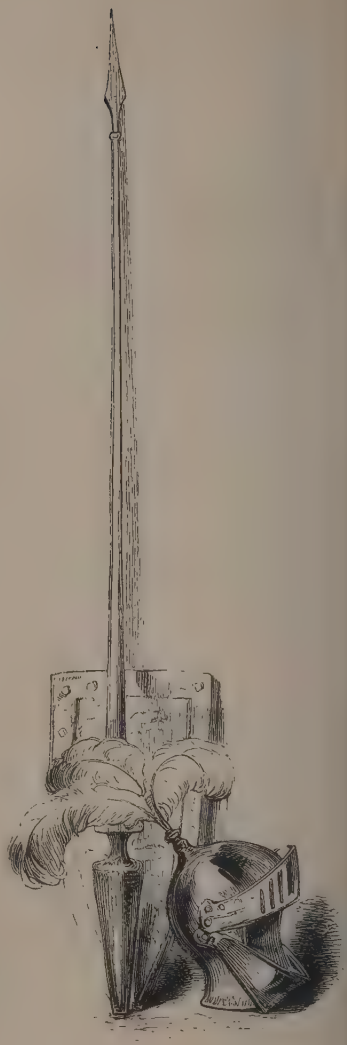
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, Archbishop of York,
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILE,
} Enemies to the King

TRAVERS and MORTON, Domestics of Northumberland
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, Attendants on PRINCE HENRY
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.
DAVY, Servant to SHALLOW.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULL-CALF, Recruits
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
Rumour.
A Porter.
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

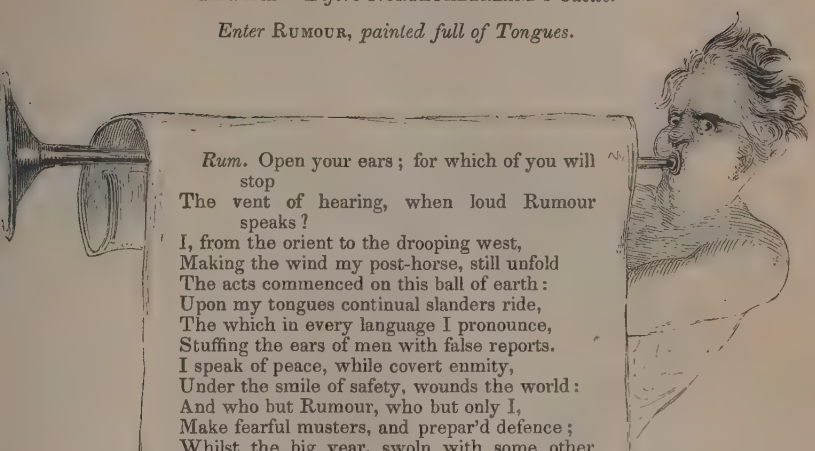
SCENE—ENGLAND.



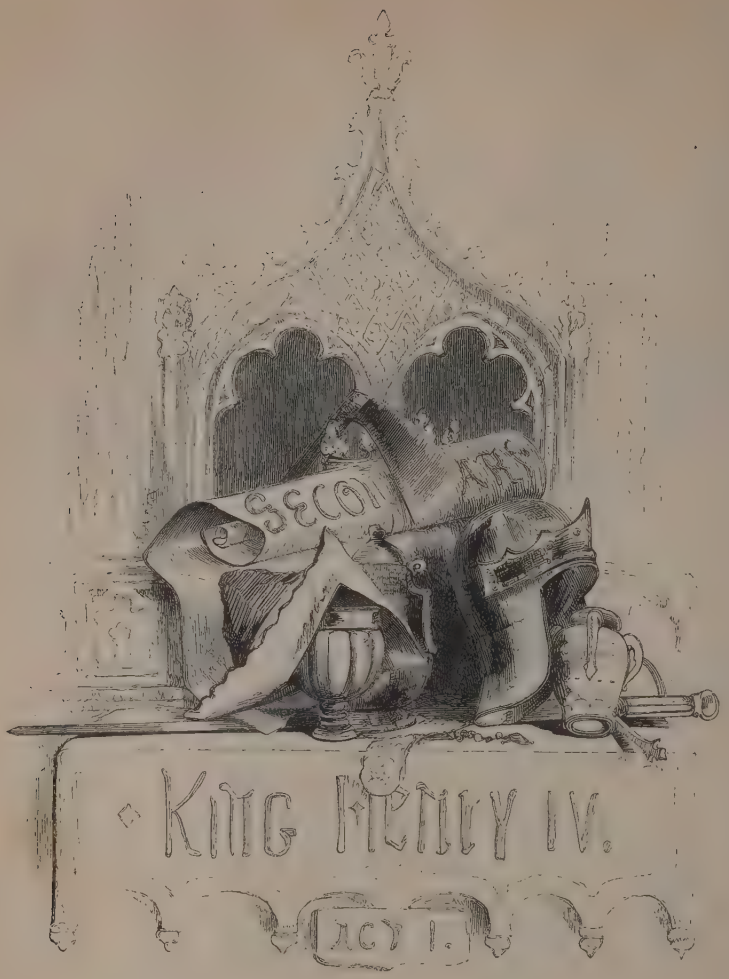
INDUCTION.

Warkworth.—*Before* Northumberland's *Castle.*

Enter Rumour, *painted full of Tongues.*



Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs. [*Exit.*



SCENE I.—The Same. *The Porter before the Gate.*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho!—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young prince
John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom
I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,

ıe is furnish'd with no certainties,
than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

th. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

z. My lord, sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
ode me. After him came spurring hard
tleman, almost forspent with speed,
stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
k'd the way to Chester; and of him
demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
ld me that rebellion had bad luck,
hat young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
that he gave his able horse the head,
ending forward, struck his armed heels
st the panting sides of his poor jade
the rowel-head; and, starting so,
em'd in running to devour the way,
ıg no longer question.

th. Ha!—Again.
ıe, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
otspur, coldspur? that rebellion
net ill luck!

rd. My lord, I'll tell you what:
young lord your son have not the day,
mine honour, for a silken point
re my barony: never talk of it.

th. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
then, such instances of loss?

rd. Who, he?
ıs some hilding fellow, that had stolen
orse he rode on, and, upon my life,
at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

th. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
ells the nature of a tragic volume:
ks the strond, whereon th' imperious flood
left a witness'd usurpation.
Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

r. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
e hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
ght our party.

th. How doth my son and brother?
tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
er than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
l, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
ould have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
riam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
hou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
ng my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
g with—brother, son, and all are dead.

r. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
r my lord your son,—

th. Why, he is dead.—
what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
at but fears the thing he would not know,
by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.—
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,
To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland.
Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die;
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act,
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

[*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.]

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And, since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls,
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will in-set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel, a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest talk, up, then must they stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

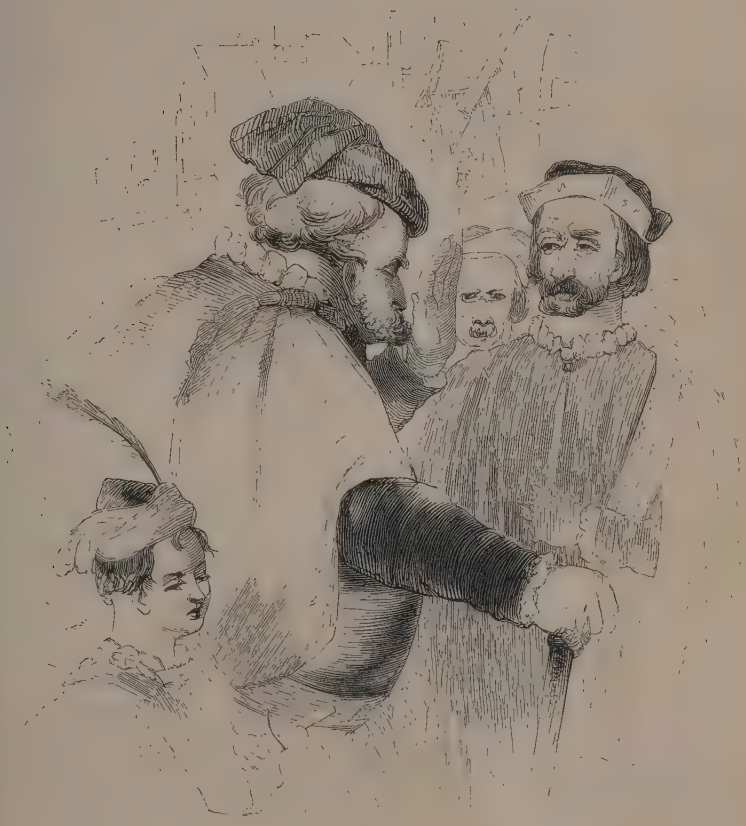
Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now

with some charge to the lord John of Lan-
.
. *Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.
ten. Sir John Falstaff!
l. Boy, tell him I am deaf.
ge. You must speak louder, my master is
. *Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any
good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must
with him.
ten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging? Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.



Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day

ten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood
our soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell
you lie in your throat, if you say I am any
than an honest man.
l. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside
which grows to me? If thou get'st any leave
e, hang me: if thou takest leave, thou wert bet-
e hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!
ten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.
h. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.
l. My good lord!—God give your lordship
time of day. I am glad to see your lordship
d; I heard say, your lordship was sick: I
, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your
lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry. I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for by the lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever. [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy,

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

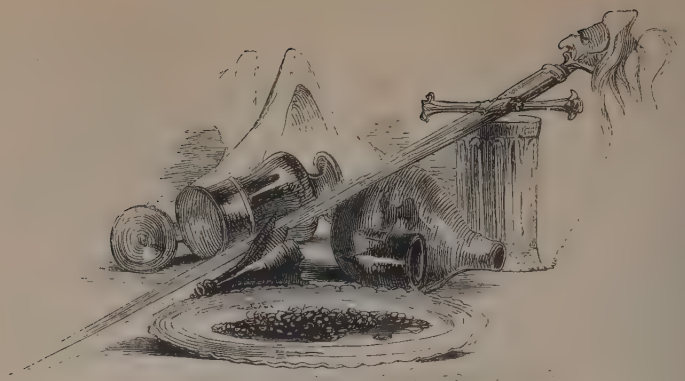
Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*]—A pox of this gout! or, a gout

ox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue
ny great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I
he wars for my colour, and my pension shall
he more reasonable. A good wit will make
any thing; I will turn diseases to commod-
[*Exit.*

e III.—York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

the Archbishop of York, *the Lords* Hastings,
owbray, *Earl Marshal, and* Bardolph.

h. Thus have you heard our cause, and known
our means;
ny most noble friends, I pray you all,
plainly your opinions of our hopes.—
rst, lord marshal, what say you to it?
wb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
adly would be better satisfied,
in our means, we should advance ourselves
ok with forehead bold and big enough
the power and puissance of the king.
st. Our present musters grow upon the file
e and twenty thousand men of choice;
ur supplies live largely in the hope
at Northumberland, whose bosom burns
an incensed fire of injuries.
rd. The question then, lord Hastings, stand-
eth thus:—
her our present five and twenty thousand
old up head without Northumberland.
st. With him, we may.
rd. Ay, marry, there's the point:
without him we be thought too feeble,
dgment is, we should not step too far,
e had his assistance by the hand;
a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
cture, expectation, and surmise
s incertain should not be admitted.
h. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
rd. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with
hope,
the air on promise of supply,
ring himself with project of a power
smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
o, with great imagination,
r to madmen, led his powers to death,
inking leap'd into destruction.
st. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
rd. Yes, in this present quality of war,—
l the instant action, a cause on foot,—
so in hope, as in an early spring
e th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
gives not so much warrant, as despair
frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,
rst survey the plot, then draw the model,
when we see the figure of the house,
must we rate the cost of the erection;
n if we find outweighs ability,
do we then, but draw anew the model
er offices, or, at least, desist
ld at all? Much more, in this great work.
h is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
et another up,) should we survey
lot of situation, and the model;
nt upon a sure foundation;
ion surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.
Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?
Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.
Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be;
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess; FANG, *and his Boy, with her; and* SNARE *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will he stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord! ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang, hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *Page, and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang and master Snare: me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? wh the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of tress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut off the villain's head; throw the quean in channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll th thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? t bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O, thou hor suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and king's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-quel

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or tw Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rog do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe!

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the pe here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I bese you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John! what, are brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and b ness?
You should have been well on your way to York Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st on hi

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an't ple your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; i for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of ho and home: he hath put all my substance into fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out ag or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John? H what man of good temper would endure this t pest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to

a poor widow to so rough a course to come
r own?

l. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

st. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thy-
and the money too. Thou didst swear to me
a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-
ber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire,
Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the
e broke thy head for likening his father to a
ng-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me
as I was washing thy wound, to marry me,
nake me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny
Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife,
in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming
borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had
d dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire
t some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for
een wound? And didst thou not, when she
gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so
iarity with such poor people; saying, that ere
they should call me madam? And didst thou
iss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?
t thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou
.

l. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she
up and down the town, that her eldest son is
you. She hath been in good case, and the
is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these
h officers, I beseech you, I may have redress
st them.

. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well ac-
ted with your manner of wrenching the true
e the false way. It is not a confident brow,
he throng of words that come with such more
impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me
a level consideration; you have, as it appears
e, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this
an, and made her serve your uses both in
e and person.

ost. Yes, in troth, my lord.

. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt
owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done
her: the one you may do with sterling money,
he other with current repentance.

l. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap
out reply. You call honourable boldness, im-
nt sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and
nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my
ble duty remember'd, I will not be your suit-
I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these
rs, being upon hasty employment in the king's
's.

. Just. You speak as having power to do
g: but answer in the effect of your reputation,
satisfy the poor woman.

l. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

. Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

w. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of
Wales
near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

l. As I am a gentleman.

ost. Faith, you said so before.

l. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more
ls of it.

ost. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapes-
f my dining-chambers.

al. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and
hy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story

of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-
work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings,
and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten
pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy
humours, there is not a better wench in England.
Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come,
thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not
know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on
to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty
nobles; i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, in
good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll
be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll
pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her;
hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you
at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess*, BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Page.*

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the
news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred
horse,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my
noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me
to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I
thank you, good sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being
you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these
manners, sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he
was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right
fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art
a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Street.*

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought
weariness durst not have attached one of so high
blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me, though it discolours
the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it.
Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely
studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not
princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember
the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these

humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; *viz.* these, and those that were thy peach colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour-ed so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Bard. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass,—[*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a p tlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, thro a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his f from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; s methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wi new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoresen upright rabbit, aw

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, aw

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: what dream, boy

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpre tion.—

There it is, boy. [*Gives him mo*

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be k from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to prese thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged am you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your gra coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And h doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a ph cian; but that moves not him: though that be s it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as fami with me as my dog; and he holds his place, look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight," every man must know that, as oft as he has casion to name himself; even like those that kin to the king, for they never prick their fing but they say, "There is some of the King's bl spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that ta upon him not to conceive: the answer is as re as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cou sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or t will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wa greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Rom in brevity:"—he sure means brevity in bree short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I co mend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too fami with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so mu that he swears, thou art to marry his sister N Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farew

"Thine, by yea and no, (which is as m as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack F staff, with my familiars; John, with brothers and sisters; and sir John w all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and m him eat it.

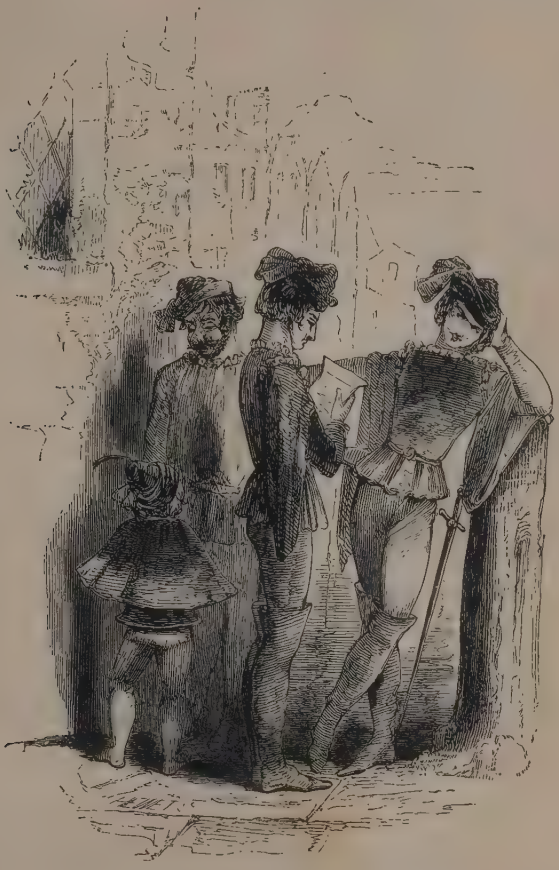
P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of words. But do you use me thus, Ned? mus marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortu but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with t time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clou and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

d. Yes, my lord.
Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed
old frank?
d. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.
Hen. What company?
ge. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.
Hen. Sup any women with him?
ge. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly,
istress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?
Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.
P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?
Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.
P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no



Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king—greeting.

o your master that I am yet come to town:
s for your silence.
d. I have no tongue, sir.
ge. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.
Hen. Fare ye well; go.—[*Exeunt* Bar-
, *and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should
ne road.
ns. I warrant you, as common as the way
en Saint Alban's and London.
Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow
f to-night in his true colours, and not our-
be seen?
ns. Put on two leathern jerkins, and aprons,
ait upon him at his table as drawers.
Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descen-
it was Jove's case. From a prince to a pren-
tice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and Lady* Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost, yours, and your son's:
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.
He had no legs, that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unseconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O! never, do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others, than with him: let them alone.
The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O! fly to Scotland.
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow,
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endu an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prin once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and t him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putti off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of the six dry, round, old, withered knights." It anger him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them dow and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; m tress Tear-sheet would fain hear some mus Dispatch:—the room where they supped is t hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, a master Poins anon; and they will put on two of o jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis: will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Ex*

Enter Hostess, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now, y are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsid beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, a your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any ros but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, a that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfum the blood ere one can say,—What's this? Ho do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good hear worth gold. Lo! here comes sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *singing.*

Fal. "When Arthur first in court"—Empty t jordan.—"And was a worthy king."
[*Exit Draw*
How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfo you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases ma them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, y help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of yo Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtu grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and owches:" for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, y know: to come off the breach with his pike be bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture up the charged chambers bravely:——

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, ha yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: y two never meet, but you fall to some discord. Y are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two d toasts; you cannot one bear with another's co firmities. What the good year! one must be and that must be you: you are the weaker vesse as they say, the emptier vessel.

l. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
ogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture
urdeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a
better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be
s with thee, Jack: thou art going to the
and whether I shall ever see thee again, or
ere is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

zw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would
with you.

l. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in
nd.

st. If he swagger, let him not come here: no,
y faith; I must live amongst my neighbours;
o swaggerers. I am in good name and fame
he very best.—Shut the door;—there comes
aggerers here: I have not lived all this while,
e swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

l. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

st. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there
s no swaggerers here.

l. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

st. Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your
nt swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was
e master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and,
said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wed-
y last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—
r Dumb, our minister, was by then;—
ghbour Quickly," says he, "receive those
are civil; for," said he, "you are in an ill
:"—now, he said so, I can tell whereupon;
" says he, "you are an honest woman, and
hought on; therefore take heed what guests
receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering
anions."—There comes none here:—you
l bless you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no
gerers.

l. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,
h; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy
ound: he will not swagger with a Barbary
f her feathers turn back in any show of resist-
—Call him up, drawer.

st. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no hon-
nan my house, nor no cheater; but I do not
swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse,
one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I
; look you, I warrant you.

l. So you do, hostess.

st. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an 'twere
pen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

st. God save you, sir John!

l. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I
ge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge
mine hostess.

st. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with
ullets.

l. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly of-
her.

st. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets.
rink no more than will do me good, for no
s pleasure, I.

st. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will
ge you.

l. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy compan-
What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating,
linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away!
meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word "occupy," which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith. I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the goodyear! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.
Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif. What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?— [*Snatching up his sword.*

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not d

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Draw*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forsw keeping house, afore I'll be in these territs frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, put up your naked weapons; put up your n weapons. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *and* PIS

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rasc

FAL. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

gone. Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops. rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as va as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemno ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, v

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the ro a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: i dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of shee

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit

e, Doll.—A rascal bragging slave! the rogue from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a rch. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew -big, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and ng o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old for heaven?

er behind, Prince HENRY, *and* POINS, *disguised like Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a h's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would e made a good pantler, he would have chipped d well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit s thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no e conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fen- and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign he leg; and breeds no bate with telling of dis- stories; and such other gambol faculties he that show a weak mind and an able body, for which the prince admits him: for the prince self is such another; the weight of a hair will the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so y years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunc- ! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his , be not lisping to his master's old tables, his -book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most con- t heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy ng boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall ive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap norrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; ll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me weeping, an say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself dsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, at a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Placing his hand upon* DOLL.

Dol. How, you fat fool? I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, i' faith boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking heard.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,

Come from the north; and as I came along
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince* HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking heard.*]—More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah.—[*To the Page.*] Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, good wenches, how men of merit are sought after the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dot. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst.—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, *and* BARDOLPH.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; an honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. Come. [DOLL *comes along blubbering.*]—Yea—will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt*

Eastcheap, with the Church of St. Michael, Cornhill

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a Page.*

Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey, and of Warwick;
re they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
vell consider of them. Make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
many thousand of my poorest subjects
: this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!
e's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
teep my senses in forgetfulness?
rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
uneasy pallets stretching thee,
ush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
the canopies of costly state,
ll'd with sound of sweetest melody?
u dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
thsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
ch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
thou upon the high and giddy mast
p the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
dle of the rude imperious surge,
the visitation of the winds,
take the ruffian billows by the top,
g their monstrous heads, and hanging them
deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
with the hurly death itself awakes?
thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
e wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
the calmest and most stillest night,
all appliances and means to boot,
it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
y lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK, *and* SURREY.

r. Many good morrows to your majesty!
Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
r. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
r. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine.
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)
[*To* WARWICK.
When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;"—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head.
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counse
And were these inward wars once out of han
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.
[*Ex*

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice* SHALLOW'S *in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE, *meeting;* MOU SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and vants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; giv your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an stirrer, by the rood. And how doth my cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfe and your fairest daughter, and mine, my daughter Ellen.

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my sin William is become a good scholar. He Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court sh I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, c

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing

SIL. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin

ld have done any thing, indeed, and roundly
There was I, and little John Doit of Stafford-
and black George Barnes, and Francis Pick-
and Will-Squele a Cotswold man; you had
our such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of
again: and, I may say to you, we knew
e the bona-robas were, and had the best of
all at commandment. Then was Jack Fal-
now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas
bray, duke of Norfolk.
. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither
about soldiers?
al. The same sir John, the very same. I saw
break Skogan's head at the court gate, when
as a crack, not thus high: and the very same
id I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruit-
behind Gray's-inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad
that I have spent! and to see how many of
old acquaintance are dead!
. We shall all follow, cousin.
al. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure:
, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all
die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-
fair?
. Truly, cousin, I was not there.
al. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your
living yet?
. Dead, sir.
al. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good
—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of
t loved him well, and betted much money on
ead. Dead!—he would have clapped in the
at twelve score; and carried you a forehand
a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it
d have done a man's heart good to see.—
a score of ewes now?
. Thereafter as they be; a score of good
may be worth ten pounds.
al. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

. Here come two of sir John Falstaff's men,
hink.
al. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.
rd. I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?
al. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire
s county, and one of the king's justices of the
. What is your good pleasure with me?
rd. My captain, sir, commends him to you;
aptain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by
en, and a most gallant leader.
al. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a
backsword man. How doth the good knight?
I ask, how my lady his wife doth?
rd. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommo-
l than with a wife.
al. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well
indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is
; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely,
ever were, very commendable. Accommo-
:—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a
phrase.
rd. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word.
se, call you it? By this good day, I know not
hrase: but I will maintain the word with my
d to be a soldier-like word, and a word of ex-
ng good command, by heaven. Accommo-
; that is, when a man is, as they say, accom-
ted; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—
ay be thought to be accommodated, which is
xcellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John:—let me see.—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor. Well, master Shallow, deep master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. not put him to a private soldier, that is the of so many thousands: let that suffice, most ble Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Fee Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, me Bull-calf till he roar again.

FEEBLE. Here, sir

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O, sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always sa could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth sh her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin work by old Night-work, before I came to ent's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hads that this knight and I have seen!—H John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at mi master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, th have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to d come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SI

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, my friend, and here is four Harry ten shilli French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for min part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because

ling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for own part, so much.

rd. Go to; stand aside.

ul. And good master corporal captain, for my me's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody any thing about her, when I am gone; and s old, and cannot help herself. You shall forty, sir.

rd. Go to; stand aside.

e. By my troth, I care not; a man can die nce;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear e mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, No man's too good to serve his prince; and go which way it will, he that dies this year t for the next.

rd. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

e. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and Justices.*

l. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

al. Four, of which you please.

rd. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pound e Mouldy and Bull-calf.

l. Go to; well.

al. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

l. Do you choose for me.

al. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, Shadow.

l. Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, at home till you are past service:—and, for part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I one of you.

al. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. are your likeliest men, and I would have erved with the best.

l. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to e a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, tature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: all charge you, and discharge you, with the n of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, er than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket. this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give his man: he presents no mark to the enemy; beman may with as great aim level at the edge penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, me the spare men, and spare me the great —Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bar-

rd. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

al. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good. give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, shot.—Well said, i'faith, Wart: thou'rt a good ; hold, there's a tester for thee.

al. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn,) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV

Scene I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.—
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?
Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.
West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellio
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbisho
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touc
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tut
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such gr
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to bl
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the que stands:
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to sto
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrong suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth r
And are enforc'd from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion;

ıave the summary of all our griefs,
n time shall serve, to show in articles,
h, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
night by no suit gain our audience.
n we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
re denied access unto his person,
by those men that most have done us wrong.
dangers of the days but newly gone,
se memory is written on the earth
yet appearing blood, and the examples
ery minute's instance, present now,
put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
o break peace, or any branch of it,
o establish here a peace indeed,
urring both in name and quality.
est. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
rein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O! my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,

West. This offer comes from mercy, not from fear

not the king, that doth you injuries.
for your part, it not appears to me,
er from the king, or in the present time,
you should have an inch of any ground
uild a grief on. Were you not restor'd
ll the duke of Norfolk's signiories,
r noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
owb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,
need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
g mounted, and both roused in their seats,
r neighing coursers daring of the spur,
r armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
r eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
the loud trumpet blowing them together;
n, then, when there was nothing could have
stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed, then,
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and
love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason will our hearts should be as good;
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which God so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,

That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he know
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his r
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marsha
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleas your lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armi

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's na then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: come. [*Exe*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the Archbish* HASTINGS, *and others: from the other s* *Prince* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELA *Officers and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, cousin Mowbray.—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;
And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack! what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness. With you, l bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the speaker in his parliament;
To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer,
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings: O! who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father;

, both against the peace of heaven and him,
e here up-swarm'd them.
rch. Good my lord of Lancaster,
not here against your father's peace;
as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
vd us, and crush us to this monstrous form
nold our safety up. I sent your grace
parcels and particulars of our grief;
which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,
ereon this Hydra-son of war is born;
se dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
n grant of our most just and right desires,
true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
p tamely to the foot of majesty.
owb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
he last man.
ast. And though we here fall down,
have supplies to second our attempt;
ey miscarry, theirs shall second them;
so success of mischief shall be born,
heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
les England shall have generation.
John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
ound the bottom of the after-times.
est. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
far-forth you do like their articles.
John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
father's purposes have been mistook;
some about him have too lavishly
sted his meaning, and authority.—
lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
n my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
harge your powers unto their several counties,
ve will ours; and here, between the armies,
s drink together friendly, and embrace,
all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
ur restored love, and amity.
rch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
thereupon I drink unto your grace.
ast. Go, captain,—[*To an Officer.*]—and deliver to the army
news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
ow, it will well please them: hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*
rch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
est. I pledge your grace: and, if you knew what pains
ve bestow'd to breed this present peace,
would drink freely; but my love to you
l show itself more openly hereafter.
rch. I do not doubt you.
est. I am glad of it.—
lth to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
owb. You wish me health in very happy season;
I am, on the sudden, something ill.
rch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
heaviness foreruns the good event.
est. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
es to say thus,—some good thing comes to-morrow.
rch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
P. John. The word of peace is render'd. Hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest.
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
Arch. Go, good lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray:
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pawn'd thee none.
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray:
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF, *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?
Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.
Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.
Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?
Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they

weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past, follow no further now.—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted, as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yi
him, and I beseech your grace, let it be book
with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lo
I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mi
own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing
foot. To the which course if I be enforced, if y
do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and
in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much
the full moon doth the cinders of the eleme
which show like pins' heads to her, believe not t
word of the noble. Therefore let me have rig
and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, th
may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me
You should have won them dearer than you hav

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves,
thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away grat
and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him su
[*Exit* COLEVILE *guarde*

Gaultree Forest.

now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
r, the king my father is sore sick:
news shall go before us to his majesty,—
ch, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
we with sober speed will follow you.
l. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to
rough Glostershire; and, when you come to
, stand my good lord, pray, in your good re-

John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my con-
dition,
better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*
l. I would, you had but the wit: 'twere bet-
han your dukedom.—Good faith, this same
g sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a
cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel,
inks no wine. There's never any of these
re boys come to any proof, for thin drink doth
er-cool their blood, and making many fish-
s, that they fall into a kind of male green-sick-
; and then, when they marry, they get wench-
They are generally fools and cowards, which
of us should be too, but for inflammation. A
sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it:
ends me into the brain; dries me there all the
h, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ
nakes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of
le, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deli-
l o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the
, becomes excellent wit. The second property
our excellent sherris is, the warming of the
; which, before cold and settled, left the liver
e and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity
owardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes
urse from the inwards to the parts extreme.
umineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives
ing to all the rest of this little kingdom, man,
m; and then the vital commoners, and inland
spirits, muster me all to their captain, the
t, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue,
any deed of courage; and this valour comes
erris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing
ut sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning,
re hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack com-
es it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes
at prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood
d naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like
steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and
, with excellent endeavour of drinking good,
good store of fertile sherris, that he is become
hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the
uman principle I would teach them should be,
swear thin potations, and to addict themselves
ck.

Enter BARDOLPH.

now, Bardolph?
rd. The army is discharged all, and gone.
l. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire;
there will I visit master Robert Shallow,
re: I have him already tempering between
finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal
him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

NE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

r King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful
end
his debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your
majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord,
at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence
here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with
him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell
that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual fol-
lowers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.
K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—[*Enter* WESTMORELAND.]—Who's here? Westmoreland?
West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.
K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.—[*Enter* HARCOURT.]—Look! here's more news.
Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.
[*Swoons.*
P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!
War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. no, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
P. Humph. The people fear me! for they observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manner, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so, a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and di
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recov
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They place the* KING *on a bed in inner part of the room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pill here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarenc
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and n abroad!
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news y
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will reco
Without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sw prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Wil't please your grace to go along w us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by king. [*Exeunt all but Prince* HEN
Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breat
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my ther!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

ves itself to me. Lo! here it sits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
ch heaven shall guard; and put the world's
whole strength
one giant arm, it shall not force
lineal honour from me. This from thee
I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*
Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest.*

a. Doth the king call?
ar. What would your majesty? How fares
your grace?
Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords?
a. We left the prince, my brother, here, my
liege,
undertook to sit and watch by you.
Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he?
let me see him:
s not here.
ar. This door is open; he is gone this way.
Humph. He came not through the chamber
where we stay'd.
Hen. Where is the crown? who took it
from my pillow?
ar. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here.
Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,
seek him out.
so hasty, that he doth suppose
leep my death?—
him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
part of his conjoins with my disease,
helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you
are;
quickly nature falls into revolt,
n gold becomes her object.
his the foolish over-careful fathers
broke their sleeps with thoughts,
r brains with care, their bones with industry:
his they have engrossed and pil'd up
canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
his they have been thoughtful to invest
r sons with arts, and martial exercises;
n, like the bee, culling from every flower
virtuous sweets,
highs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
l his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

, where is he that will not stay so long,
is friend sickness hath determin'd me?
ar. My lord, I found the prince in the next
room,
ing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
ld, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
rt the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY,
Lords, &c.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine hon-
ours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence;
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.
P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears,
[*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,

And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fear
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purcha
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are gree
And all thy friends, which thou must make friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,

rest. and lying still, might make them look
near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
thy course to busy giddy minds
foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
waste the memory of the former days.
would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
strength of speech is utterly denied me.
I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Hen. My gracious liege,
won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
plain, and right, must my possession be:
h I, with more than with a common pain,
st all the world will rightfully maintain.

er Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *Lords, and others.*

Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My wordly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

York.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Glostershire. *A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and Page.*

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is, now, the Smith's note for shoeing, and plough irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy ness, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance iam Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, ag that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, o knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a k sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave s have some countenance at his friend's request. honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, a knave is not. I have served your worship t sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest I have but a very little credit with your wor The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefo beseech your worship, let him be countenanc

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no w Look about, Davy.—[*Exit* DAVY.] Where you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind ter Bardolph.—And welcome, my tall fellow.— *the Page.*] Come, sir John. [*Exit* SHAL

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert low. Bardolph, look to our horses.—[*Exeunt* DOLPH, *and Page.*] If I were sawed into q ties, I should make four dozen of such bearded mit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wond thing, to see the semblable coherence of his spirits and his: they, by observing him, do themselves like foolish justices; he, by conve with them, is turned into a justice-like serving Their spirits are so married in conjunction wit participation of society, that they flock togeth consent, like so many wild geese. If I had to master Shallow, I would humour his men

nputation of being near their master: if to his
I would curry with master Shallow, that no
could better command his servants. It is cer-
hat either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage,
ight, as men take diseases, one of another:
fore, let men take heed of their company. I
evise matter enough out of this Shallow, to
prince Harry in continual laughter the wear-
it of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two
s,) and he shall laugh without *intervallums*.
is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a
with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that ne-
ad the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall
im laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill
p.

al. [*Within.*] Sir John.

l. I come, master Shallow: I come, master
ow. [*Exit* Falstaff.

E II.—Westminster. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

ter Warwick, *and the Lord Chief Justice.*

ar. How now, my lord chief justice! whither
away?

. Just. How doth the king?

ar. Exceeding well: his cares are now all
ended.

. Just. I hope, not dead.

ar. He's walk'd the way of nature,
to our purposes he lives no more.

. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me
with him:
service that I truly did his life,
left me open to all injuries.

ar. Indeed, I think the young king loves you
not.

. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm my-
self,
elcome the condition of the time;
h cannot look more hideously upon me
I have drawn it in my fantasy.

ter Prince John, *Prince* Humphrey, Cla-
rence, Westmoreland, *and others.*

ar. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
hat the living Harry had the temper
m, the worst of these three gentlemen!
many nobles then should hold their places,
must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

. Just. O God! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow.

Humph. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

John. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

ar. We do remember; but our argument
too heavy to admit much talk.

John. Well, peace be with him that hath
made us heavy!

. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a
friend, indeed;
I dare swear, you borrow not that face
eming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.

John. Though no man be assur'd what grace
to find,
stand in coldest expectation:
the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

a. Well, you must now speak sir John Fal-
staff fair,

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see, that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king, my master, that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your
majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your ma-
jesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you
most. [*To the Chief Justice.*
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in th' administration of his law
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours.
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.

After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' unstain'd sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now, call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—
[*To the Lord Chief Justice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents,)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Glostershire. *The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the Page, and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good-varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall [*Sing*

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good m
Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Da

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you ano
most sweet sir, sit.—Master Page, good m
page, sit: proface! What you want in n
we'll have in drink. But you must bear:
heart's all. [

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think master Silence had be
man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice
once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for
[*Setting them before* BARDO

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship.—I'll be with you stra
—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart live long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in
sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Sile

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou w
est any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew
heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and
come, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bard
and to all the cavalieros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart toge
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.

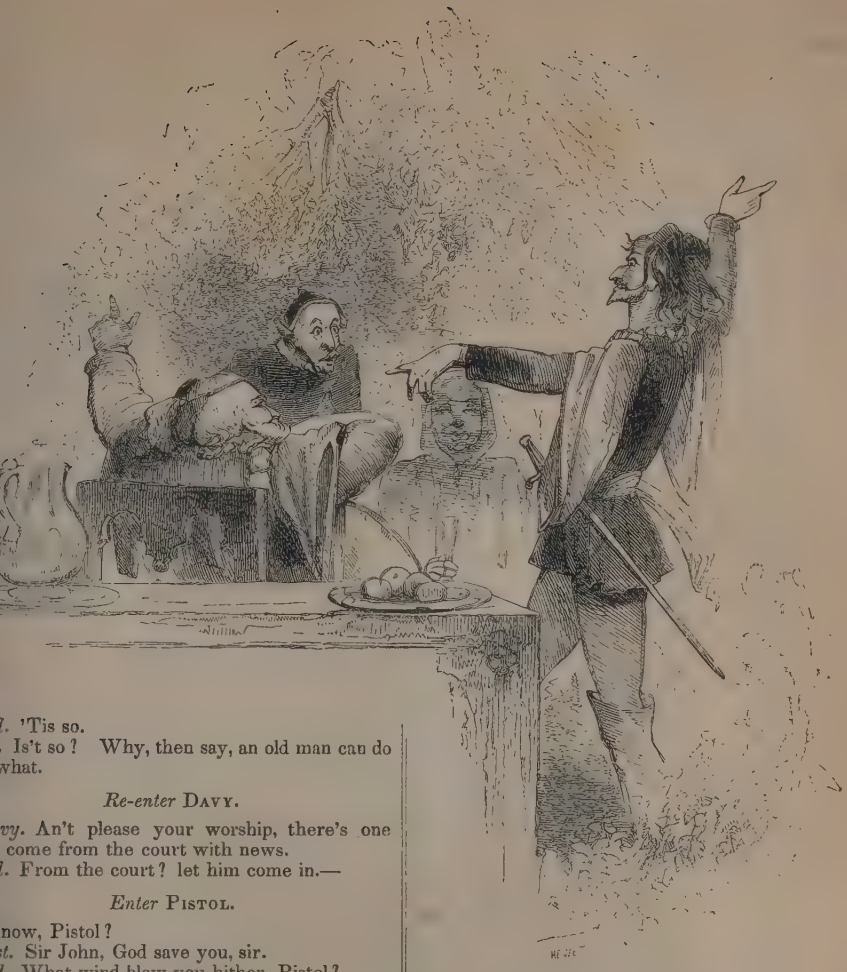
Shal. By God's leggins I thank thee.—The k
will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he
not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack noth
be merry.—[*Knocking heard.*]—Look, who'
door there. Ho! who knocks? [*Exit* D

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To* SILENCE, *who drinks a bum*

Sil. *Do me right,* [*Sing*
And dub me knight:
Samingo.
Is't not so?



l. 'Tis so.
Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do what.

Re-enter DAVY.

vy. An't please your worship, there's one come from the court with news.
l. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

now, Pistol?
t. Sir John, God save you, sir.
l. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
t. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
t knight, th'art now one of the greatest men realm.
By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff rson.
t. Puff?
in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
hn, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
elter-skelter have I rode to thee;
idings do I bring, and lucky joys,
olden times, and happy news of price.
l. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of orld.
t. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!
k of Africa, and golden joys.
l. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news?
ing Cophetua know the truth thereof.
[*Sings.*]
And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.
t. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
hall good news be baffled?
Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.—[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something, to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and woe unto my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
"Where is the life that late I led," say they;
Why, here it is: welcome these pleasant days!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, *and* DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged cal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come would make this a bloody day to somebody. I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of c ions again; you have but eleven now. Com charge you both go with me, for the man is d that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cer I will have you as soundly swinged for this,— blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctio if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-er come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overc might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come: bring me justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rasc

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exe*

A Street in London.—Falstaff and the Chief Justice.

NE V.—*A Public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing Rushes.

Groom. More rushes, more rushes!
Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.
Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come the coronation. Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

r FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page.*

l. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; l make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—[*To* SHALLOW.] O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

FAL. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow

l. As it were, to ride day and night; and not liberate, not to remember, not to have pa- to shift me.

l. It is most certain.

l. But to stand stained with travel, and sweat- with desire to see him: thinking of nothing putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there nothing else to be done but to see him.

t. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est.* ll in every part.

l. 'Tis so, indeed.

t. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, nake thee rage.
Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,

Is in base durance, and contagious prison;
Haul'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter KING *and his Train, including the Chief Justice.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING, *and his Train.*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in p
vate to him. Look you, he must seem thus to t
world. Fear not your advancement; I will be t
man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you sho
give me your doublet, and stuff me out with stra
I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hu
dred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: t
that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in,
John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinn
Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come Bardolph.—I sh
be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the Chief Justice, Officers,*

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to t
Fleet.
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord!—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear y
soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me conten*
[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PIST
BARDOLPH, *Page, and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king'
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliame
my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year
pire,
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exe*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

st my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. ar is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, ıy speech to beg your pardons. If you look good speech, now, you undo me; for what I to say, is of mine own making, and what l I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own ıg. But to the purpose, and so to the ven- —Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I ately here in the end of a displeasing play, ıy your patience for it, and to promise you er. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; ı, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, ık, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, mised you, I would be, and here I commit dy to your mercies: bate me some, and I will ou some; and, as most debtors do, promise ıfinitely.

ny tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

Paul's Walk.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE FOURTH.—PART II.

Induction.

"Induction"—So called in the folio, (1623,) where it is treated as the first scene of the play. The word is used in the same way by Ben Jonson, Marston, and other dramatists of the time. The quarto is not divided into acts and scenes; and Rumour enters as if to deliver a prologue.

"*Enter* Rumour, *painted full of Tongues.*"

"Rumour," or *Fame*, was often thus represented, in the masques of Shakespeare's day. In a masque by Thomas Campion, presented on St. Stephen's night, (1614,) Rumour comes on "in a skin-coat, full of winged tongues." Many similar instances are cited by the commentators. Some epithets in Chaucer's "House of Fame" might have supplied Shakespeare with hints for this description. But, whether directly or indirectly through scholar-poets, the thought comes from a celebrated passage in Virgil's "Æneid:"—

> Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong;
> And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue:
> And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
> She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
> No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes.
> By day from lofty towers her head she shews;
> And spreads, through trembling crowds, disastrous news:
> With court-informers' haunts, and royal spies,
> This done relates, nor done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies. [Dryden's *Translation.*]

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *almost* forspent *with speed*"—*For*, as a prefix to a verb, is used to give it intensity. *Forwearied*, in King John, and "forspent," here, mean *wearied out, outspent.* The prefix, according to Tooke, is identi with *forth.*

"— *in running to devour the way*"—So, in "Jo (chap. xxxix. 24:)—"He *swalloweth* the ground in fier ness." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonso "Sejanus:"—

> But with that speed and heat of appetite.
> With which they greedily *devour the way*
> To some great sports.

"— *a silken* point"—i. e. A silken *lace*, with a *t* or "point," at the end of it.

"— *some* hilding *fellow*"—An expression of contem for a cowardly, spiritless person. Some derive it fr the Anglo-Saxon *hyldan*, (to bend;) from which *hilde hireling.* We find it several times in Shakespea Capulet calls Juliet a "hilding." In Henry V. we h "a *hilding* foe."

"— *knolling a* departing *friend*"—Malone thou that "departing" was here used for *departed.* Shakespeare's seventy-first "Sonnet," we have—

> No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
> Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled.

But the ancient custom was for the bell to ring for t "departing" soul—not for the soul that had fled. Her it was called the *passing bell.*

"*Rendering faint* quittance"—Stevens truly plains "faint quittance" to be faint *return* of blows.

"*Gan* vail *his stomach*"—"Vail," as to *lower*, n "stomach," is used, as often of old, for *pride, haugh ness, confidence.* We have the same use of the phra

e TAMING OF THE SHREW, (act v.:)—"Then *vail stomach;*" and Cardinal Wolsey is spoken of as inbounded stomach."

– BUCKLE *under life*"—"Buckle" here means *bend*, as been derived from the Saxon *bugan*. We find ed, in the same sense, in no other author of the that I am aware of: "buckles" of hair, for *curls*, have the same etymology, though traced no higher the French *boucle*.

– *thou* NICE *crutch*"—"Nice" is often used, by espeare, in the sense of *insignificant, trifling*. In o AND JULIET, we have, "Bid him bethink how he quarrel was;" and in act v. scene 2, of the same dy, "The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge;"— e see note.

"—*the rude scene may end,*
"*And darkness be the burier of the dead!*"

he conclusion of this noble speech is extremely ng. There is no need to suppose it exactly philo- cal: darkness, in poetry, may be absence of eyes, ll as privation of light. Yet we may remark that, ancient opinion, it has been held that if the human for whom the world was made, were extirpated, hole system of sublunary nature would cease at "—JOHNSON.

he true point of this fine phrase ('darkness be the r of the dead') is, we apprehend, that, if universal ness prevailed, there would be no occasion for any entombment:—on the poetical supposition that le use of burial is to remove the dead from the of the living."—*Illust. Shak.*

– *the* DOLE *of blows*"—i. e. The *dealing* of blows; istribution of them.

– BESTRIDE *a bleeding land*"—i. e. *Stand over* his ry, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen ade in battle, in this manner. It is a common allu- n old poets.

SCENE II.

– *what says the doctor to my water*"—"This quack- as once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain ecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients octor, and afterwards giving medicines in conse- ce of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This e was followed by another, which forbade the doc- hemselves to pronounce on any disorder from such certain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish ractice, which has still its dupes."—STEVENS.

– *I will* IN-SET *you neither in gold nor silver*"—The lters "in-set" of the quarto to *set*. When Falstaff his page "mandrake" and "agate," he refers to mall size of the boy. A mandrake is an herb of tic qualities, to which superstition anciently affixed attributes. Being forked, it was said to resemble nan creature, and to utter a cry when it was ex- d from the earth. Agates were often worn in and engraved with heads, or figures; and thence bly were metaphorically used for any diminutive n; as in ROMEO AND JULIET:—

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone,
On the forefinger of an alderman.

– *to bear a gentleman in hand*"—To "bear in hand" to delude by false promises or expectations; as eth reminds the murderers how they were "borne in " by Banquo. Falstaff's indignation at having been ed by false promises to give him a credit which ver means to discharge, is whimsically droll.

– *thorough with them in honest* TAKING-UP"—To *up* a commodity is a phrase of frequent occurrence, tting it on *credit*. To be "thorough in honest g-up" is, therefore, to go largely upon the credit n.

"*I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse,*" etc.

"Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy:'—'He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb* is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife.' The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul's was the resort of idlers, gamesters, and persons in general who lived by their wits. Ben Jonson calls his Captain Bobadill 'a Paul's man.' But Paul's was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The 'masterless serving-man' set up 'his bill in Paul's,' as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *Si quisses*. Paul's was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians; and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop Carleton tells us that Babington's and Ballard's conspiracy was conferred upon in Paul's Church.' Osborne, in his 'Memoirs of James I.,' states, that Paul's was the resort of 'the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions.' The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors; a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest:—'There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out.'—(DECKER'S "*Gull's Horn Book*," 1609.) In Bishop Earle's 'Microcosmography,' (1628,) we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul's walk, of which the following passage will convey a notion of the style:—'It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees—a strange humming or buzz, mixt of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politick, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament.'"—KNIGHT.

"—*You* HUNT-COUNTER"—In the COMEDY OF ERRORS, we meet with the expression, "a hound that runs counter," (meaning a dog that runs the wrong way in the chase,) applied to the officer who has arrested Antipholus of Ephesus. The allusion by Falstaff, when he calls the attendant "hunt-counter," Johnson supposes to be the same: he terms him "hunt-counter" probably because he is upon a wrong scent, and has made a mistake. Malone imagined that Falstaff referred to the prison called the Counter, as if the attendant were an officer belonging to it. But the other is more likely to be the sense meant.

"*Very well, my lord*"—The prefix to this speech, in the quarto, is *Old.*, in all probability for *Oldcastle*, the name by which Falstaff was first called by Shakespeare. This is a relic of the original manuscript—an instance in which the change of name was accidentally not marked, and the printer was thereby misled. In the folio, (1623,) *Old.* is changed to *Fal.*

"*A* WASSEL *candle*"—A "wassel candle" is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase, as well as the matter of the honeycomb. We have the same play upon the word in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, (act v. scene 2:)—

This was the way to make his godhead *wax.*

"—*like his* ILL ANGEL"—"Ill angel," (quarto, 1600,) or *evil* angel, as the folio has it, refers to the coin called an "angel."

* Burton is the only English author who uses this word in the meaning of an antithetical saying. (See Richardson's Dictionary.)

"— *I cannot* TELL"—Johnson explains this, "I cannot be taken in a *reckoning;* I cannot *pass current.*" Mr. Gifford objects to this explanation, and says that it merely means, "I cannot tell what to think of it." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common, (says Mr. Boswell;) but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, his interpretation appears to me to suit the context better.

"— *in these* COSTER-MONGER *times*"—i. e. Times of *petty traffic*, when qualities are rated by money's worth. A *costard* is an apple—thence a costard-monger; and so the word came to imply, as it does now, a small *huckstering dealer.*

"— *your wit* SINGLE"—"'Single' may be taken for *small*, according to Stevens, who gives us the example of single beer for small beer. But this use of the word has reference to the quantity of malt consumed in the production of the beer. The expression in ROMEO AND JULIET, 'O single-soled jest!' has also a direct reference to the thinness of Romeo's pump. We can scarcely, therefore, say that 'single' means *small*, taken generally; but the Chief Justice has lost something of his characteristic gravity, and has become infected by him, who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others; and he thus opposes the *single wit* to the *double chin;* and also suggests the real character of wit. All wit is, to a certain extent, *double*—it has the obvious meaning, and the more recondite meaning which makes the point. 'Single' wit is very much the same as *pointless* wit."—KNIGHT.

"— *you are too impatient to bear* CROSSES"—The Chief Justice grows facetious, and makes a pun. "Crosses" were pieces of *money.*

"— *fillip me with a three-man beetle*"—A "three-man beetle" is a heavy instrument, with three handles, used in driving piles, etc. To "fillip" may mean merely to strike; but it is commonly thought to allude to a barbarous practice of placing a toad at the end of a board, which was laid across another; when, the first board being struck with a bat or large stick, the persecuted toad was thrown high into the air, and his best fortune was to be killed by the fall.

"— *both the degrees* PREVENT *my curses*"—i. e. *Come before*, or *anticipate* my curses. Pope is among the last who use the word in this sense. It was its most usual meaning of old, and still keeps its place in the English liturgy.

SCENE III.

"*Yes,* IN *this present quality of war,—*
INDEED *the instant action, a cause on foot,*" etc.

This passage has perplexed the editors. The folios, where alone this passage is found, point it thus:—

> Yes, *if* this present quality of war,
> Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
> Lives so in hope: As in, etc.

It has been proposed to read—

> Yes, if this present quality of war;—
> *Induc'd* the instant action: A cause on foot
> Lives so in hope, as in, etc.

The reading adopted from Johnson's suggestion is that here given. It affords a clear sense, and agrees with the tenour of Bardolph's argument, two letters only being changed; which might have been an easy misprint in the old text. Knight and Collier both retain the old text, which the former modifies by throwing into a parenthesis (Indeed the present action, a cause on foot,) and thus explains:—"As we read the passage, the meaning is this: Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies, Yes, (it does hurt,) *if* the present condition of our war—if the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope, as the premature buds of an early spring."

"— *one power against the French,*
And one against Glendower," etc.

During this rebellion of Northumberland and archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower

"*The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,*" e

The whole of this fine speech is wanting in the edition, and seems to have been added by the auth for the reason suggested as to several similar additi in the Introductory Remarks to this play, in orde connect the drama, when acted, more distinctly w previous transactions, and to make them familiar to audience. This might have been done briefly, bu has overflowed into very noble lines.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*Where's your* YEOMAN"—The follower of a serge or bailiff, was called his "yeoman."

"— *A hundred mark is a long* ONE"—So the copies; altered, in most editions, to "long *loan.*" T old reading is retained in the later editions, and defen by Douce and Knight, because "the debt was hardl loan; it was a score. Sir John had eaten the wid out of house and home; she therefore says that a h dred mark is a long one—a long *mark*—a long reck ing, or score." Z. Jackson has a very shrewd con ture, that the true words were "a long *owe*," whic much in the good Hostess's style.

"— *thou* HONEY-SUCKLE *villain*"—Mistress Quick corruption of *homicidal.* In the same way, "hon seed" for *homicide.*

"*Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself,*" etc.

Coleridge, in his celebrated "Essay on Method," given this speech of the Hostess—

> Fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance—

as an example of "the absence of method, which char terizes the uneducated, occasioned by an habitual subm sion of the understanding to mere events and images such, and independent of any power in the mind to clas or appropriate them. The general accompaniments time and place are the only relations which persons this class appear to regard in their statements." T great philosophical critic, however, most truly ad that in this speech of Mrs. Quickly, "the poor so thoughts and sentences are more closely interlink than the truth of nature would have required; but t the connexions and sequence, which the habit of meth can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in fusion of passion."

"— *a* PARCEL-GILT *goblet*"—"Parcel-gilt" me what is now called by artists *party-gilt;* where part the work is gilt, and part left plain, or ungilded.

"— *I do desire deliverance from these officers*"—P staff claimed the protection legally called *quia pro turus.* (See *Coke upon Littleton*, 130 a.) This is o of the many examples of Shakespeare's somewhat in mate acquaintance with legal forms and phrases.

"*Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking*"—In Lodg "Illustrations of British History," (vol. ii. p. 251, e 1791,) there is a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury Thomas Bawdewyn, which the editor inserts, on acco of the following curious postscript:—"I wold have y bye me *glasses* to drink in: Send me word what o *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll nott leve me a cup of sylvare to drink in butt I wyll see the next terme creditors payde."

"— *or the German hunting in water-work*"— "water-work" is meant water-colours; either fres paintings or hangings in water-colours. The paint cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, pr ably resembling in its execution some modern pap hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, e

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l in water-colours, or distemper. These last seem r fitted for cheap tavern decorations than the *fresco* ings, of which the Pictorial SHAKESPEARE gives a mile specimen, from an old manor-house.

SCENE II.

– *a proper fellow of my hands*"—The precise sense is obsolete slang phrase is not quite certain. It probably be like "a tall fellow of his hands," (used ie MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,)—a phrase for a fighting fellow, as Cotgrave's contemporary French English Dictionary explains "of his hands;" or it be, as we would now say colloquially, a handsome v of my inches," taking "hands" as used in meas- horses.

– *you* VIRTUOUS *ass*"—Knight, following the folio, "*pernicious* ass." "*Virtuous* ass," the word of ther old copies, has more humour.

– *through a* RED LATTICE"—Nothing is more com- in our old writers, than the mention of "red lat- or, as it is sometimes misprinted, "red *lettice*," e doors and windows of ale-houses. It was through f these lattices that Bardolph was looking, when age thought he was peeping through two holes in ew red petticoat of the ale-wife.

– *Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-*]"—"Shakespeare (says Johnson) is here mistaken mythology, and has confounded Althea's fire-brand Hecuba's. The fire-brand of Althea was real; Hecuba, when she was big with Paris, dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand that consumed ingdom." Knight suggests that, as in HENRY VI. is mention of "the fatal brand Althea burned," ving that the Poet knew the right story,) he here ded the pert boy should blunder in showing off lf knowledge. This is surely a critical over-refine- Shakespeare had evidently known the story, and alf-forgotten it, as might well happen to any one e daily occupations were not such as to keep his ology always fresh in his memory.

– *the* MARTLEMAS"—The feast of *St. Martin*, the f November. Poins calls Falstaff the "martlemas," se his year of life is running out.

I will imitate the honourable ROMANS *in brevity*' "— e old copies. Modern editors read *Roman*, think- ie allusion was to Brutus or Cæsar. Capell ob- s, "The matter in question is, *epistolary brevity*, particular the forms of addressing, in which the ns were most concise. Many not remote from hn's *I commend me to thee*, etc., are found in all epistles."

– *doth the old boar feed in the old* FRANK"—"Frank" *n*, for confining animals, poultry, etc., for fatten- nd, as it is here applied to "the old boar," would a *sty*, (as the annotators explain it;) but the word broader significance.

– *a heavy* DESCENSION"—A word of Shakespeare's ge, found in the earlier editions, and altered in our ones to *declension*.

SCENE III.

– *my* HEART-DEAR *Harry*"—This compound epi- s retained, by Collier, from the folio, and is cer- finer than "my *heart's dear* Harry," of all other ns.

– *speaking* THICK"—Stevens truly observes, that king *thick*" here means speaking *rapidly*, (as con- tinguished from *tardily*,)—a circumstance strongly cteristic of Hotspur. In a song by Weelkes, quoted r. Rimbault, in his reprint of Decker's "Knights' ring," a musician is told to play more rapidly, in ords, "Pipe it up *thicker*."

SCENE IV.

"— *Sir John cannot endure an* APPLE-JOHN"—The "apple-John" was a species of apple, remarkable for keeping two years or more, and presenting a shrivelled, withered appearance. The best commentary on this joke will be found in the following lines, from Philips's excellent didactic poem of "Cider:"—

> Nor John-apple, whose wither'd rind entrench'd
> By many a furrow, aptly represents
> Decrepid age.

"— *Sneak's* NOISE"—"Sneak" was, of course, some street-musician. A "noise" of musicians meant formerly a *band* of musicians.

"— *here will be* OLD UTIS"—"Old" is a frequent augmentative in writers of the time: "utis," or *utas*, derived, by Skinner, from the French *huit*, meant properly the octave of a saint's day, and was also used to express a time of rejoicing and festivity in general. "Old utis," therefore, means a *high frolic*.

"'*Your brooches, pearls, and ouches*'"—This is a quotation, with the alteration of a word, ("pearls" for *rings*,) of a line in the ballad of "The Boy and the Mantle." (See Percy's "Reliques.") "Owches" were *bosses of gold*.

"— *Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack*"—It is very ingeniously suggested, in the Pictorial SHAKESPEARE, that these lines are metrical; that Doll, falling in with the musical vein of Falstaff, propitiates him with a little extempore lyric:—

> Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack;
> Thou art going to the wars;
> And whether I shall ever see thee again,
> Or no, there is nobody cares.

"— ANCIENT *Pistol's below*"—The "ancient" is the *standard*, the *ensign*; and so the *bearer* of the ensign is also the "ancient." Iago is Othello's ancient; Pistol is Falstaff's.

"TILLY-VALLEY, *sir John*"—This interjection is said to have been often used by the lady of Sir Thomas More. The origin is obscure; though it is supposed to have been an old French hunting-cry.

"— *master* TISICK, *the deputy*"—The names of Master "Tisick," and Master "Dumb," are ludicrously intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them *Dumb-dogs*, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II. (See BURNET'S *Own Times*.)

"— *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no* CHEATER"—"The humour of this consists (says Warburton) in the woman's mistaking the title of "cheater" (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*." The joke was such a favourite in that age, that even the grave oracle of the common-law, Lord Coke, could not withstand the temptation of the play upon words and enacted Dame Quickly to a reverential grand jury. He thus, in his charge, at Norwich, (1607,) puns upon the equivoque:—"But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*."

"— *down* FAITORS"—*Faitours* (sometimes spelled *faters*, as here in one of the old editions) is an old word used by Spenser for *traitors*. The folio has *fates*, which Collier retains, as appropriate to Pistol's rant.

"— *Have we not* HIREN *here?*"—There was an old play by Peele, now lost, called "The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the fair Greek," to which Pistol may allude. The phrase, "Have we not Hiren here?" occurs in

other plays of the time, as in "Eastward Ho!" (1605,) and "Law Tricks," (1608.) Douce was of opinion that Pistol intended, by "Hiren," to call attention to his sword, or *iron;* and that he afterwards repeated the Italian motto on the blade of it. The Hostess takes it for a woman's name, as is evident from her answer to the same question, when Pistol subsequently repeats it.

"—*hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,*
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day," etc.

The Poet has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages, from various old plays. Those quoted are a parody on some lines in Marlowe's "Tamburlaine:"—

Holla, you pamper'd jades of Asia!
What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?

The same passage is burlesqued, by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the "Coxcomb."

"*Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.*"

Douce, in his "Illustrations," gives a representation of an old rapier, in his possession, which bore the same motto, in old French—

Si fortune me tourmente l'esperance me contente;—

whence it would seem that this was Pistol's motto on his own sword, which he lays down. This edition retains the bad Italian of the original, which is quite of a piece with Pistol's "Cannibals and Trojan Greeks;" and it is no improvement of the text to correct it into more accurate Italian. The correction of the commentators, however, will not pass for a specimen of very "choice Italian." Hanmer's alteration, adopted by Collier, is—

Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.

The Italian motto, which the author meant that Pistol should mangle, was probably familiar to many in that day of mottos, and probably ran somewhat thus:—

Si fortuna mi tormenta,
La speranza mi contenta.

"—*I kiss thy* NEIF"—i. e. *Fist.* So in MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM, Bottom says, "Give me thy *neif*, Monsieur Mustard-seed." "Neif," or *neive*, is still used in Scotland, and the North of England.

"—GALLOWAY NAGS"—i. e. Common *hackneys.*

"—*Bartholomew boar-pig*"—Doll says this in cosxing, playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

"—*eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare*"—"Conger and fennel" appear to have been commonly eaten together, and were esteemed provocatives. A "flap-dragon" was some small combustible material, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. "Riding the wild mare" was another name for the game of see-saw.

"—NAVE *of a wheel*"—Falstaff is humourously called "nave of a wheel," from his rotundity of figure. The equivoque between "nave" and *knave* is obvious.

"—*the* FIERY TRIGON"—This, like other astrological terms, now requiring learned explanation, was, in those days of astrological belief, very familiar to the audience. "*Trigonum igneum* (says Stevens) is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The 'fiery Trigon' consists of *Aries, Leo,* and *Sagittarius.*" When these three planets met, it was said to indicate war and tumult.

"*What stuff wilt have a* KIRTLE *of*"—The commentators and lexicographers give various and contradictory explanations of the word "kirtle,"—"a gown, a jacket, a mantle, a petticoat, a cloak," etc. Gifford, in a note on Ben Jonson, thus settles the vexed question:—"Few words have occasioned such controversy, among the commentators, as *kirtle.* These familiar terms quently are the most baffling to the antiquary, being in general use, they were clearly understoo our ancestors, and are not, therefore, accurately de in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrte* gird,) was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which somet had a body without sleeves attached to it. '*Vasq* (says Cotgrave,) a *kirtle*, or petticoat.' '*Surco upper kirtle*, or garment worn over a kirtle.' '*cotte de femme*, a *kirtle*.' And Chaucer, descri young dancing girls, translates from his original, 'Romant de la Rose,' 'Qui estoient en pure *cottes*:

In *kirtles* and none other weed.

Chaucer also uses 'kirtle' for a *tunic*, or sleeveless for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca*, 'a coate or ja or a sleeveless coate. Also a woman's *petticoa kirtle*, an upper save-guard;' and '*semicinto, halfe a halfe kirtle*,' and '*grembiale*, an *apron*, a *safegi* a *halfe-kirtle*.' Cotgrave also translates '*un deva robe*, a *kirtle*, or *apron*.' Minshew renders the Sp word *Vasquina*, 'a *woman's petticoat*, or *kirtle*.' finally, Torriano defines *grembiale*, 'an *apron*, a *kirtle*.' All this dictionary learning may appear ridiculous, but at least it has put an end to doubt, trust to disquisition also, upon the subject."

["*Doll comes along blubbering*"]—This is printe the old editions, as part of the speech, and so C gives it; while other editors silently reject it. It s clearly a stage-direction, that had crept into the tex a mistake of a copyist.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell.*"

This allusion has not been satisfactorily expla The Poet may have meant, with some anachronism, no watches were in use in Henry the Fourth's ti that the royal couch was a mere case, where the re occupant counted the minutes without repose. also been suggested that "watch-case" here mean case of a *watch-light.* Perhaps the reader may p some one of the suggestions contained in Knight's

"The metaphor may be taken thus: The kingly c the place of repose for the king, being deserted by s is as the *case* or box in which the wakeful senti sheltered: it is also as a common 'larum bell, whi to rouse a sleeping population upon the approac danger. But a 'larum, (an *alarum*, an alarm,) was called a *watch.* In an ancient inventory cited by S there is the following article: 'a *laume*, or watch of in an iron case, with two leaden plummets.' By laume, or watch of iron, we are to understand th strument which we now call an alarum—a mac attached to a clock, so as to ring at a certain hour is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means by 'watch-case' the box of a sentinel, and by the 'com 'larum bell,' the alarm bell which is rung out in of danger; or whether the 'watch-case' is the cov of an instrument which gives motion to the bell alarm. It is possible, in either case, that the 'or' i line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be su tuted; and then the comparison would not be dou but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to as the case or box of him who watches *by* the a bell of a garrison; or as the covering of a watch, *fo* alarm bell."

"—*Then, happy low, lie down!*"—"Then, h Lowe, lie down," is the original text. Warburton G. Wakefield had concurred in thinking that this an error of the press for "Thou happy lowly *clo* which is poetic, Shakespearian, and the very words might have been easily thus altered. Most modern tions adhere to the old text, which may be reta without losing the same sense—"Lie down, ye ones, and sleep." Coleridge preferred a different p tuation and sense, which Knight supports. It see us quite unfounded.

"Warburton's correction of 'happy, lowly c

n Johnson adopted, was somewhat bold. We have ed a reading, depending on the punctuation, which ggested by Coleridge, and we add his remark on assage: 'I know of no argument by which to per- any one to be of my opinion, or rather of my feel- but yet I cannot help feeling that 'Happy low-lie-!' is either a proverbial expression, or the burden ne old song, and means, 'Happy the man, who lays lf down on his straw bed, or chaff pallet, on the d or floor!'"—KNIGHT.

– as a body, yet, DISTEMPER'D"—"Distemper'd" is as indicating a state of ill-health, somewhat milder he "rank *diseases*" of which the king speaks.

– that GLENDOWER *is dead*"—Glendower did not ll after Henry IV. Shakespeare was here led into by Hollingshed, who places Owen's death in the year of Henry's reign.

SCENE II.

– page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk"— s is a passage on which Mr. Halliwell justly relies, ow that sir John Falstaff was originally called sir Oldcastle. Sir John Oldcastle was 'page to Tho- Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,' not sir John Falstaff. On the Character of Falstaff,' 12mo. 1841."— IER.

– I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate"— ne, Ritson, Stevens, and others, have learnedly dis- d the question, whether there were two jesting ns, or one; and, if two, which was here meant. y Skogan is thus described by Ben Jonson, (masque e "Fortunate Isles,") in answer to the question, gan, what is he?"—"It seems there were two ns; the one—

A fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.

ther was John Skogan, of the time of Edward IV., is thus described, by Hollingshed:—A learned man, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleas- it, and bent to merry devices, in respect whereof s called into the court, where, giving himself to tural inclination of mirth and pleasant pastime, he d many sporting parts, although not in such uncivil er as hath been of him reported." The jest-book e latter was the "Joe Miller" of Shakespeare's ery familiar to his audience; and he probably con- ed the "moral Skogan," the poet Henry, with the of the generation after.

– he would have CLAPPED IN *the* CLOUT *at twelve* —i. e. He would have *hit* the *nail*, or *pin*, which d supported the *target*, at twelve score *yards*. elve score" was a usual distance in archery ies.

– a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds"— kespeare (says Dr. Gray) seems to have been un- inted with the value of money, and the prices of , and other cattle, at the latter end of the reign of y the Fourth." That is true. In 1411, the price heep is stated at one shilling and ten pence, but, in espeare's own time, the price varies from six shil- and eight pence to fifteen shillings. The local and brary allusions, throughout SHAKESPEARE, of course, to matters of his own day.

– a soldier-like word"—Ben Jonson, in his "Dis- ies," (a collection of his miscellaneous remarks,) "You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms e time, as *accommodation*, complement, spirit, etc., se them properly in their place, as others." Ben another example, in "Every Man in his Humour," e fantastic use of the word:—"Hostess, *accommo-* as with another bed-staff here quickly. *Lend* us er bed-staff—the woman does not understand the s of action."

"She never could AWAY WITH *me*"—This expression of dislike, meaning, "She never could *abide* me," is of frequent occurrence in writers of the time of Shakespeare, and had not become obsolete until after the time of Locke, who used it.

"— the limb, the THEWES"—It may have been a common colloquial use of the word "thewes," but no book of the age uses it, as Shakespeare does, for *sinews, muscles*. From Chaucer to Ben Jonson, all other writers use it to signify *manners*, qualities of the mind.

"— swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket"—Johnson, whose acquaintance with his friend Thrale's great brewery made him better authority, on this disputed passage, than other critics, thus explains it:—"Meaning, swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."

"— a CALIVER *into Wart's hand*"—i. e. A *hand-gun*. The "caliver" was lighter than the musket, and was fired without a rest, which was needed for the heavy and unwieldy musket of the Poet's age.

"— I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show"—"Arthur's show" was not, as Warton and former commentators thought, a masque, or pageant, exhibited by the legal society of St. Clement's Inn: but, as later antiquarians have proved, was an exhibition of archery, at Mile-end green, where the archers assumed various characters, connected with King Arthur and his round table. Shallow represented sir Dagonet, the fool or buffoon of Arthur's court. This association was called "The friendly and frank Fellowship of Prince Arthur's Knights, in and about the City of London." "Mile-end green" was the place for the city sports, etc., where the London militia were *trained*.

"— to any thick sight were INVINCIBLE"—So every old copy. It has been thought a misprint for *invisible*, which has been substituted by Stevens, and others. But "invincible" much better expresses the ludicrous exaggeration intended. His "dimensions could not be mastered by any but the keenest eyes."

"— the OVER-SCUTCHED *huswives*"—The meaning of this epithet is not clear. *Over-scotched*, as if *cut* and *slashed* by the beadle's whip, seems the most probable interpretation.

"— his FANCIES, *or his* GOOD-NIGHTS"—The names given, by our old poets, to small *lyrical pieces* for the voice.

"— now is this VICE'S DAGGER *become a squire*"—The "Vice" was a character, in our early dramatic performances, who was armed with a wooden dagger. In Harsenet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures," (1603,) we have this description of the Vice:—"It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jack-an-apes into the devil's neck, and ride the devil a course, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roar, whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so Vice-haunted." The costume usually assigned to this personage is the long petticoat guarded with lace, a cap with ass's ears, and a dagger of lath.

"— he BURST *his head*"—"Burst" was of old used for *break*, as in the opening of the TAMING OF THE SHREW, where the hostess calls upon Sly to "pay for the glasses he had *burst*."

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— white investments figure innocence"—The ordinary costume of a bishop, not only when he was performing his episcopal functions, but when he appeared in public, and even when he travelled, was a vestment of white linen. From a passage in a letter of Erasmus, it appears that Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when he was about to cross the sea, laid aside this linen vest, "which they always use in England."

"*Turning your books to* GREAVES"—The older editions have "to *graves*," which seems a certain misprint for "greaves;" the armour for the legs so unfitted for an archbishop.

"—*our most quiet* THERE"—So the only old copy; meaning that the Archbishop complains that he and his friends are driven from their chief quiet in the stream of time, by a rough torrent. Warburton altered "there" to *sphere*, which is the most usual reading.

"*My brother general, the commonwealth,*" etc.

Johnson's amendment is plausible—i. e. the reading *quarrel* for "brother," so that the Archbishop says, "My general cause of offence is the mismanagement of the state; the household injury to my 'brother born,' (i. e. to my *natural* brother,) is my personal offence." Knight prints it thus—

My brother, General, the commonwealth;—

and explains thus:—"The Archbishop is impatient of Westmoreland's further question, and, addressing him as General, exclaims, 'My brother! the commonwealth! These are sufficient causes for our hostility.' He then adds, 'I make my quarrel in particular;' and the second line retained from the quarto explains why. In the first part of this play, we are told of—

> The Archbishop—who bears hard
> His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop."

> "*To brother born an household cruelty,*
> *I make my quarrel in particular.*"

These lines are obscure, and probably they were somehow misprinted. The best explanation given of the words, as they stand, is this:—"My brother-general, *who is joined with me here in command, makes* the commonwealth *his quarrel*, (i. e. has taken up arms on account of public grievances;) a particular injury, done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel."

"—*within our* AWFUL *banks*"—i. e. Within limits under *awe* and reverence to rule; a sense peculiar to Shakespeare. (See TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, act v.)

"—ROYAL *faiths*"—i. e. The faith due to a *king*. So in KING HENRY VIII.:—"The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds,"—i. e. their minds well affected to the king.

SCENE II.

"*Some guard these traitors to the block of death,*" etc.

"It cannot but raise some indignation, to find this horrid violation of faith passed over thus slightly by the Poet, without any note of censure or detestation."—JOHNSON.

"Shakespeare here, as in many other places, has followed the historians who related this perfidious act without animadversion. But this is certainly no excuse; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the side of virtue."—MALONE.

In this indignation most commentators have joined. I do not see why. Chief-Justice Marshall is said to have observed to a prolix counsel, who had entered upon a demonstration of some familiar elementary doctrine, that "he ought to presume that the court knew *something*." Shakespeare always presumes his readers to have the first principles of morals and human feelings in their hearts, and does not enter into declamatory demonstration to show the baseness or guilt of the deeds he represents in his scenes. Here he portrays the political craft of Bolingbroke and his cold-blooded son, whom he has though fit, for his dramatic purpose, with little warrant from history, to place in contrast with his nobler brother. He took it for granted that, when Mowbray asks, "Is this proceeding just and honourable?" his audience would find an unhesitating and unanimous negative and indignant reply, in their own hearts, without hearing a sermon upon it from the deceived Archbishop, or a lecture from some bystander.

SCENE III.

"—*stand my good lord*"—Percy shows that "B good lord" was the old court phrase, used by a pe who asked a favour of a man of rank—"Be my patron." So in CYMBELINE—"Be my good l Falstaff, in this customary phrase, asks the Prin *stand* his friend.

"—*in my* CONDITION"—i. e. In my *disposition* "condition," formerly, often signified.) "I, in usual good nature, will speak of you better than deserve."

"—*this same young sober-blooded boy doth not me, nor a man cannot make him laugh*"—"Falstaff sp here like a veteran in life. The young prince did love him; and he despaired to gain his affection, f could not make him laugh. Men only become fr by community of pleasures. He who cannot be ened into gayety, cannot easily be melted into ness."—JOHNSON.

"—*A good* SHERRIS-SACK *hath a two-fold oper in it: it ascends me into the brain,*" etc.

It is suggested, in the Introductory Remarks, in edition, to the first part of HENRY IV., that the au must have gathered his peculiarities of Falstaff fron servation of many individuals. I cannot but think here he was indebted to the conversation of his fr Ben Jonson, borrowing this from his talk, wit meaning that the resemblance went any further seems, from lately discovered manuscripts of old B that he had precisely this opinion of excellent "she in making the brain "apprehensive, quick, forge full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes," etc. unpublished sort of diary of Ben Jonson's, preserv Dulwich College, quoted by Hughson, ("Histor London,") he says:—

"*Mem.* I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very goo T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when Envy are friends with applause."

Afterwards he speaks of his "Cataline" in a sin way, but adds that he thinks one of its scenes flat; thereupon resolves to drink no more water with wine. The "Alchemist" and "Silent Woman," he scribes as the product of much and good wine; bu adds that his comedy, "The Devil is an Ass," written when I and my boys drank bad wine."

"—*makes it* APPREHENSIVE, *quick,* FORGETIV "Apprehensive," in its old sense, meant *quick to a hand* or *seize* a thought: "forgetive," from the ver *forge*, or make—*inventive, imaginative;* as, in Scotch, a poet, or narrator of fiction, was a *maker*.

"—*learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a dev* It was anciently supposed that mines of gold, hi treasures, etc., were guarded by evil spirits.

"—*till sack* COMMENCES *it, and sets it in* ACT USE"—Tyrwhitt suggests that "Shakespeare, in t words, alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*, in what follows to the Oxford *Act;* for by those diffe names those two universities have long distingui the season, at which each of them gives to her respe students a complete authority to *use* those *hoard learning* which have entitled them to their severa grees in arts, law, physic, and divinity." Far-fet as this comment appears, at first view, the explan of these two words in the old dictionaries, and use in old plays, (as Stevens cites them,) gives it pr bility.

SCENE IV.

"*Our navy is* ADDRESS'D"—i. e. *Ready, prepare*

"—FLAWS *congealed in the spring of day*"—"A ing (says Warburton) to the opinion of some ph phers, that the vapours being congealed in the ai cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,)

; afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth
e sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts
nd which are called *flaws*." Edwards, the witty
on Warburton's comments, is merry on the idea of
s being congealed, and explains the phrase by his
recollection of having heard the word "flaws"
to signify "the small blades of ice which are
k on the edges of water, in winter mornings."
Dyce, a living authority, adds that "he has heard
vord used to signify both thin cakes of ice and the
ing of those cakes." Still this is not satisfactory as
e context, and I suspect some misprint in "con-
d."

n the dead carrion"—"As the bee, (says Johnson,)
ig once placed her comb in a carcase, stays by her
y, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad com-
, will continue to associate with those that have the
f pleasing him."

— THE MURE, *that should confine it in*"—"Mure," for
is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not
equent use by his contemporaries. *Wrought it*
is *made* it thin by gradual detriment; "wrought"
; the preterite of *work*. The same thought is in
el's "Civil Wars," (1595, book iv.) Daniel is also
king of the sickness of KING HENRY IV.:—

Wearing the wall so thin that now the mind
Might well look through, and all his frailty find.

espeare is here, therefore, the imitator. It is
y probable that he would read Daniel's poem
n composing his historical dramas.

" *The people* FEAR *me! for they do observe*
Unfather'd heirs," etc.

at is, The people *alarm* me, or make me fear. By
ather'd heirs," Johnson understands "animals that
o animal progenitors."

" *Unless some* DULL *and favourable hand*," etc.

ohnson asserts that 'dull' here signifies 'melan-
, gentle, soothing.' Malone says that it means
ducing dullness or heaviness.' The fact is that *dull*
ow were synonymous. '*Dullness*, slowness; tar-
tardiveté. Somewhat *dull*, or *slowe;* tardiusculus,
let,' (says Baret.) But Shakespeare uses *dullness*
rowsiness, in the TEMPEST. And Baret has also
sense:—'Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied,
e; *torpidus*.' It has always been thought that
music induces sleep. Ariel enters, playing *solemn*
, to produce this effect, in the TEMPEST. The no-
s not peculiar to our great Poet, as the following ex-
te lines, almost worthy of his hand, may witness:—

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.
(*Wit Restored*, 1658.)

are attributed to Dr. Strode, who died in 1644."—
ER.

— *whose brow, with homely* BIGGIN *bound*"—A "big-
was a *head-band* of coarse cloth; so called because
a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an
of nuns. Nash, speaking of a miser, in his "Pierce
iless," says:—"Upon his head he wore a filthy
e *biggin*, and next it a garnish of night-caps."

— *this golden* RIGOL"—"Rigol" (perhaps for *ringol*,
deed Nash writes it) means a *circle*. I know not
erves Stevens) that it is used by any author but
espeare, who introduces it likewise in his RAPE OF
ECE:—

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes.

e, however, it would seem to be the same as the
h *rhigol*—a trench, or furrow. (See Owen's Dic-
ry.)

" — CULLING *from every flower*"—This is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *tolling*, (taking toll,) without the next half line. Thus it would seem that the Poet first wrote simply, "*tolling* from every flower;" and afterwards altered and amplified the passage, as it appears in the text.

" — *This bitter taste*
Yield his engrossments to the ending father."

A sentence obscure only from its transposition of words:—"The accumulations of the dying father yield to him only this bitterness."

" — *sickness* HATH DETERMIN'D *me*"—i. e. *Ended* me. We have still the word in a legal sense. The older copies have *hands* for "hath," which Collier considers to mean, "the hands of sickness, as personified."

" *England shall double* GILD *his treble* GUILT," etc.

Pope and Warburton ejected these lines from their editions, as not Shakespeare's, but "the nonsense of some foolish player." Yet this was just such moralizing as King James, perhaps as Lord Bacon, or Bishop Hall, would have uttered. If a purer and simpler taste has now made puerile such plays upon words, they were not so in Shakespeare's age, nor in that preceding him. "How much this play on words was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most admired writers of the time. Thus, in Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' (1617:)—

And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of *gold* a purpose *guilt* his limbs;
That, this word *guilt* including double sense,
The double *guilt* of his incontinence
Might be express'd.

Again, in "Acolastus his Afterwit," a poem, by S. Nicholson, (1600:)—

O sacred thirst of *golde*, what canst thou not?—
Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,
Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

MALONE.

" — *in medicine* POTABLE"—The allusion is to *aurum potabile*, a preparation of gold, to which great virtues were ascribed, as communicating the incorruptibility of the metal to the body impregnated with it. It seems to have been one of those results of ancient empirical science, of which quackery laid hold.

" — *for what in me was* PURCHAS'D"—Collier, and other English annotators, say that the word "purchase" was used of old for *booty* obtained by *plunder*, and that the King here uses the verb in a kindred sense; meaning that he had obtained the crown by robbing the right owner. As "purchase," in the sense here referred to, was a slang, or at least an ironical use, this interpretation is clearly wrong. "Purchase," in its old legal and English sense, meant any mode of acquisition of real estate, except by descent. Thus William the Conqueror *purchased* the crown of England. As any mode of acquiring the crown, except by hereditary descent, had its share of guilt, in Henry IV.'s days, he contrasts his own dubious title, by purchase, with his son's "fairer sort" of acquisition.

" *Be it thy course to busy giddy minds*
With foreign quarrels," etc.

The Poet has preserved the consistency of Bolingbroke's heartless and dark, but very sagacious policy, to the last. He presents it in its naked truth, just as in a foregoing scene he had done the treacherous breach of faith of his son John, leaving the readers or audience to form their own judgment upon the morality of the matter.

" *How I came by the crown*"—"This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt, while he deprecates its punishment."—JOHNSON.

" *I should not die but in Jerusalem*," etc.

The following passage, from Hollingshed, shows the verbal accuracy with which Shakespeare sometimes

followed the old prose writers whom he happened to use, as the chronicles of Hollingshed and Hall in this scene, and North's "Plutarch" in the Roman Histories:—"At length he recovered his speech and understanding; and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the Father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem."

ACT V.—Scene I.

"*By cock and pie*"—An exclamation of frequent occurrence in the old dramatists. Its origin or etymology has been much discussed, but is purely an antiquarian question, not a Shakespearian one. The mode of using it is more to the purpose, and that seems satisfactorily shown by the following passage:—"Men, because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, sware by small things, as by *cock and pie*, etc."—(Gifford's *Catechisme*, 1583.)

"— *William cook*"—It was common to distinguish servants by the departments they filled: hence many surnames.

"— *those* precepts *cannot be served*"—Shallow, as a justice of the peace, would have to issue "precepts," or warrants; and Davy, besides being his master's man of all work, in the house and farm, is his official clerk, and moreover seems to act as constable. The whole dialogue is a pleasant peep at old English rural life, among squires and small gentry, under Elizabeth.

"— *The knave is mine honest friend, sir*"—Whatever may have been Shakespeare's theory of politics, he was certainly a very shrewd observer and indignant rebuker of the practical abuses of power, high and low. Contemporary authorities show that this was no exaggerated picture of the abuses of the local squire-administered justice of the times, while the fall of Lord-Chancellor Bacon proves that corruption found its way to the highest tribunals. Shakespeare's satire is thus confirmed, by the following, among other grave authorities: Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, (1559,) says:—"Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy." (*D'Ewes*, p. 34.) He repeats the same words again, in 1571. (*Ib.* 153.) A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says:—"A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes," etc.

"—*the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions*")—"In the time of Shakespeare, the *law terms* regulated what we now denominate the *season*. The country gentlemen and their families then came up to town to transact their business and to learn the fashions. 'He comes up every term to learn to take tobacco, and see new notions.'—(Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*.) Falstaff computes that six fashions would wear out in four terms, or two actions. This particularity may be another proof of Shakespeare's technical knowledge, and fondness for legal allusions."—Knight.

Scene II.

"— impartial *conduct*"—Thus the quartos, as well as modern editions. The folio reads *imperial*, which Capell supports, as expressive of the absolute dominion of virtue.

"— ragged *and* forestall'd *remission*"—Both "ragged" and "forestall'd" are puzzling epithets as applied to "remission." "Ragged," however, is, in the Poet's bolder style of diction, *beggarly, contemptible, base*. "Forestall'd" seems rightly explained by Malone—"asked for before it is granted," "a pardon won by supplication," as opposed to one freely given be was demanded. Massinger uses the phrase, "stalled remission," twice, in passages where the as disputable as here; showing that the words sense intelligible enough at the time.

"*Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds*," etc.

"Amurath IV., emperor of the Turks, died in his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, h his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he i them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transa The play may have been written while the fac still recent."—Malone.

But though the Poet uses an allusion familiar audience, of course he did not mean to make Her refer to an event of Elizabeth's time, but used Am for a general title of a Turkish despot;—one of w indeed, bore that name in Henry the Fifth's age.

"— *mock your workings in a second body*"— "Treat with contempt your acts executed by a sentative."—Johnson.

"— *speak in your* state"—i. e. "In your regal acter and office; not with the passion of a man inter but with the impartiality of a legislator."—Johnso

"*For which, I do commit into your hand*
Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear,"

The reader must bear in mind, that the present pendent tenure of office for life, by the English ju is but modern; and that, under the Plantagenet Tudors, a chief-justice might be removed like any officer of the crown. Henry's voluntary retainin Chief-Justice in his high station is, therefore, a r acknowledgment of his own error, and a magnani tribute to the uprightness of the magistrate. The of the Prince's insolence, and his commitment to p is strictly historical, being related briefly by Hal Hollingshed, and more minutely by Sir Thomas E in his book of political ethics, entitled "The Govern But these are all silent as to Henry V.'s after treat of the Chief-Justice, or the latter's being continu office after the accession of Henry V. Several o Shakespearian historical critics, as Sir John Haw Malone, and Stevens, in the last century, and lately Tyler and Courtenay, deny the fact itself some of them in a tone of rebuke for the "author viation from history." I should be sorry to lose a example of moderation and magnanimity, in the cise of political patronage, from history; but if comments are correct, Shakespeare deserves the h honour of not having merely adopted and beaut enforced, but having invented the striking incident bodying a noble lesson of political ethics, which i own days even republican rulers may profit by. cline to the opinion that the English commentator in error as to the fact, and that the Poet has m decorated and enforced the truth, which probably down to him by popular and general tradition, as a fact, to which he has given the impressive weigh moral instruction.

Hawkins asserts that the Poet "has deviated historical truth by bringing the Chief-Justice and H IV. together," as it is expressly said by Fuller, i "Worthies of Yorkshire," that Gascoigne died in life-time of Henry IV., (viz. 1st Nov., 1412.) Ma also mentions Shakespeare's "anachronism," on authority of a transcript (in the "Gentleman's M zine") of the inscription on the Chief-Justice's t "once legible," which records his death as "17 D *Ann. Dom.* 1412." Stevens, I know not on what thority, places his death 13th Dec., 1413. Henry died March 20th, 1413. The discrepancy of these would throw some doubt on any one of them, or a them, were there no contradiction as to the year. they are all overthrown by a recent discovery, by Tyler, of the record of Sir William Gascoigne's bearing date 20th March, 1419, showing that there

been some error of the press, or of a copyist, in ates before mentioned. But Tyler and Courtenay iat Gascoigne was left out of office at Henry V.'s sion, which is still less to the royal honour, and ips more to the Poet's. Yet old Stowe, the most ate of chroniclers, says "William Gascoigne was Justice of the King's Bench from the *sixt* of Henry o the *third* Henry V."

owe's authority may be fortified by an American r, who must have little thought, in preparing his us and interesting volume, of being quoted by a espearian annotator. The "Judicial Chronicle," bridge, Mass., 1834,) by George Gibbs, of New , is a most exact chronological list of the judges of igher courts of England and America, from the st periods; the lists of the earlier English judges compiled from Dugdale, Beatson, and Woolrycke. at list, Gascoigne is recorded to have "died or re- in 1414, the second year of Henry V.;" and the date is given for the appointment of his successor, ford. Upon these statements, the more probable usion would seem to be that Gascoigne must have retained in office, during the first two years of y V., or, as Stowe says, "to the third year of Henry and that his retirement was then voluntary. The r will judge for himself, on these authorities, her the merit of this fine lesson of political magna- y to a personal adversary is due wholly to the Poet, nether he must share that honour with the King.

'My father is gone WILD *into his grave,"* etc.

eaning, My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my r's death, and being now as it were buried in his , he and wildness are interred in the same grave. hastily substituted *wail'd* for "wild," which his rsary, Theobald, refuted, with much ostentatious ph.

Scene III.

— a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a of CARRAWAYS"—The "carraways," as an accom- ent to the "pippin," have been much discussed. urton, as usual, poured out his various reading it, which Edwards, as usual, ridicules; and then ins it by "the common and excellent regale of ren, a roasted apple with carraway-seeds." Jack- sserts that "carraways is the name of an apple, as known to the inhabitants of Bath as *nonpareil* is in on, and as generally associated with golden pip- ' The controversy is at last settled, by the dis- y of the following passages in a dietetic author, mporary with Shakespeare—Cogan's "Haven of h," (1599:)—"For the same purpose *careway* are used to be made in comfits, and to be *eaten apples*, and surely very good for that purpose, for ich things as breed wind, would be eaten with things that breake winde." Again:—"Howbeit re wont to eate *carrawaies*, or *biskets*, or some kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, by to breake winde ingendred by them; and surely s a verie good way for students." The truth is, pples and carraways were formerly always eaten her; and it is said that they are still served up, on cular dayes, at Trinity College, Cambridge.

— flesh is cheap and females DEAR"—"This very al characteristic of Justice Silence is not sufficiently ved. He would scarcely speak a word before, ow there is no possibility of stopping his mouth. as a *catch* for every occasion—

When flesh is *cheap* and females *dear.*

the double sense of the word *dear* must be re- bered."—FARMER.

— ever among so merrily"—"Ever among" is an atic expression, used by Chaucer and many later rs. No originals of this and other musical out- s, by Silence, have been discovered.

"— proface"—"Much good may it do you." The phrase was common in Shakespeare's time. Dr. Nares infers that we had the word from the Norman romance language. In Roquefort's "*Glossaire de la Langue Romane,*" we have the word *prouface* thus explained:—"*Prouface; souhait qui veut dire, bien vous fasse—proficiat.*"

"— you must bear: the heart's all"—Meaning, You must put up with your ill fare, the intention being all that is important.

"— a dish of LEATHER-COATS"—The apple commonly denominated *russetine*, in Devonshire is called the *buff coat.*

"Do me right"—To "do a man right," and to "do him reason," were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths: he who drank a bumper expected a bumper should be drunk to his toast. Wise and witty Bishop Hall, after his usual fashion, moralizes and puns at the same time, upon "men who *lose their reason,* while they pretend *to do reason. Quo Vadis.*" It was also customary to drink a large draught on their knees, to the health of their mistresses. He who performed this exploit was dubbed a knight for the rest of the evening.

"SAMINGO"—This is probably a corruption of *St.* or *San Domingo*, which was a burden to various drinking songs and catches of the period.

"Under which king, BEZONIAN"—This term of reproach is derived from the Italian *bisogno*, and signifies, according to Florio, "a fresh needy soldier," as well as *need.* "Bezonian" occurs in other writers of the time, and sometimes in its original form of *bisogno;* but always in the way of contemptuous designation.

"— and FIG *me, like*
The bragging Spaniard."

To "fig" is to *insult* by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this custom, perhaps, we yet say, in contempt, "a *fig* for you." Allusions to the "fig," and *fico*, or *figo*, are perpetual in our old writers. Douce tells us, that the phrase is of Italian origin.

Scene IV.

"— thou thin man in a censer"—Doll compares the beadle's spare figure to the enclosed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer, made of thin metal. The sluttery of rush-strewed chambers rendered censers, or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. In MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Borachio says that he had been entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room,* at Leonato's. The uncleanly habits of the good old times made a frequent change of habitation necessary for the preservation of health.

"— you BLUE-BOTTLE *rogue"*—This refers to the blue *livery* of the beadle, making him, as a small, thin man, thus altered, look like a blue-bottle *fly*, or "blue-bottle," as it was more shortly called.

Scene V.

"Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the Page."*

The comparison of the old stage-direction is curious, as showing the original mode of representation, and perhaps the author's original idea. The old stage-direction in the quarto (1600) is, "Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over the stage; after them enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy." The king, etc., return again soon afterwards, introduced by the words, "Enter the King and his train." Thus the king was originally made to walk in procession twice, as if going to and returning from his coronation. The stage-directions in the folio are as in the text.

"'*Tis* SEMPER IDEM, *for* ABSQUE HOC NIHIL EST. '*Tis all in every part*"—I do not find that any of the English critics have explained this sudden burst of learning in Ancient Pistol, though they note that the "all in every part" is an old phrase of metaphysical poetry, and applied to the soul, by Sir John Davies, and Drayton. In the absence of authority, I take them all to be heraldic devices, then familiar, (as the "*semper idem*" certainly was,) such as Pistol would be likely to have observed, as well as Shakespeare's audiences, in the pageants and processions of the day; and they are jumbled together quite in Pistol's vein, to the great edification of Justice Shallow.

"*— know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was," etc.

"Nature is highly touched in this passage. The King, having shaken off his vanities, schools his old companion for his follies, with great severity: he assumes the air of a preacher, bids him fall to his prayers, seek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily presenting him with a pleasant idea, he cannot forbear pursuing it:—'Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider,' etc.;—and is just falling back into Hal, by an humorous allusion to Falstaff's bulk. But he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John should take the advantage of it, checks both himself and the knight, with—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;—

and so resumes the thread of his discourse, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the Poet copies nature with great skill, and shows us how apt men are to fall back into their old customs, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once, on the motives of honour, interest, or reason."—WARBURTON.

"*Not to come near our person by ten mile.*"

"Rowe observes, that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it. I think the Poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the Prince with apparent distinction; yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though, after the bustle is over, he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play."—JOHNSON.

The banishment was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Hollingshed:—"Immediately after that he was invested kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildness into gravitie and sobernesse; and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sorte of misgoverned mates, and unthriftie playfeers, he now banished them from his presence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inhibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or sojourne within ten miles of his courte or mansion.* And in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honoure;—whereas if he should have reteined the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him unto such lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully used." Our author might have found the same circumstance in the anonymous play of "King Henry V.:"—

—— your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for e
And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my prese
By ten miles' space; then, if I heare well of you,
It may be I will do somewhat for you:
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
Than at any other man's.

"*For competence of life I will allow you,*
That lack of means enforce you not to evil," etc

The dismission of Henry's former associates is reta
by several authors. Stowe says, that "King Henry,
his coronation, called unto him all those young lords
gentlemen that were the followers of his young
to every one of whom he gave rich gifts: and
commanded that as many as would change their
ners, (as he intended to do,) should abide with hi
his court; and to all that would persevere in their
mer like conversation, he gave express commandm
upon pain of their heads, never after that day to c
in his presence."

"*— carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet*"—"I d
see why Falstaff is carried to the Fleet. We
never lost sight of him since his dismission from
King; he has committed no new fault, and therefor
curred no punishment. But the different agitation
fear, anger, and surprise, in him and his company,
a good scene to the eye; and our author, who wa
them no longer on the stage, was glad to find
method of sweeping them away."—JOHNSON

EPILOGUE.

"*— for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is no
man*"—Here again we have a relic of the fact tha
original name of Falstaff was Oldcastle.

"*— and so kneel down before you; but, indee
pray for the queen*"—It was customary for playe
the conclusion of the performance, to pray for thei
trons, or for the head of the state. Hence the "*Vi
Rex et Regina*," at the bottom of modern play-bil
England.

The two parts of HENRY IV. are so interwoven
bound together, by the history and the leading ch
ters, that, though somewhat differing in the freer in
tion and more splendid poetry of the first part, they
commonly been considered together by the critics,
have found in them, and especially in Falstaff, abun
matter of disquisition. In analyzing the comic sc
and characters, so original and varied in both parts,
predominant in the latter play, we cannot but be st
with the fact that this prolific comic humour, far
impairing, really adds to the historical truth of Sh
speare's histories; for (as Hallam has well expresse
"what he invented is as truly English, as truly histo
in the large sense of moral history, as what he read

Johnson was the first of the professed critics,
entered with zest into the enjoyment of Falstaff's
acter:—"I fancy every reader, when he ends this
cries out, with Desdemona, 'O, most lame and i
tent conclusion!' As this play was not, to our kn
edge, divided into acts by the author, I could be co
to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of HE
IV., might then be the first of HENRY V.; but the
is, that they do not unite very commodiously to e
play. When these plays were represented, I bel
they ended as they are now ended in the books;
Shakespeare seems to have designed that the w
series of action, from the beginning of RICHARD I
the end of HENRY V., should be considered by
reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken
parts by the necessity of exhibition.

"None of Shakespeare's plays are more read
the first and second parts of HENRY IV. Perhaps
author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much deli

great events are interesting, for the fate of king- depends upon them: the slighter occurrences are ting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable. incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility vention, and the characters diversified with the ut- nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in ature of man.

The Prince, who is the hero both of the comic and parts, is a young man of great abilities and violent ons, whose sentiments are right, though his actions rong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In le hours, he is rather loose than wicked; and when ccasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great ut effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is d into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the . The character is great, original, and just.

ercy is a rugged soldier, choleric and quarrelsome, as only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage. ut Falstaff—unimitated, unimitable Falstaff,—how I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice: se which may be admired, but not esteemed; of which may be despised, but hardly detested. Fal- s a character loaded with faults, and with those which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief glutton, a coward and a boaster; always ready eat the weak, and prey upon the poor—to terrify morous, and insult the defenceless. At once obse- s and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the e only as an agent of vice; but of this familiarity so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty common men, but to think his interest of impor- to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus cor- thus despicable. makes himself necessary to the e that despises him, by the most pleasing of all ies, perpetual gayety—by an unfailing power of ng laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as it is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but ts in easy scapes and sallies of levity which make but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he ined with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so is licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may rne for his mirth.

he moral to be drawn from this representation is, o man is more dangerous than he that, with a will rupt, hath the power to please; and that neither or honesty ought to think themselves safe with such npanion, when they see Henry seduced by Fal- '—Johnson.

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os. Campbell thus comments on the character of dramas:—

Henry IV. may challenge the world to produce an- more original and rich in characters: the whole c of theatrical genius has no constellation with so bright and fixed stars of the first magnitude as ere grouped together—a Prince destined to the of Agincourt, a Falstaff, a Hotspur, a Douglas, and wen Glendower. The interest of the first and r part of Henry IV. is no doubt derived from its cters more than from its incidents—not that the are either thin or confused: they, on the contrary, ear, rapid, and full; but the action is more indebted agents than to its own movement, for, as to the issue of events, I think we cannot be said to feel pitating anxiety for success on either side. Henry a cool, politic prince; and his adversary, North- rland, is even less interesting—so cowardly, though or a time, and so weak, that we should not care a for his cause, if it were not for his son, Harry nur.

ut the more original characters of Henry IV. give nd interest to all that happens. First of all comes Sir John Falstaff. Antiquity has nothing like and the world will never look upon his like again. scene in which young Hal and he enact a sup- l explanation between the Prince and his father, ficiently wonderful for its effects on our risibility, in the first part of it; but, in the after part, when the charming old rogue descends from the part of Henry IV., and, assuming that of the Prince, beats him, even there he raises our wonder to astonishment. The man who can read that scene without 'measureless content,' ought to lie down and die of a lethargy.

"No words can do justice to the discriminated traits of valorous character in Prince Henry, in Hotspur, in Douglas, and in Glendower. The first arises to glory out of previous habits and pursuits that would have extinguished any character unpossessed of the unquenchable Greek fire that glowed in Henry of Agincourt, and he shines, as Homer says of Diomede, 'like a star that had been bathed in the ocean.' He is comparatively wiser than the irascible Hotspur, and, therefore, more justly successful. The Scottish Douglas retreats at last, but it is only when the field is lost, and after he had slain three warriors, who were the semblances of the King. He was personally little interested in the fray—his reputation could afford him to retreat without expense to his honour; and therefore he shows, after prodigal valour, a discretion which is quite as nationally characteristic as his courage. Owen Glendower is a noble, wild picture of the heroic Welsh character; brave, vain, imaginative, and superstitious—he was the William Wallace of Wales, and his vanity and superstition may be forgiven; for he troubled the English till they believed him, and taught him to believe himself, a conjuror."

"The deeply wrought Falstaff employs us at drawing conclusions with him, as soon as he is out of our company. He has puzzled those most whom he has most delighted, and may boast of having made our rigid moralist, Dr. Johnson, regret, while he condemned the reformed Bertram, that Falstaff's career should end in disgrace. Hazlitt joins in this regret; and of both him and the moralist we may say, with Richardson—'But if they will allow themselves to examine the character, in all its parts, they will perhaps agree with me, that such feeling is delusive, and arises from partial views. They will not take it amiss, if I say they are deluded in the same manner with Prince Henry. They are amused, and conceive an improper attachment to the means of their pleasure and amusement.' Richardson, though, professor-like, somewhat heavy with aphorisms, has afforded us good materials for thinking and arguing on this delightful compound of various and harmonized qualities; but we are chiefly indebted to Morgann's 'Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.' We have no single disquisition so good and complete as this; and as many may not possess it, who regard Falstaff's disgrace as unmerited, I will transcribe a passage near the end:—'But whatever we may be told concerning the intention of Shakespeare to extend this character further, there is a manifest preparation, near the end of the second part of Henry IV., for his disgrace: the disguise is taken off, and he begins openly to pander to the excesses of the Prince, entitling himself to the character afterwards given him, of being the tutor and the feeder of his riots. 'I will fetch off (says he) these justices. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep the Prince in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike,' speaking with reference to his own designs upon Shallow, 'I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him.' This is showing himself abominably dissolute: the laborious arts of fraud, which he practices on Shallow to induce the loan of a thousand pounds, create *disgust;* and the more, as we are sensible this money was never likely to be *paid back*, as we are told that *was*, of which the travellers had been robbed. It is true, we feel no pain for Shallow, he being a very bad character, as would fully appear, if he were unfolded; but Falstaff's deliberation in fraud is not, on that account, more excusable. The event of the old king's death draws him out almost into detestation:—'Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land,—'tis thine. I am Fortune's steward; let us take any man's horses. The laws of

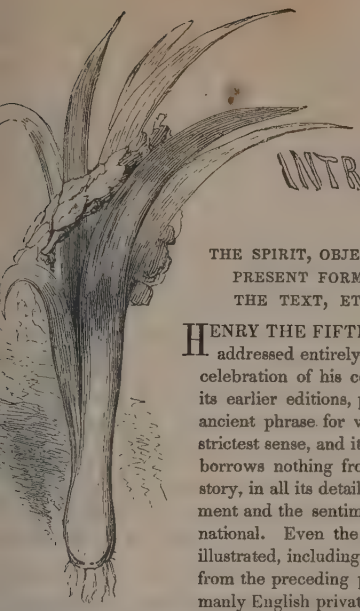
England are at my commandment. Happy are they who have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief-Justice.' After this, we ought not to complain if we see poetic justice duly executed upon him, and that he is finally given up to shame and dishonour.'"—CHARLES A. BROWN.

The "Essay on the Character of Falstaff," above quoted, was written by Maurice Morgann, whose life was spent chiefly in diplomatic and political pursuits, and whose name is connected with America, by having been the secretary of the embassy for the treaty of peace of 1783, acknowledging the independence of the United States, and by his being afterwards employed in forming the colonial governments of Canada. The "Essay" was first printed in 1777, and at the time attracted universal attention. The author found the popular opinion of Falstaff formed upon the exaggerations of the stage of that day, consisting chiefly in furnishing food for merriment, by his cowardice, his lies, and his disasters, without much notion of his wit and talent. In refuting this injustice to the author, Morgann was carried to an opposite extreme, or perhaps intentionally indulged in an amusing extravagance. He considers Shakespeare as having found the fools and butts of the stage formed from the coarse and cheap materials of mere folly, with a dash of knavery; and resolving "to furnish a richer repast, and to give (in Falstaff) to one eminent buffoon the high relish of wit, humour, birth, dignity, and *courage*." On this last point he has laboured with great ingenuity, but certainly quite ineffectually, as to establishing the fat knight's military reputation; while he as certainly preserves him from being confounded with those "tame cheaters," Pistol and Parolles. His cowardice will be found to be more nearly allied to selfish "discretion," and the absence of, or rather contempt for, the higher feelings and motives that prompt men to brave danger, than to common nervous timidity. Mackenzie, in the "Lounger," has well remarked—"Though I will not go so far as a paradoxical critic has done, and ascribe valour to Falstaff; yet, if his cowardice is fairly examined, it will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle. In his very cowardice there is much of the sagacity I have remarked in him; he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." No critic has better pointed out than Mackenzie, in two admirable papers on Falstaff, in the "Lounger," the source of the enjoyment afforded by this character, as founded in that contrast to which philosophy has traced the ple we derive from all art, and here carried through "that singular combination and contrast, whic gross, the sensual, and the brutish mind of Falsta hibits, when joined with admirable power of inve of wit, and of humour." He closes with a very and striking parallel, suggesting deep moral tru showing how slight a partition divides wickedne high places from humble roguery. Shakespeare, kenzie suggests, has, in Richard III., drawn a character much resembling the comic one of Fa "Both are men of the world; both possess that sa and understanding which is fitted for its purposes; despise those refined feelings, those motives of deli those restraints of virtue, which might obstruc course they have marked out for themselves. Bot the weaknesses of others as skilful players at a gam the ignorance of their opponents; they enjoy the a tages not only without self-reproach, but with the of superiority. Richard aspires to the crown of Eng because Richard is wicked and ambitious: Fals contented with a thousand pounds of Justice Shall because he is only luxurious and dissipated. Ri courts Lady Anne and the Princess Elizabeth, f purposes: Falstaff makes love to Mrs. Ford, and Page, for his. Richard is witty like Falstaff, and of his own figure with the same sarcastic indiffer Indeed, so much does Richard, in the higher wa villainy, resemble Falstaff in the lower region of ro and dissipation, that it were not difficult to show i dialogue of the two characters, however dissimil situation, many passages and expressions in a sty remarkable resemblance."—(*Lounger*, *No.* 68.)

Ulrici ("Shakespeare's Dramatic Art") finds, aft peculiar mode, in Falstaff, a sense and intention, more remote from common apprehension than English commentator has suspected. He regard comic scenes of these plays as a deep satire and pa on the historical scenes—Falstaff being the living pa on the chivalry of the age, his expedition to the hill robbery a parody on the civil wars, his bra swaggering a parody on the fiery Hotspur, his of misrepresentation a satire on the King, and his v deportment in the second part "a happy parody the common cunning and low intrigue of so-calle litical wisdom, which forms the chief motive of th torical action of the second part; while his employ as a military officer is a satire upon the fast-sinkin portance of the profession of war."

KING HENRY V.

King Harry
V.



Introductory Remarks

THE SPIRIT, OBJECT, AND CHARACTER OF THE PLAY—COMPARISON OF ITS PRESENT FORM WITH THAT OF ITS ORIGINAL PUBLICATION—STATE OF THE TEXT, ETC.

HENRY THE FIFTH is remarkable among its author's works, as being the only one addressed entirely to national feeling, and devoted directly and exclusively to the celebration of his country's proud recollections of military glory. It was styled in its earlier editions, published in the author's lifetime, a "chronicle history;"—the ancient phrase for what we should now term an historical drama, which it is in the strictest sense, and it is also in the very highest form of that class of dramatic art. It borrows nothing from mere invention in incident, and scarcely in character. Its story, in all its details and circumstances, is purely historical; its interest, the excitement and the sentiments which it arouses, or to which it appeals, are all public and national. Even the comic characters, by which the graver history is relieved and illustrated, including those of our old acquaintance of Falstaff's retainers, reproduced from the preceding plays, as well as the Scotch and Welsh captains, and the blunt, manly English private, are almost as much historical as the more dignified personages
e scene; since they make up the lively portraiture of such an army as Harry of Monmouth must have led.
he naked history is in itself a splendid tale of glory and valour; while the "warlike Harry," far as he actu-
was from the ideal model of a truly wise and good ruler, such as would be framed by calm and enlightened
sophy, had all the brilliant and popular qualities that chivalric romance and epic poetry have lavished on the
es of their invention—youth, valour, genius, generosity, courtesy, frank affability, combined with that religious
so rare, and at once so touching and so graceful in the successful soldier. To the stage-effect of such a story,
familiar in all its details to the Englishmen of former times by fond and proud tradition, as it has been to
generations by the Poet's genius, he saw that dramatic art could add nothing by the invention of new inci-
, or the introduction of the emotions and passions of domestic life.

s aim seems, therefore—especially in the play as we now read it, in its more perfect form—to raise the plain
onicle history" to an epic elevation, and to present in his scenes the story of Agincourt in the same spirit in
h Homer told the tale of Troy. I do not assert that Homer was immediately in the Poet's thoughts, nor is
dent whether, when HENRY V. was written, he had read his friend Chapman's translation of the first seven
s of the Iliad, which had been published a little before. The resemblance is merely in the general spirit
s "swelling scene." With "a kingdom for a stage, princes to act," like Homer, he invokes "a muse of fire,"
makes his hero, like Achilles, "assume the port of Mars." He dwells sometimes on details, prosaic in
selves, (such as the ground of Henry's claim to the French crown,) in the same manner that Homer does
e pedigrees or topography of Greece, and with the same effect; knowing that, unpoetical as they were,
were yet full of interest to his countrymen. The animated history is relieved and elevated by frequent
s of lofty poetry—sometimes of solemn reflection, such as the King's meditation on the dread responsibilities
ower, and the worthlessness of the "thrice gorgeous ceremony of greatness;" or Burgundy's wise teachings
e blessings of peace, that "dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births;" and sometimes of fiery declama-
arousing the audience, and almost the readers, to join in the battle-cry of "God for Harry, England, and St.
ge." The several choruses, skilfully inserted to avoid that shock to dramatic illusion, likely to result from
udden and large chasms in the unity of time and place, become in themselves a series of brief lyrical poems;
hough not lyrical in metre, they are strictly so in spirit, crowded with a quick succession of rapidly-passing
ant scenes, majestic images, glowing thoughts, and kindling words. With all this, and with the amusing
t of the comic scenes, this drama seems to me, for its purpose, nearly perfect. Yet universal opinion has
ed it as one of its author's second-rate works—and rightly so, as compared with a higher standard than that
h he proposed to himself. Under the shadow of LEAR or MACBETH, this brilliant drama becomes faint and dim
his arises from the comparative inferiority of the subject, not from that of the poetical execution. It is addressed
e national feeling of Englishmen, and comes home less directly to the breasts of men as men. It awakens
ublic and huzza feeling of a great nation—a feeling loud and exciting when aroused, but how less deep or
ral than that of strong sympathy with personal passion, enjoyment, and suffering!

ying the piece by the Johnsonian rule "of doing best what many have tried to do well," it is without a rival.
edies, comedies, and melodramas without number have been produced, during the last two centuries, in Eng-
and on the continent of Europe, (America may add to the list,) all aiming at the same effect of a national patriotic

drama. They are all failures, as to taking any abiding place in the literature of the civilized world. Those historical dramas which, like the admirable "Wallentshen" of Schiller, might be considered as exceptions, a because, though historical in their subject, they belong to a different and higher class, engrafting on some stor national interest the poetry, the philosophy, and the passion of pure tragedy.

In this play the effect is produced with such directness and completeness, and so little apparent loss of po (if we may apply the terms of mechanical science to the drama,) that it would naturally seem to have po forth continuously and rapidly from the author's mind, when once raised and warmed by the glow of poetic position in the choruses, or of the speeches of its heroes. It is true, that we do not find here that fervid rap of thought and pervading unity of passion or sentiment, which show us in many of his plays, as in Othello Macbeth, that, whatever minor improvement might have been subsequently added to the play, the whole was substantially "struck out at a heat," and came at once warm from the Poet's mind, with the very form pressure it was destined to bear. Nevertheless Henry V. has, as little as possible, the indications of being thing else than the unlaboured effusion of a mind familiar with all the materials of his subject, and throwing with rapid facility into their present dramatic form. Yet this was not the case, as I was surprised to find, the duties of an editor led me, for the first time, to the critical examination of the text, and the comparison o old editions. The literary history of this play, as shown by the collation of those old editions, is exceedi curious, and presents one of the most interesting records of Shakespeare's modes of composition. It was published in a quarto pamphlet, in the same year with the second part of Henry IV., and bore this title: " Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Aun Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. don Printed by Thomas Creede & Co. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle h 1600. 4to. 27 leaves." It was afterwards twice reprinted, during the author's life, (in 1602 and 1608,) always without his name. These editions do not differ from the first, and the play, in the form it bears in t very scarce old editions, has been made accessible to the world, by being reprinted with precise accurac Stevens's collection of "the Twenty Plays of Shakespeare," as originally printed in quarto.

The reader will there find a short play, containing the story, incidents, and whole action of the present He V., with all its characters and much of the present dialogue,—indeed all of it that is necessary for the story. comprised in about eighteen hundred lines. Henry V., as printed in the folio collection, has about three t sand five hundred lines; and the additions contain, besides large expansions of the speeches and dialogue prologue with all the choruses, Henry's speech before Harfleur, his meditation after his conversation with Will ("Upon the king," etc.,) Burgundy's fine description of the evils of wars, in short, much of the higher poetr the piece and almost all of its grave meditative morality. Some of the commentators say that this earlier dr the mere skeleton of the present play, appears thus because it was a pirated edition, printed from an impe copy, "hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together (Collier.)

The old editions, it is true, are very carelessly printed, after the manner of the slovenly typography of mos the lighter literature of that day. They omit and mistake words, turn prose into verse, and, what is worse, n bad verse out of prose. But the comparison of the shorter with the fuller play, shows the insertion of large p no trace of which is found in the first; and in many passages, too metrically correct and well expressed in shorter form, to have been an accidental abridgement, there is an entire re-construction of the lines, with ad thoughts, improved epithets, in short, all of those kinds of alterations that indicate the author's own careful rev The inference is obvious. The author of Henry IV. had hastened to follow up his dramatic success, by co uing the story, as he had promised in his epilogue to the last play. He produced a spirited and successful "ch cle drama," enriching the story with his old friends Pistol and Nym, with some new military comic persona But he saw that his play was worthy of more magnificent decoration, and perhaps he felt that he had not justice to his favourite hero. The play was then re-written for the stage, and the enlarged copy carefully kep the exclusive use of the theatrical owners, until it appeared after the author's death in the folio. It is worth remark, that while the change otherwise consists mainly in the poetic splendour that has thus been poured the spirited action of the original draft, the only variation of character is that of the higher and graver ton moral feeling given to his royal soldier. There is no positive evidence, as to the time when this revision place. If the allusion in the chorus to act v., ("Were now the general of our gracious empress,") be, commonly supposed, to the Earl of Essex's return from Ireland, it would place the date in 1599, and show the author brought out a hasty sketch of his play, sufficient for stage effect, immediately after the two part Henry IV., and that it was enlarged and enriched soon after, while the subject was yet fresh and warm in mind. The perfect unity and continuity of the whole play, without any of those marked contrasts of style are found in Romeo and Juliet. and some other plays, correspond with this suggestion. Collier, however, th that the choruses might have been in the original piece, though omitted in the early and pirated edition, and the revision was probably some years later, in 1605, when the play was represented at court. However this be, of the fact of a very thorough revision and large additions, there can be no reasonable doubt. It is ind fully admitted by Mr. Collier, though he attributes a larger share of the differences between the two edition the accidental omissions of a transcriber, than seem to me probable.

The more considerable variations of the text, and especially the enlargements, are pointed out in the notes. text is generally in a satisfactory state. Where that of the present edition differs from the common text of Stev or Malone, it is mainly from adherence to the revised folio text, without attempting to compound the two fo

e play. In two or three places the quartos have been found useful in suggesting the probable correction of raphical errors in the folio.

COSTUME.

e following curious notices on the civil and military costume of Henry V.'s reign, are selected from Mr. hé's articles on this subject, referring the reader who wishes to study out his authorities more fully, to the rial SHAKESPEARE. They are valuable as items of the history of manners, independently of their use for c purposes. The notice of the alternations of the fashions in the bearded and smooth-shaved face, may serve pare the bearded and moustachoed younger generation of the present day, for the laughter or the veneration ir closely shaved grandsons, when fashions come round in another half century:—

he great characteristic of this reign is the close-cropping of the hair round above the ears, in contradistinction fashion of the last century; and the equally close-shaving of the chin. Beards being worn only by aged nages, and mustachoes but rarely, even by military men: the king is always represented without them.
he armour of this period was completely of plate. Even the camail, or chain neck-piece, was superseded or ed by the gorget, or *hausse col* of steel.
he jupon, with its military girdle, and the loose surcoat of arms, were both occasionally worn; and, in many ces, were furnished with long hanging sleeves, indented at the edges like those of the robes. Two circular eld-shaped plates, called pallettes, were sometimes fastened in front by aiguillettes, so as to protect the arm-St. Remy, a writer who was present at the battle of Agincourt, describes Henry, at break of day, hearing in all his armour, excepting that for his head and his *cote d'armes*, (i. e. emblazoned surcoat or jupon.) After had been said, they brought him the armour for his head, which was a very handsome *bascinet a barriere*, y, *baviere*,) upon which he had a very rich crown of gold, (a description and valuation of '*la Couronne d'Or Bacinet*,' garnished with rubies, sapphires, and pearls, to the amount of £679 *5s.*, is to be seen in the Rolls liament,) circled like an imperial crown. Henry IV. is said, by Froissart, to have been crowned with a dia-*archée en croix.*'
lmham, another contemporary historian, says, 'Now the king was clad in secure and very bright armour: he also, on his head, a helmet, with a large splendid crest, and a crown of gold and jewels; and, on his body, oat with the arms of England and France, from which a celestial splendour issued; on the one side, from golden flowers, planted in an azure field, (Henry V. altered the arms of France, in the English shield, from f *fleurs-de-lys* to *three fleurs-de-lys*, Charles VI. of France having done so previously;) on the other, from golden leopards sporting in a ruby field.' By a large splendid crest may be meant, either the royal heraldic of England, the lion *passant guardant*, or a magnificent plume of feathers,—that elegant and chivalric deco-, for the first time after the conquest, appearing in this reign. It was called the *panache*, and knights are o have worn three or more feathers, esquires only one; but we have no positive authority for the latter asser-nd the number would seem to have been a matter of fancy. Robert Chamberlayne, the king's esquire, is sented with two feathers issuing from the apex of the basciuet. He wears an embroidered jupon and the ry belt. The crown round Henry's bascinet was twice struck and injured by the blows of his enemies. Duke of Alençon struck off part of it with his battle-axe; and one of the points or flowers was cut off by a h esquire, who, with seventeen others, swore to perform some such feat, or perish.
he English archers at the battle of Agincourt were, for the most part, (according to Monstrelet,) without r, and in jackets, with their hose loose, and hatchets, or swords, hanging to their girdles. Some, indeed, barefooted, and without hats, or caps; and, St. Remy says, they were dressed in *pourpoints*, (stitched or d jackets;) and adds, that some wore caps of boiled leather, (the famous *cuir bouilli*,) or of wicker-work, d over with iron. In the army of Henry V. at Rouen, there were several bodies of Irish, of whom (says trelet) the greatest part had *one leg and foot quite naked*. They were armed with targets, short javelins, and nge sort of knife, (the skein.)
he French men-at-arms, engaged at Agincourt, are described as being armed in long coats of steel, reaching ir knees—the *taces* introduced at this period,—below which was armour for their legs, and above, white ss (i. e. armour of polished plate, so called in contradistinction to mail,) and bascinets with camails, (chain pieces.)
he banners borne in the English army, besides those of the king and the principal leaders, were, as usual, of St. George, St. Edward, and the Trinity.
he French, in addition to the royal and knightly banners, displayed the oriflamme, which was of bright scarlet, oidered with gold, and terminating in several swallow tails.
he female costume of this period was disfigured by a most extravagantly high and projecting horned head-. The rest of the habit was rather graceful than otherwise; consisting, in general, of a long and full robe ed by a rich girdle, high in the neck, the waist moderately short, and the sleeves like those of the men, ing almost to the ground, and escallopped at the edges.
sabelle of Bavaria (mother of Queen Katharine) is engraved in Montfaucon, from a MS. in the French Royal ry, wearing the high, *heart-shaped* head-dress, introduced into England in the reign of Henry VI., but, pro-, worn earlier in France. There are several other portraits of her in the *steeple head-dress*, a still later n, contemporary in England with the reign of Edward IV."

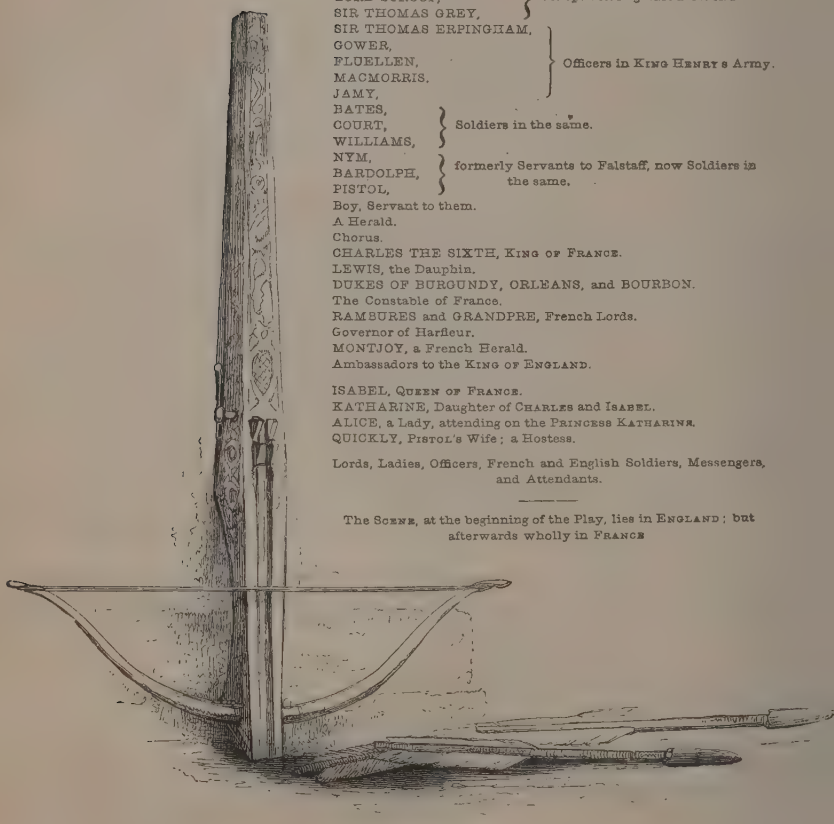
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

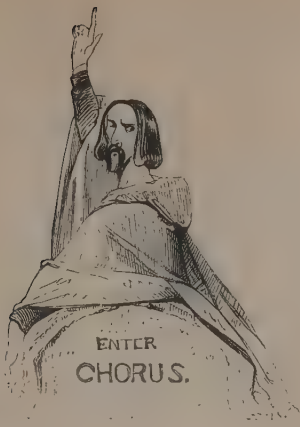
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, } Brothers to the KING.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the KING.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the KING.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, }
LORD SCROOP, } Conspirators against the KING.
SIR THOMAS GREY, }
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, }
GOWER, }
FLUELLEN, } Officers in KING HENRY's Army.
MACMORRIS. }
JAMY, }
BATES, }
COURT, } Soldiers in the same.
WILLIAMS, }
NYM, }
BARDOLPH, } formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in
PISTOL, } the same.
Boy, Servant to them.
A Herald.
Chorus.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, KING OF FRANCE.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, French Lords.
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the KING OF ENGLAND.

ISABEL, QUEEN OF FRANCE.
KATHARINE, Daughter of CHARLES and ISABEL.
ALICE, a Lady, attending on the PRINCESS KATHARINE.
QUICKLY, PISTOL's Wife; a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in ENGLAND; but afterwards wholly in FRANCE

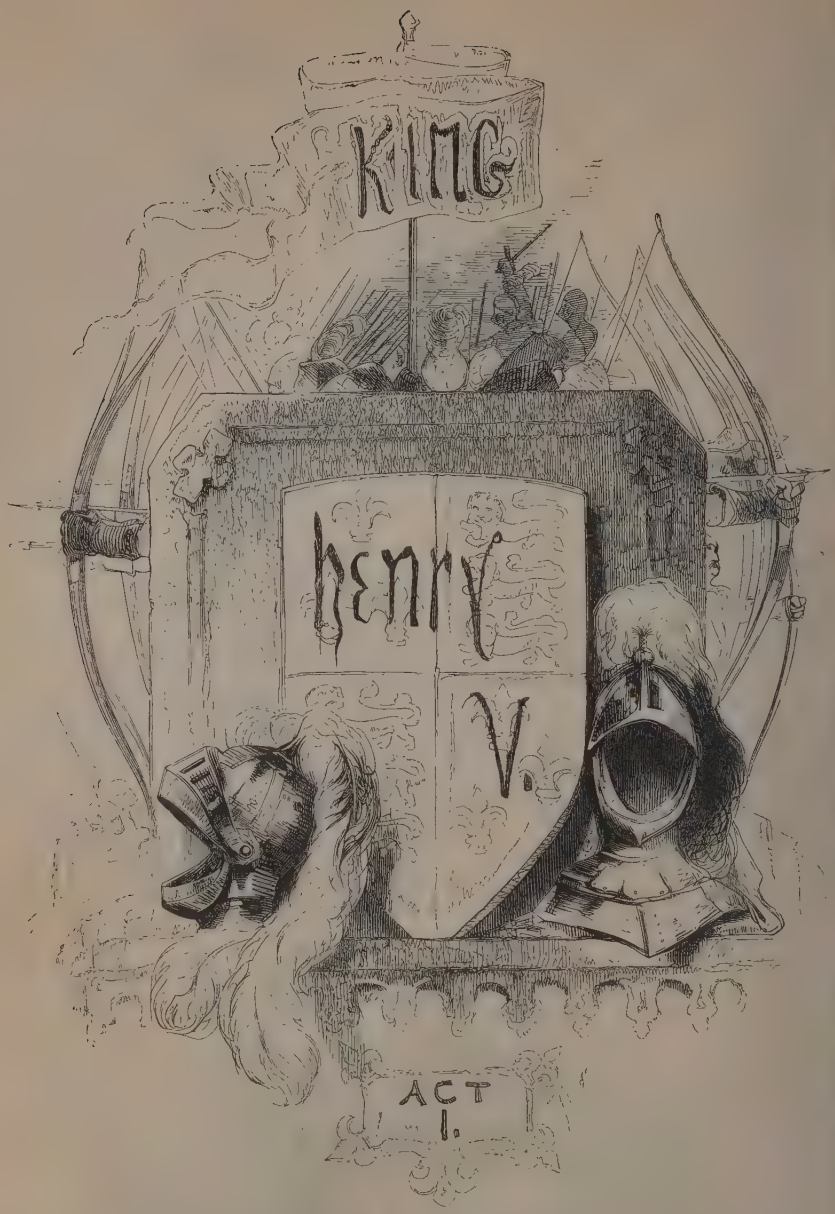




for a muse of fire, that would ascend
brightest heaven of invention!
gdom for a stage, princes to act,
monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
should the warlike Harry, like himself,
me the port of Mars; and at his heels,
h'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire,
ch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
dat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
is unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
eat an object: can this cockpit hold
vasty fields of France? or may we cram
in this wooden O the very casques,
did affright the air at Agincourt?
rdon! since a crooked figure may
t in little place a million;
et us, ciphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Globe Theatre.—"This wooden O."



SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devou
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thu
As much as would maintain, to the king's ho
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knigh
Six thousand and two hundred good esquire
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs t

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup

y. But what prevention?
nt. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
y. And a true lover of the holy church.
nt. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
breath no sooner left his father's body;
hat his wildness, mortified in him,
r'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
ideration like an angel came,
whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
ing his body as a paradise,
velop and contain celestial spirits.
r was such a sudden scholar made:
r came reformation in a flood,
such a heady currance scouring faults;
never Hydra-headed wilfulness
on did lose his seat, and all at once,
this king.
y. We are blessed in the change.
nt. Hear him but reason in divinity,
all-admiring, with an inward wish
would desire the king were made a prelate:
him debate of commonwealth affairs,
would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
his discourse of war, and you shall hear
rful battle render'd you in music:
him to any cause of policy,
Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
iliar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
teal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
nat the art and practic part of life
be the mistress to this theoric:
ch is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
e his addiction was to courses vain;
companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
ours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
never noted in him any study,
retirement, any sequestration
n open haunts and popularity.
ly. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
hbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
r the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
v like the summer grass, fastest by night,
en, yet crescive in his faculty.
nt. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
therefore we must needs admit the means,
things are perfected.
ly. But, my good lord,
now for mitigation of this bill
d by the commons? Doth his majesty
ne to it, or no?
nt. He seems indifferent,
rather, swaying more upon our part,
n cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
I have made an offer to his majesty,—
n our spiritual convocation,
in regard of causes now in hand,
ich I have open'd to his grace at large,
ouching France,—to give a greater sum
n ever at one time the clergy yet
to his predecessors part withal.
ly. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
nt. With good acceptance of his majesty;
, that there was not time enough to hear
I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.
Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room of State in the Same.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar:

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingar
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ten
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorai
By the which marriage the line of Charles the gr
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience ma
this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereig
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tor
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spir

Room of State in the Palace.

your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
ng defeat on the full power of France,
es his most mighty father on a hill
l smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
ge in blood of French nobility.
ble English! that could entertain
half their forces the full pride of France,
let another half stand laughing by,
ut of work, and cold for action.
y. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
with your puissant arm renew their feats.
are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
blood and courage, that renowned them,
in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
the very May-morn of his youth,
for exploits and mighty enterprizes.
re. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
ll expect that you should rouse yourself,
d the former lions of your blood.
est. They know, your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
ith your highness:—never king of England
nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
se hearts have left their bodies here in England,
lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
nt. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
l whereof, we of the spirituality
raise your highness such a mighty sum,
ever did the clergy at one time
in to any of your ancestors.
Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
ay down our proportions to defend
ist the Scot; who will make road upon us
all advantages.
nt. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
be a wall sufficient to defend
inland from the pilfering borderers.
Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
fear the main intendment of the Scot,
hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
you shall read, that my great grandfather
r went with his forces into France,
hat the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
e pouring, like the tide into a breach,
ample and brim fulness of his force;
ng the gleaned land with hot essays,
ng with grievous siege castles and towns;
England, being empty of defence,
shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.
nt. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
hear her but exampled by herself:
n all her chivalry hath been in France,
she a mourning widow of her nobles,
hath herself not only well defended,
aken, and impounded as a stray,
king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
ll king Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
make their chronicle as rich with praise,
the ooze and bottom of the sea
sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
est. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"
nce the eagle, England, being in prey,
er unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.
K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

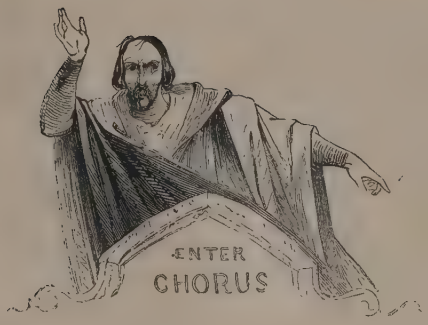
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his so
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful venge
That shall fly with them: for many a thou
widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dead husba
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles d
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's s
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dau
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you w
[*Exeunt Ambassa*

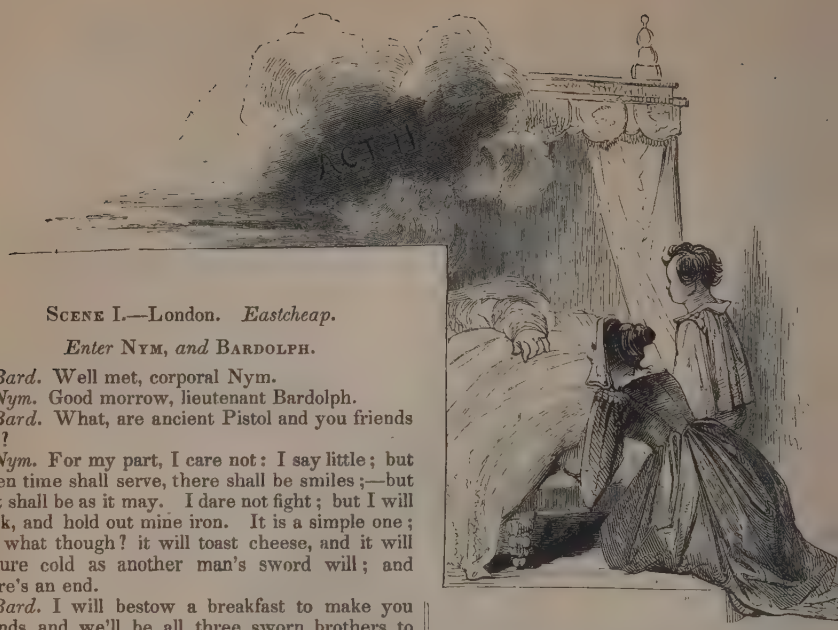
Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France
Save those to God, that run before our busines
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Ex*

Southampton.



or. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
ilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
s solely in the breast of every man.
sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
ving the mirror of all Christian kings,
winged heels, as English Mercuries:
ow sits Expectation in the air;
ides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
is'd to Harry, and his followers.
French, advis'd by good intelligence
s most dreadful preparation,
in their fear, and with pale policy
to divert the English purposes.
gland! model to thy inward greatness,
little body with a mighty heart,
might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
all thy children kind and natural!
ee thy fault! France hath in thee found out
t of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men.
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The' abuse of distance: force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*



SCENE I.—London. *Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM, *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may. that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL, *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife. —Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.—[NYM *draws his sword.*] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not drawn now!—we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you *solus.*
[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, pe
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot co me. I have an humour to knock you indiffe well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair te if you would walk off, I would prick your little, in good terms, as I may; and that's th mour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious w
The grave doth gape, and doting death is nea
Therefore exhale. [PISTOL *and* NYM

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—h strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the as I am a soldier. [*D*

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—
thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espou
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enoug

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come t master, and your hostess.—He is very sick would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy fac tween his sheets, and do the office of a war pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pud-
g one of these days: the king has killed his
rt.—Good husband, come home presently.
[*Exeunt Mrs.* QUICKLY *and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends?
e must to France together. Why, the devil,
uld we keep knives to cut one another's
oats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food
howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of
u at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour
it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.
[*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first
ust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have
their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends,
friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies
h me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of
u at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
d liquor likewise will I give to thee,
d friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.—
not this just? for I shall sutler be
to the camp, and profits will accrue.
e me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in
ckly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so
ked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is
st lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to
n.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the
ght, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
s heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as
nay: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight, for lambkins we
l live. [*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

nter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these
traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear them-
selves,
if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
owned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
hom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fa-
vours;
at he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
s sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will
aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Mar-
sham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his
best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well
persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a sub-
ject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give
him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of
me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and di-
gested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their
dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
there is yours;—

There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use.
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family,
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the n
of Richard earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
Henry lord Scroop, of Marsham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.
Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discove
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me,—the gold of France did seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoic
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! H
your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Conspirators, guard*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereo
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.
[*Exe*

E III.—London. *Mrs.* QUICKLY'S *House in Eastcheap.*

r PISTOL, *Mrs.* QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and Boy.*

ick. Pry'thee, honey-sweet husband, let me thee to Staines.

st. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
olph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
we must yearn therefore.

rd. 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er , either in heaven, or in hell.

ick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in ur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's n. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an d been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just een twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's I knew there was but one way; for his nose as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes;
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King, attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, *the Constable, and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,)
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him,
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go, and bring them.
[*Exeunt Messenger, and certain Lords.*
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

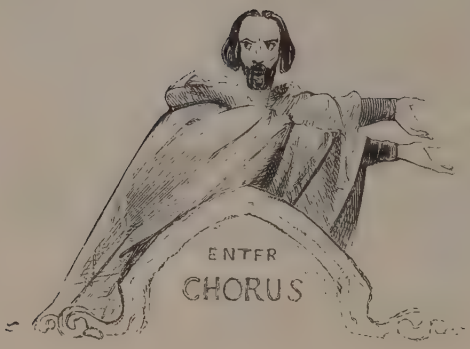
Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER, *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
[*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
en in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
erefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
at, if requiring fail, he will compel:
d bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
liver up the crown, and to take mercy
the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
ens his vasty jaws; and on your head
rning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
e dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
at shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
is is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
less the Dauphin be in presence here,
whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
-morrow shall you bear our full intent
k to our brother of England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
and here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
d any thing that may not misbecome
e mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
us says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*



Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;

And leave your England, as dead midnight still
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old wome
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissanc
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to Fra
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a si
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, th' ambassador from the French co
back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dow
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches
[*Alarum; and chambers go*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.
[*E*

Scene I.—France. *Before Harfleur.*

Larums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
r close the wall up with our English dead!
peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
modest stillness, and humility;
ut when the blast of war blows in our ears,
hen imitate the action of the tiger:
iffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
isguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
hen lend the eye a terrible aspect;
et it pry through the portage of the head,
ke the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
fearfully, as doth a galled rock
erhang and jutty his confounded base,
vill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
ow set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
old hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
o his full height!—On, on, you nobles English!
Those blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
athers, that, like so many Alexanders,
ave in these parts from morn till even fought,
nd sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
ishonour not your mothers: now attest,
hat those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
e copy now to men of grosser blood,
nd teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Those limbs were made in England, show us here
he mettle of your pasture: let us swear
hat you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
or there is none of you so mean and base,
hat hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
raining upon the start. The game's afoot:
ollow your spirit; and upon this charge,
ry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.—The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough—

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* Nym, Pistol, *and* Bardolph, *followed by* Fluellen.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-

livered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit Boy.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines—tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS, *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain James.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Crish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way argument, look you, and friendly communicati partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching direction of the military discipline: that is the po

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, g captains bath: and I sall quit you with gude le as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish s me. The day is hot, and the weather, and wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trum calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chr do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my ha and there is throats to be cut, and works to be do and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine t themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely that is the breif and the long. Marry, I wad fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, un your correction, there is not many of your natio

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rasc What ish my nation? Who talks of my natio

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherw than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure shall think you do not use me with that affability in discretion you ought to use me, look you; be as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in ot particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myse so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake e other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sound*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is m better opportunity to be required, look you, I be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines wars; and there is an end. [*Exe*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before the Gates Harfleur*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; English Forces below. Enter King HENRY, *a his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of t town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infan
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation!

ıt is't to me, when you yourselves are cause
ur pure maidens fall into the hand
ot and forcing violation?
ıt rein can hold licentious wickedness,
ın down the hill he holds his fierce career?
may as bootless spend our vain command
ı th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
end precepts to the Leviathan
ome ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
e pity of your town, and of your people,
les yet my soldiers are in my command;
les yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
blows the filthy and contagious clouds
eady murder, spoil, and villainy.
t, why, in a moment look to see
blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
le the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
r fathers taken by the silver beards,
their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
r naked infants spitted upon pikes,
les the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The* KING, *&c., enter the Town.*

Room in the French King's Palace.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE, *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté Angleterre, et tu partes bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pe qu'ils sont appellé de fingres; *ouy*, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; *les doigts*, de fing *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay ga deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appe vous les ongles?*

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je p bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

KATHARINE AND ALICE

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De nick, *madame.*

Kath. De nick: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col*, de nick: *le menton*, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vo ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de nick, *et* de si *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

Kath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Die ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'us Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les S gneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une au fois ma leçon ensemble:* de hand, de fingre, de na de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de co

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons no disner. [*Exe*

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ENE V.—The Same. *Another Room in the Same.*

er the French KING, *the Dauphin, Duke of* DUBRON, *the Constable of France, and others.*

'r. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.
on. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
us not live in France: let us quit all,
give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
emptying of our fathers' luxury,
scions, put in wild and savage stock,
t up so suddenly into the clouds,
overlook their grafters?
lour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
t de ma vie! if they march along
ought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
hat nook-shotten isle of Albion.
on. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?
ot their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
ng their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
rench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,
oct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
m frosty? O! for honour of our land,
us not hang like roping isicles
n our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
eat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
r may we call them, in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
madams mock at us, and plainly say,
mettle is bred out; and they will give
ir bodies to the lust of English youth,
new-store France with bastard warriors.
lour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;
ing, our grace is only in our heels,
that we are most lofty runaways.
'r. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
re sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
rles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
nçon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
nes Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
umont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
x, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
h dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Harry England, that sweeps through our land
th pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
sh on his host, as doth the melted snow
on the valleys, whose low vassal seat
e Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
down upon him,—you have power enough,—
l in a captive chariot into Rouen
ng him our prisoner.
on. This becomes the great.
ry am I, his numbers are so few,
soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER, *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.
Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.
Gow. What do you call him?
Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—
Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.
Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*]—Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what sh
know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to H
of England, Though we seemed dead, we di
sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rash
Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfl
but that we thought not good to bruise an in
till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our
and our voice is imperial. England shall re
his folly, see his weakness, and admire our su
ance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ran
which must proportion the losses we have b
the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we
digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his
ness would bow under. For our losses, his ex
quer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood
muster of his kingdom too faint a number; an
our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our
but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To
add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he
betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is
nounced. So far my king and master: so muc
office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy qua

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn
back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell
herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive
God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another n
bour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mon
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red bl
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
ness. [*Exit* MONT

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us no

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, n
theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward n
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.
[*Exe*

E VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBU-
, the Duke of ORLEANS, *the Dauphin, and*
rs.

n. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
d it were day!

l. You have an excellent armour; but let my
have his due.

n. It is the best horse of Europe.

l. Will it never be morning?

u. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high con-
, you talk of horse and armour—

l. You are as well provided of both as any
e in the world.

u. What a long night is this!—I will not change
orse with any that treads but on four pas-
Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his
ls were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus,
les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I
I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth
when he touches it: the basest horn of his
s more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

l. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

u. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast
erseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull
nts of earth and water never appear in him,
ly in patient stillness, while his rider mounts
he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades
ay call beasts.

n. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
ent horse.

u. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is
ne bidding of a monarch, and his countenance
es homage.

l. No more, cousin.

u. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb,
leserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme
ent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent
es, and my horse is argument for them all.
subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for
ereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the
(familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart
particular functions, and wonder at him. I
writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus:
nder of Nature!"—

l. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
ess.

u. Then did they imitate that which I com-
to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

l. Your mistress bears well.

u. Me well; which is the prescript praise,
erfection of a good and particular mistress.

n. Nay, for methought yesterday, your mis-
shrewdly shook your back.

u. So, perhaps, did yours.

n. Mine was not bridled.

u. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle;
ou rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French
off, and in your strait trossers.

n. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

u. Be warned by me, then: they that ride
d ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had
r have my horse to my mistress.

n. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

u. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
vn hair.

n. I could make as true a boast as that, if I
sow to my mistress.

u. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomis-*

sement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises: who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would, I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—

Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

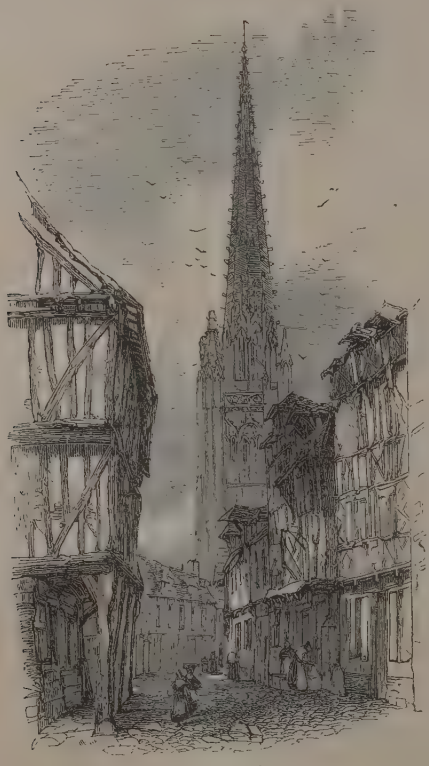
Con. Just, just; and the men do sympath with the mastiffs in robustious and rough com on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, th give them great meals of beef, and iron and st they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly ou beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they h only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see ten,
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exe*



Street in Harfleur.

Enter Chorus.

or. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
n creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
the wide vessel of the universe.
camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,
hum of either army stilly sounds,
the fix'd sentinels almost receive
secret whispers of each other's watch:
answers fire, and through their paly flames
battle sees the other's umber'd face:
threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
ing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
armourers, accomplishing the knights,
busy hammers closing rivets up,
dreadful note of preparation.
country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
he third hour of drowsy morning name.
d of their numbers, and secure in soul,
confident and over-lusty French
e low-rated English play at dice;
chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
diously away. The poor condemned Eng-
lish,
sacrifices, by their watchful fires
tiently, and inly ruminate
morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
ting lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear; that, Mean and Gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night,—
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of g
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his p
Upon Saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in y
cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*E*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN, *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, sp
lower. It is the greatest admiration in the unive
world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes
laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take
pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Gr
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no ti
taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I w
rant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the w
and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and
sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherw

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear
all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, an
prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that
should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, an
prating coxcomb? in your own conscience now

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you w

[*Exeunt* GOWER, *and* FLUELL

Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

rt. Brother John Bates, is not that the morn- hich breaks yonder?

cs. I think it be; but we have no great cause re the approach of day.

l. We see yonder the beginning of the day, hink we shall never see the end of it.—Who ere?

Hen. A friend.

l. Under what captain serve you?

Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

l. A good old commander, and a most kind nan: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that be washed off the next tide.

cs. He hath not told his thought to the king?

Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should; for, I speak it to you, I think the king is but a s I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth the element shows to him, as it doth to me; senses have but human conditions: his cere- laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a nd though his affections are higher mounted urs, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with e wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the elish as ours are: yet in reason no man should him with any appearance of fear, lest he, wing it, should dishearten his army.

cs. He may show what outward courage he ut, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could imself in Thames up to the neck: and so I he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so re quit here.

Hen. By my troth, I will speak my con- of the king: I think, he would not wish f any where but where he is.

cs. Then I would he were here alone; so he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor lives saved.

Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to im here alone, howsoever you speak this, to her men's minds. Methinks, I could not die here so contented as in the king's company, se being just, and his quarrel honourable.

l. That's more than we know.

cs. Ay, or more than we should seek after; know enough, if we know we are the king's s. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to g wipes the crime of it out of us.

l. But, if the cause be not good, the king him- th a heavy reckoning to make: when all those nd arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, oin together at the latter day, and cry all— died at such a place:" some swearing, some for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor them, some upon the debts they owe, some heir children rawly left. I am afeard there v die well, that die in a battle; for how can haritably dispose of any thing, when blood is rgument? Now, if these men do not die t will be a black matter for the king that led o it, whom to disobey were against all pro- of subjection.

Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the e imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon,

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine—

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bre
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:

but for ceremony, such a wretch,
ling up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
he fore-hand and vantage of a king.
slave, a member of the country's peace,
rs it, but in gross brain little wots,
watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
se hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

p. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
through your camp to find you.
Hen. Good old knight,
et them all together at my tent:
e before thee.
p. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
ss them not with fear: take from them now
sense of reckoning of th' opposed numbers:
their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord!
to-day! Think not upon the fault
ther made in compassing the crown.
hard's body have interred new,
n it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
from it issued forced drops of blood.
hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
rd heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
gh all that I can do, is nothing worth,
that my penitence comes after all,
ring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

p. My liege!
Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
w thy errand, I will go with thee.—
day, my friend, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

h. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!
u. Montez à cheval:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
l. O brave spirit!
u. Via!—les eaux et la terre!
l. Rien puis? l'air et le feu!
u. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

my lord Constable!
n. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
u. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!
m. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

ss. The English are embattled, you French peers.
n. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it.
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Princely in both.
West. O! that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.
K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian;
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be
West. Perish the man whose mind is backw now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help f England, cousin?
West. God's will! my liege, would you an alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in me
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former ans back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fell thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting h
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in Fra
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghill
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall g them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clim
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in Fra
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' he
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labo
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joi
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee w
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [E

Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

k. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg eading of the vaward.

Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
ow thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter French Soldier. PISTOL, *and Boy.*

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality? *Callino, castore me!* art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O seigneur Dieu!

Field of Agincourt.

t. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
ond my words, O signieur Dew, and mark:—
nieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
t, O signieur, thou do give to me
ious ransom.

Sol. O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de

t. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
ps of crimson blood.

Sol. Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de as?

t. Brass, cur?
damned and luxurious mountain goat,
st me brass?

Sol. O pardonnez moy!

t. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
is his name.

. Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?

Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

. He says his name is master Fer.

t. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, rret him.—Discuss the same in French unto

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.

Pist. Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy, peasant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—Follow me! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine.—[*Exit French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A short Alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour.—Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, *and Forces; EXETER, and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice wi
this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—[*Alar*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exe*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN, *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis
pressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arra
piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offe
In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left ali
and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the ba
have done this slaughter: besides, they have bur
and carried away all that was in the king's te
wherefore the king most worthily hath cau
every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O!
a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, cap
Gower. What call you the town's name, wh
Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? T
pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge
the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save
phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born
Macedon: his father was called Philip of Mace
as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexa
is porn. I tell you, captain,—if you look in
maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in
comparisons between Macedon and Monmou
that the situations, look you, is both alike. Th
is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreove
river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmou
but it is out of my prains, what is the name of

river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers
my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If
mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Mon-
's life is come after it indifferent well; for
is figures in all things. Alexander, God
s, and you know, in his rages, and his furies,
is wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and
spleasures, and his indignations, and also being
e intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and
gers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

w. Our king is not like him in that: he never
any of his friends.

u. It is not well done, mark you now, to take
ales out of my mouth, ere it is made and
ed. I speak but in the figures and compari-
f it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus,
in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Mon-
n, being in his right wits and his good judg-
, turned away the fat knight with the great
doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and
ries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

w. Sir John Falstaff.

u. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men
it Monmouth.

w. Here comes his majesty.

Enter King HENRY, *with a part of the*
English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER,
and others.

Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
y will fight with us, bid them come down,
id the field; they do offend our sight.
y'll do neither, we will come to them,
nake them skirr away, as swift as stones
ced from the old Assyrian slings.
es, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
ıot a man of them that we shall take,
taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

e. Here comes the herald of the French, my
liege.

o. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
know'st thou not,
I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
st thou again for ransom?

nt. No, great king:
e to thee for charitable licence,
we may wander o'er this bloody field,
ok our dead, and then to bury them;
rt our nobles from our common men;
nany of our princes, woe the while!
rown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
od of princes, and their wounded steeds
fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
out their armed heels at their dead masters,
g them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
ew the field in safety, and dispose
eir dead bodies.

Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
w not if the day be ours, or no;
et a many of your horsemen peer,
gallop o'er the field.

nt. The day is yours.

Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!—
t is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agin-
court,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's country-man, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with
him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY,
and others.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is good knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Ex*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my broth
Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm betwe
them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeu*

Rouen.

ENE VIII.—*Before King* HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER, *and* WILLIAMS.

Vill. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

lu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pe-
h you now, come apace to the king: there is
e goot toward you, peradventure, than is in
knowledge to dream of.

Vill. Sir, know you this glove?

lu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a
e.

Vill. I know this, and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

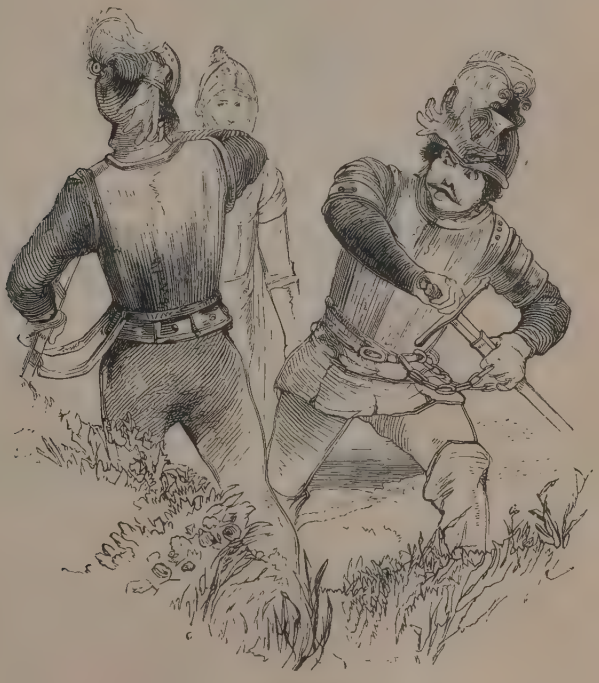
Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK, *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light,



FLU. Stand away, captain Gower—

you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.
is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY, *and* EXETER.

Hen. How now! what's the matter?

u. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor,
look your grace, has struck the glove which
majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

ill. My liege, this was my glove; here is the
y of it; and he that I gave it to in change
ised to wear it in his cap: I promised to
him if he did. I met this man with my
in his cap, and I have been as good as my
.

u. Your majesty hear now, saving your ma-
's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly,
knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me
mony, and witness, and avouchments, that this

is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for

had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guisch
Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestral
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?
[*Herald presents another pap*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was her
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the villag
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, tell how many is killed?

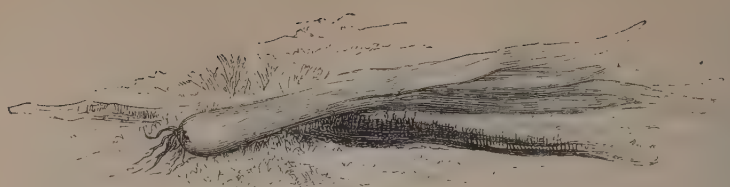
K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknow edgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goo

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy me
[*Exeu*

Enter Chorus.

r. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
story,
[may prompt them: and of such as have,
bly pray them to admit th' excuse
e, of numbers, and due course of things,
n cannot in their huge and proper life
re presented. Now, we bear the king
d Calais: grant him there; there seen,
him away upon your winged thoughts,
rt the sea. Behold, the English beach
n the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
e shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,
, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
to prepare his way. So, let him land,
lemnly see him set on to London.
ft a pace hath thought, that even now
ay imagine him upon Blackheath;
e that his lords desire him, to have borne
uised helmet, and his bended sword,
him, through the city: he forbids it,
free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
full trophy, signal, and ostent,
from himself, to God. But now behold,
quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more
cause,
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place
him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*



ACT V

SCENE I.—France. *An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN, *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor h
turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! y
scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thir
base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

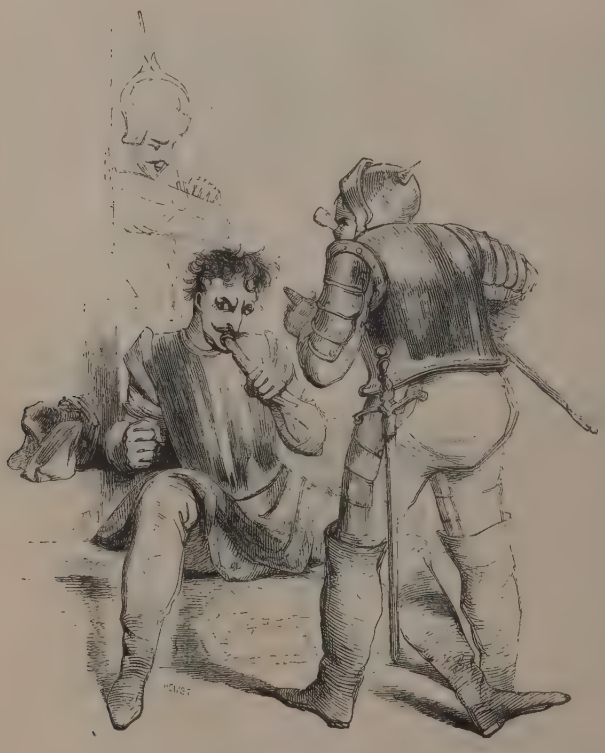
Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knav
at my desires, and my requests, and my petitio
to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, y
do not love it, nor your affections, and your app
tites, and your digestions, does not agree with it
would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you.—[*Strikes him*
Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Go



PIST. Quiet thy cudgel thou dost see I eat.

is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for [*Striking him again.*] You called me yester- mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a e of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you nock a leek, you can eat a leek.

ow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

lu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I you; it is goot for your green wound, and ploody coxcomb.

ist. Must I bite?

lu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out uestion too, and ambiguities.

ist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. , and eat I swear—

lu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some e sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek vear by.

ist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

lu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. , pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot your proken coxcomb. When you take occa- to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at ; that is all.

ist. Good.

lu. Ay, leeks is goot.—Hold you; there is a t to heal your pate.

ist. Me a groat!

lu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, have another leek in my pocket, which you eat.

ist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

lu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in gels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy ing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

ist. All hell shall stir for this.

ow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly e. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, n upon an honourable respect, and worn as a norable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare avouch in your deeds any of your words? I seen you gleeking and galling at this gentle- twice or thrice. You thought, because he d not speak English in the native garb, he could therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it rwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction h you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

ist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? vs have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital nalady of France; there my rendezvous is quite cut off. I do wax, and from my weary limbs our is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. England will I steal, and there I'll steal: patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

ENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. *An Apart- ment in the French* KING'S *Palace.*

er, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOS- ER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and her Lords; at another, the French* KING, *Queen* ABEL, *the Princess* KATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, r., the Duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but King* HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?

k them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and ht when you come into your closet, you'll on this gentlewoman about me; and I know, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, ou love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock rcifully, the rather, gentle princess, because thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, ave a saving faith within me tells me thou I get thee with scambling, and thou must ore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall ou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint e, compound a boy, half French, half Eng- at shall go to Constantinople, and take the by the beard? shall we not? what sayest ny fair flower-de-luce?

h. I do not know dat.

Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to se: do but now promise, Kate, you will en- ır for your French part of such a boy, and English moiety take the word of a king and elor. How answer you, *la plus belle Kath- du monde, mon très chère et divin deesse?*

h. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough eive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*

Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: ich honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; y blood begins to flatter me thou dost, not- anding the poor and untempering effect of age. Now beshrew my father's ambition! s thinking of civil wars when he got me: ore was I created with a stubborn outside, n aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder the better I shall appear: my comfort is, d age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou e, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if ear me, better and better. And therefore e, most fair Katharine, will you have me? f your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts r heart with the looks of an empress; take the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine thal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry genet is thine; who, though I speak it before e, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou find the best king of good fellows. Come, answer in broken music, for thy voice is and thy English broken; therefore, queen Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken h: wilt thou have me?

h. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere.*

Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it lease him, Kate.

h. Den it shall also content me.

Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call y queen.

h. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! y, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre eur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne ure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très nt seigneur.

Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

h. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coûteme de e.

Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

ce. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies nce,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtsey to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding.—[*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French KING, *and* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English Lords.*

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin, Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her: and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood

in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunctio
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair Franc

All. Amen!

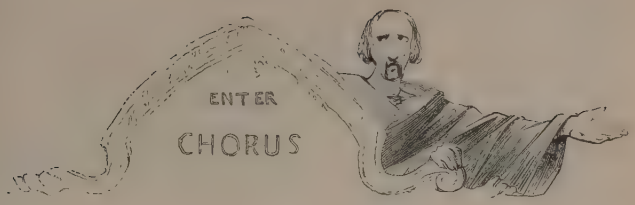
K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flouri*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdom
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englis men,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers' for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be
[*Exeu*

Troyes.



far, with rough and all unable pen,
r bending author hath pursu'd the story;
tle room confining mighty men,
ngling by starts the full course of their glory.
time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
is star of England. Fortune made his sword,
hich the world's best garden he achiev'd,
d of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England
bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

Heights between Havre and Harfleur

Infant Shakespeare.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Chorus.

"*Enter* Chorus, *as Prologue.*"

The old stage-direction is "Enter Prologue," but near the end of the address the speaker calls himself "Chorus," and professes to deliver the lines "Prologue-like."

"*Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, Crouch for employment.*"

"Famine, sword, and fire" are "the dogs of war," in Julius Cæsar. In Shakespeare's favourite chronicler, Hollingshed, they are "handmaidens." Henry V., addressing himself to the people of Rouen, declared that "the goddess of battle, called Bellona, had three handmaidens ever of necessity attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine."

"*Within this wooden* O"—The Globe theatre, on the Bankside, was circular within, and probably this historical drama was first acted there; but the company to which Shakespeare belonged also played in the winter at the Blackfriars theatre, regarding the shape of which we have no information. The Fortune, in Cripplegate, was a square building. (See Collier's "History of English Dramatic Poetry.")

"*On your* imaginary *forces work.*"

"Imaginary" is here used for *imaginative*—"your powers of imagination." The same word is used, a few lines below, in its present sense. In older English, as often elsewhere pointed out in these notes, the active and passive senses of words were often carelessly confounded.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"*London. An ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*"

"This first scene was added in the folio, together with the choruses, and other amplifications. It appears from Hall and Hollingshed, that the events passed at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the Poet intended to make London the place of his first scene."—Malone.

"— *Archbishop of* Canterbury"—Henry Chicheley (or rather *Chichelé*, marking his Norman descent) had just been promoted to that dignity. Shakespeare here shows his acquaintance with Hall, by giving us, in this scene, the impression of the very character described by that old chronicler, as "a man much regarding Gode law; but more regarding his own lucre."

"— *the* scambling *and unquiet time*"—i. e. The *di orderly* time. "Scambling" occurs again in this play and in Much Ado about Nothing, (act v. scene 1,)– "*scambling*, out-facing boys." It was in frequent us among our old authors, and is what we have changed t *scrambling*, though they also had it in that form.

"— *such a heady* currance"—So the original folio It was changed to *current* in the second folio; and th alteration is retained in all subsequent editions, excep Knight's, who justly remarks, that "If it be necessar to modernize Shakespeare's phraseology, the correctio was right; but *currance* is the French *courance*, fro which we have compounded *concurrence* and *occu rence.*"

"*Hear him but reason in divinity,*" etc.

"The commentators give us some long notes upo Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. This scene we apprehend, was written at the same time with th choruses—that is, four years before the accession o James. Johnson very justly observes, that 'the Poet if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forces upon the remembrance of his audience the great defi ciency of their present king.' The praises of Henry which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion o that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the chroniclers. Hall, for example, says, 'this prince was almost the Arabian Phœnix, and amongst his predecessors a very paragon. * * * * * This Henry was a king whose life was immaculate, and his living without spot. This king was a prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained. This prince was a captain against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned. This captain was a shepherd whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed. This shepherd was such a justiciary, that no offence was unpunished, nor friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed.' The education of

was, literally, in the 'practic part of life.' At years of age he was a student at Oxford, under re of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room, over cient gateway of Queen's College, was Henry ; and here, under the rude portraits in stained f his uncle and himself, was the following in- on, which Wood gives in his 'Athenæ Oxonien-

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.
IMPERATOR BRITANNIÆ,
TRIUMPHATOR GALLIÆ,
HOSTIUM VICTOR ET SUI.
HENRICUS V.
PARVI HUJUS CUBICULI.
OLIM MAGNUS INCOLA.

ostium victor et sui' is one of the many evidences universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition

—— his addiction was to courses vain.

rly removal from the discipline of the schools to ense of the camp, could not have been advanta- o the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of ghting him during his Irish expedition.

s subsequent command of the Welsh army, when ore than fourteen, was a circumstance still less able to his self-control. That the 'insolency and ss' of the boy should be the result of such un- and irresponsible power, is quite as credible as e man should have put on such 'gravity and so- s,'—'the flower of kings past, and a glass to them ould succeed.' "—KNIGHT.

"*So that the art and practic part of life*
Must be the mistress to this theoric," etc.

e discourses with so much skill on all subjects, e art and *practice* of life must be the mistress or r of his *theoric*; that is, that his *theory* must have taught by art and practice; which (says he) is e, since he could see little of the true art or prac- nong his loose companions, nor ever retired to his practice into theory. 'Art' is used by the for *practice*, as distinguished from *science*, or ."—JOHNSON.

actic" and "theoric" were the more common old of *practice* and *theory*, which are used by the contemporaries, Hall and Fuller, while he uses ric" only.

open haunts and POPULARITY"—"Popularity" *familiarity* with the common *people*, as well as r favour, or applause. It is thus explained by in his dictionary.

he SEVERALS"—This word, when of old used in ural, had the force of our modern *details*.

SCENE II.

"*Sure, we thank you.*
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed," etc.

differences between the enlarged text and that earliest forms are so numerous, and so minute, e shall not attempt to follow them, beyond indi- the principal omissions. We shall, therefore, Mr. Knight in only occasionally giving a passage, w the care with which the later copy was worked This speech of the King, as it occurs in the quartos, resent a proper object of comparison:—

ng. Sure we thank you: and good my lord proceed
the law Salique which they have in France,
ould or should not stop in us our claim;
God forbid my wise and learned lord,
you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
God doth know how many now in health
drop their blood, in approbation
hat your reverence shall incite us to.
efore take heed how you impawn our person,
you awake the sleeping sword of war:
harge you in the name of God take heed.
this conjuration. speak my lord:
we will judge, note, and believe in heart,
what you speak is washed as pure
n in baptism.

"— *nicely charge your understanding soul*"—i. e "Take heed lest, by nice and subtle sophistry, you burthen your knowing soul, or *knowingly burthen your soul*, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native and true colours, would appear to be false."—JOHNSON.

"— *titles* MISCREATE"—i. e. *Ill-begotten*, illegitimate, spurious.

"— *in* APPROBATION"—i. e. In *probation*, or *proof*—a frequent old use of the word.

"—*the French unjustly* GLOZE"—The verb to "gloze," to *gloss*, (whence *glossary*,) is used for to *expound*, or to *comment* on. We have this expression in Hall's "Chronicle:"—"This land Salique, the *deceitful glosers* named to be the realm of France." Hollingshed, who abridges Hall, simply says, "The French glossers expound to be the realm of France."

"*To* FINE *his title with some show of truth*"—i. e. To *decorate* his title with some *specious claim*, answering to Hollingshed's "to make his title *seem* true, though indeed it was stark naught," and to a nearly similar phrase in the parallel passage in Hall. The folio has *find* his title, which Knight retains, as analogous to the law phrase of *finding* a bill. I do not see how the technicality applies here, and rather think that *find* was a misprint for "fine."

"CONVEY'D *himself as th' heir to the Lady Lingare*," etc.

Shakespeare found this expression in Hollingshed; and, though it sounds odd to modern ears, it is classical. Cooper (Latin Dictionary, 1584) renders "*Conjicere se in familiam*; to *convey himself* to be of some noble family." Its meaning is, "he passed himself off as heir to the Lady Lingare." These fictitious personages and pedigrees (as Ritson remarks) seem to have been devised by the English heralds, "to fine a title with some show of truth," which "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposed the invasion and conquest of France in prosecution of the dying advice of his father—

—— to busy giddy minds
In foreign quarrels; that action, once borne out,
Might waste the memory of former days.

The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives.

"— *king Lewis the* TENTH"—This Lewis was the *ninth*, as Hall correctly states. Shakespeare found the mistake in Hollingshed, and his adopting it shows that this latter historian was the book he used.

"— IMBARE *their crooked titles*"—Old copies and modern critics differ as to the word "imbare." The two first quartos read *imbace*, and have *causes* for titles: the quarto of 1608 reads *embrace*, and the folio (1623) substitutes *imbarre*. The true reading seems that of Warburton, adopted by many later editors—"imbare," in the sense of *expose*, lay *bare*, or lay open;—formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, etc. Knight, however, prints it *imbar*, which he thus supports:—"There can be no doubt that *imbar* is the right word. It might be taken as placed in opposition to *bar*. To bar is to *obstruct*; to *imbar* is to *bar in*, to secure. They would hold up the Salique law, 'to bar your highness;' hiding 'their crooked titles' in a net, rather than amply defending them. But it has been suggested to us that *imbar* is here used for 'to set at the *bar*'—to place their crooked titles before a proper tribunal. This is ingenious and plausible."

"— *and cold for action*"—Malone says, "cold for *want* of action." This, we think, is to interpret too literally. The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action—*unmoved to action*. It is the converse of "*hot* for action."

"*So hath your highness*"—Perhaps, (says Coleridge, "Literary Remains,") these lines ought to be recited dramatically thus:—

They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:—
So *hath* your highness—never king of England
Had nobles, richer, etc.

Westmoreland breaks off from the grammar and natural order from earnestness, and in order to give the meaning more passionately. Malone would understand Westmoreland to confirm the opinion of Henry's "brother kings," as to his powers and resources—"So hath your highness."

"—*those* MARCHES"—i. e. The *boundaries* of England and Scotland—the *borders*.

"—*make* THEIR *chronicle*"—The folio has "their," the quarto *your*,—which is preferred by Malone and Knight, as meaning, the chronicle of *your* kingdom. "Their chronicle" is the chronicle of those "prisoner kings,"—that which records their defeat.

"—TEAR *and havoc more than she can eat*"—The folio reads, "*tame* and havoc:" the quartos have *spoil*. Theobald and Knight substitute *taint*; but we adopt Collier's idea, that *tame* was a misprint for *tearre*, as "tear" was of old spelled.

"—CRUSH'D *necessity*"—"So the folio: the quarto, *cvrs'd* necessity, which modern editors follow. Warburton would read *s'cus'd*, (excus'd.) Coleridge thinks it may be *crash*, for *crass*, (from *crassus*, clumsy;) or *curt*. A friend suggests to us *cur's* necessity. After all, is the word *crush'd* so full of difficulty? The necessity alleged by Westmoreland is *overpowered*, crush'd, by the argument that we have 'locks' and 'pretty traps;' so that it does not follow that 'the cat must stay at home.'"—KNIGHT.

"—*in one* CONCENT"—In this speech of Exeter, the Poet certainly wrote "concent," and as, in "the one *consent*" of the next speech, he used the other noun of the same sound; they are confounded and transposed, in many editions. They are both good old words, the latter of which has absorbed the former, in modern use. "Concent" (from the Latin *concentus*) is the word appropriate to the musical allusion.

> "*Congreeing in a full and natural close,*
> *Like music.*"

This passage has been supposed to be founded upon a fragment of Cicero's "De Republicâ:"—"Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis sonis, quem immutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillimarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur & congruens: sic ex summis, & infimis, & mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimillimorum concinit, & quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, actissimum atque optimum omni in republica vinculum incolumitatis: quæ sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest."

Knight thus comments on this coincidence:—"The considerations involved in this passage are briefly these: the words of Cicero, to which the lines of Shakespeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise, 'De Republicâ,' which is presented to us only in the writings of St. Augustin. The first question, therefore, is, had Shakespeare read the fragment in St. Augustin? But Cicero's 'De Republicâ' was, as far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's 'Republic:' the sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakespeare are more deeply imbued with the Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. These lines—

> For government, through *high*, and *low*, and *lower*,
> Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*,
> Congreeing in a *full and natural close*,
> Like music;—

and the subsequent lines—

> True: therefore doth heaven divide
> The *state of man* in divers functions,—

develop, unquestionably, the great Platonic doctrine the tri-unity of the three principles in man, and identity of the idea of man with the idea of a st The particular passage of Plato's 'Republic,' to wh we refer, is in the fourth book, and may be thus r dered:—'It is not alone wisdom and strength wh make a state simply wise and strong, but it, (order,) that harmony called the Diapason, is diffused throu out the whole state, making both the weakest, and strongest, and the middling people concent the sa melody.' Again—'The harmonic power of polit justice is the same as that musical concent which c nects the three chords, the octave, the bass, and fifth.' Platonism was studied in England at the ti that Shakespeare began to write. Coleridge tells 'The accomplished author of *Arcadia*,—the star of renest brilliance in the glorious constellation of El beth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sidney,—h high converse with Spenser on the idea of super-sens beauty.' We find, in Theobald's edition, a notice the resemblance between the passages in SHAKESPEA and Cicero. We are indebted to a friend for the s gestion of the greater resemblance in the passages Plato, from which source he thinks Shakespeare deri the idea. This is one of the many evidences of Poet's acquaintance, directly or indirectly, with classical writers, which Dr. Farmer passes over, in one-sided 'Essay on the Learning of Shakespea There was no translation of Plato in Shakespea time, except a single dialogue by Spenser. From Sp ser's 'high converse,' he, perhaps, received the thou as beautiful as profound, which he has thus embodi but, however he obtained it, he used it as one who not meddling with learning in an ignorant spirit. find the same thought, though not so clearly expres as by Shakespeare, in the poems of Fulke Grevile, L Brooke, 'Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' 'Treatise on Monarchie,' in which it occurs, was published till 1670. Lord Brooke belonged to the sa school of philosophy as his friend Sidney:—

> For as the harmony which sense admires,
> Of discords (yet according) is compounded,
> And as each creature really aspires
> Unto that unity, which all things founded;
> So must the throne and people both affect
> Discording tones united with respect.
> By which consent of disagreeing movers,
> There will spring up aspects of reverence,
> Equals and betters quarrelling like lovers,
> Yet all confessing one omnipotence,
> And therein each estate to be no more,
> Than instruments out of their makers' store."

"—*for so work the honey bees*"—Malone gives t passage from Lyly's "Euphues and his England," (158 which, he has no doubt, suggested this fine descripti This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before are a remarkable instance of the power of Shakespe in the improvement of every thing he borrowed. not only in the poetical elevation of the description t the improvement consists, but in the rejection of wh ever is false or redundant. Lyly says, "They cal parliament, wherein they consult for laws, statut penalties, choosing officers, and creating their kin This is the reasoning faculty, and not the instincti and Shakespeare shows the greater truth of his philo phy, in referring "the act of order" in the bees t "rule in nature."—KNIGHT.

> "*Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth*
> *Not worshipp'd with a* WAXEN *epitaph.*"

"In the quartos this speech of the King consists o of six lines:—

> Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin;
> And by your aid, the noble sinews of our land,
> France being ours we'll bring it to our awe,
> Or break it all in pieces.
> Either our chronicles shall with full mouth speak
> Freely of our acts, or else like tongueless mutes—
> Not worshipp'd with a *paper* epitaph.

aper epitaph here is clearly the record of the cles. We have nothing here about the 'urn' and rave.' And yet the commentators give us two of notes, disputing whether *paper* or *waxen* be ter word in the present text, without reference extension of the passage; and Malone finally *paper*. We can have no doubt about restoring —which may be taken to mean a perishable epi- wax:—not worshipped even with a waxen epi- The opposition of *wax* and *marble* was a familiar in the old poets. Gifford's interpretation, that en epitaph is a copy of verses affixed upon a tomb vax, appears to us somewhat forced; and yet s no doubt that such a practice prevailed:—

Let others, then, sad epitaphs invent,
And *paste* them up about thy monument."

KNIGHT.

d claim some certain dukedoms"—However slight undless Henry's claim to the throne of France be, his right, as King *de facto* of England, to the oms of France, (Guienne, Poitou, Normandy,) by treaty to Edward III., was perfect; and he thorised by the law of nations, even as we now to enforce his claim by arms. But the Poet has ed to insist on this, and prefers placing the more but unsubstantial claim in the foreground.

a nimble GALLIARD"—A "galliard" was an anprightly dance, as its name implies; which Sir Davies describes as—

A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
A spirit and a virtue masculine,—
With lofty turns and capriols in the air,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

nnis-balls, my liege"—In the old play of the ous Victories," this present consists of "a gilded tennis-balls, and a carpet."

ith CHASES"—A "chase," at tennis, is the dura- a contest between the players, in which the on each side, is to keep up the ball. The other n the text belonging to the game are sufficiently ible.

turn'd his balls to GUN-STONES"—When ordnance st used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of So, Hollingshed:—"About seaven of the clocke d forward the light pieces of ordinance, with nd powder."

ACT II.—CHORUS.

"— *and* WELL *digest*
Th' abuse of distance: force a play."

is the reading of the folio, (1623,) excepting for *we'll*. The Chorus calls upon the audience st well the abuse to the scene, arising out of the e of the various places, and to "force a play," or nstraint upon themselves in this respect, for the the drama. Malone reads, with Pope, "*While* e a play." We adopt Collier's reading and exon, for want of a better; but strongly suspect me words have been lost, or a line intended to cted left in the text, by oversight.

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene."

Chorus plainly says,—after having described the which is to take place "in Southampton,"—not king come forth do we shift our scene to that The previous scene in Eastcheap occurs before g does come forth. This intimation of the Chos to prevent the scene in Eastcheap coming abupon the audience. The first "till," however, be *when*, to make the sense clear.

SCENE I.

se TIKE"—We have still the word, which sigcommon *dog*—a mongrel. The bull-terrier, in er's admirable picture of "Low-life," is a "tike." In LEAR, we have the "bob-tail tike." The "ploughman's collie," of Burns, is "a gash an' faithfu' tyke."

"SOLUS, *egregious dog? O viper vile!*" etc.

Pistol supposes Nym to convey some dark insult in the word "*solus*," which he says he "can take the meaning of." Annotators, not *taking* the sense of the old slang phrase, though still in use, have proposed idle alterations.

"*I am not* BARBASON"—"Barbason" was the name of a *fiend*, or demon, whom Nym pretends to suppose Pistol intended to conjure by his absurd phraseology. "Barbason" is mentioned as a devil's name—"a devil's addition"—in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, (act ii. scene 2.)

SCENE II.

"— *the man that was his bedfellow*"—"Hollingshed states this literally:—'The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow.' Malone says, 'This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century, (the seventeenth,) if not later.' Customs are unseemly, for the most part, when they are opposed to the general usages of society, and to the state of public opinion. The necessity for two persons occupying one bed belonged to an age when rooms were large and furniture scanty. It is scarcely just to consider the custom unseemly when connected with manners very different from our own. When Roger Ascham speaks of a favourite pupil who was his bedfellow, we see only the affectionate remembrance of the good old schoolmaster; and, in SHAKESPEARE, we find the custom connected with the highest poetry, (CORIOLANUS, act iv scene 4:)—

—— Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, *whose bed*, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable," etc.

KNIGHT.

"*Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours.*"

Thus the revised copy in the folio; the earlier edition, more generally followed in modern editions, has—

Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours.

"— *deck'd in* MODEST COMPLEMENT"—"Complement" is *fulness, perfection;* which perfection is not ostentatiously shown, but borne *modestly*.

SCENE III.

"— CHRISTOM *child*"—The *chrisom* was a white cloth placed upon the head of an infant at baptism, when the *chrism*, or sacred oil of the Romish church, was used in that sacrament. The white cloth which was worn by the child, at baptism, was subsequently called a *chrisom;* and if the child died within a month of its birth, that cloth was used as a shroud. Children dying under the age of a month were called *Chrisoms*, in the old bills of mortality. Mrs. Quickly's "christom" is one of her emendations of English.

"— *at the turning o' the tide*"—"It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb. Half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the Poet's time."—JOHNSON.

"—*for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields*"—This passage (says Knight) is at once the glory and the opprobrium of commentators. There is nothing similar in the quarto; in the folio it reads thus:—"for his nose was as sharpe as a pen, and a table of greene fields." Theobald made the correction of "a table" to '*a babbled*, (he babbled;) which was to turn what was unintelligible into sense and poetry. Pope conjectured that "a table of green fields" was a stage-direction, and that Greenfields was the name of the property-man. Another guess is this:—"for his nose

was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green *fells*,"—i. e. as a sharp silver pen, used to write upon a table-book of *shagreen*. Other comments and conjectures are no better. Theobald's emendation is now universally adopted.

"— *and all was as cold as any stone*"—"Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us, in his epilogue to KING HENRY IV., that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain, lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him. Let meaner authors learn, from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the public what they have not written. This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the Poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters."—JOHNSON.

SCENE IV.

"*Which, of a weak and niggardly projection*," etc.

The construction of this passage is perplexed, and the grammatical concord not according to our present notions; but its meaning appears to be, "So the proportions of defence are filled; which, to make of a weak and niggardly projection, (i. e. *contrivance*,) is to do like a miser who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth."

"— *his mountain sire*"—The Poet goes back to Hollingshed for this incident. "Mountain sire" may refer to the Welsh descent of Edward III.

"— *second accent of his* ORDINANCE"—So spelled in the original, and the orthography is here preserved on account of the verse. In the Chorus of the third act, in the line, "Behold the ordnance on their carriages," it is only wanted as a dissyllable; but it is nevertheless spelled as a trisyllable in the folio, as common in the author's time.

ACT III.—CHORUS.

"*Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet,*
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning," etc.

"It was not in Hollingshed that Shakespeare found a hint of the splendour of Henry's fleet. That chronicler simply says, 'When the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weigh up anchors, and hoyse up sails.' Speed, whose history of Great Britain was not published till 1611, speaking of Henry's second expedition into France, in 1417, describes the king as embarking in a ship whose sails were of purple silk, most richly embroidered with gold. Neither Hollingshed nor Hall, in their accounts of the second expedition, mention this circumstance. But our Poet might have found the narrative of a somewhat similar pageantry in Froissart, where the French ships destined for the invasion of England, in 1387, are described as painted with the arms of the commanders and gilt, with banners, pennons, and standards of silk. The invading fleet of Henry V. consisted of between twelve and fourteen hundred vessels, of various si from twenty to three hundred tons. On the 10th August, 1415, the king embarked on board his s the 'Trinity,' between Portsmouth and Southampt and the whole fleet was under weigh on the 11th. a curious error in the folio of 1623, the king 'at *Do* pier' embarks his royalty. Of course this was an er of the printer or transcriber, for the passage is inc sistent with the Chorus of the second act. Warton t us that, among the records of the town of Southampt there is a minute and authentic account of the encar ment before the embarkation, and that the low p where the army lay, ready to go on board, is now tirely covered with sea, and called West Port."—KNIG

As no one of the historical authorities, used by Sha speare, has noticed this splendour of equipment, it see to me likely to have been one of those traditional cumstances handed down in a story so familiar to E lishmen of the Poet's age.

"— *the* RIVAGE"—i. e. The *bank*, or shore. (*Riva* French.) The old historians, Hall and Hollingsh often use it.

"— *the devilish cannon*"—Shakespeare found the thet thus applied in Spenser's "Fairy Queen," (boo canto 7:)—

> As when that *devilish iron engine*, wrought
> In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
> With windy nitre, and quick sulphur fraught,
> And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
> Conceiveth fire, etc.

"— CHAMBERS *go off*"—"Chambers" were sm pieces of *ordnance*. They were used in theatres, the "Globe" was burnt by a discharge of them, in 16

SCENE I.

"*Once more unto the breach, dear friends*"—T speech, and the previous Chorus, are among the h poetical additions of the Poet to his original sketch, fragment being found in the quarto editions.

"— *the* PORTAGE *of the head*"—The eyes are co pared to cannon prying through *port-holes*.

"*O'erhang and* JUTTY *his* CONFOUNDED *base,*
SWILL'D *with the wild and wasteful ocean.*"

To "jutty" is to *project*—"jutties," or *jetties*, projecting moles, to break the force of the wav "Confounded" is neither worn or wasted, as John tells us, nor destroyed, as Malone infers; but *vexed*, *troubled*. "Swill'd" anciently was used for "*was much*, or *long*, drowned, surrounded by water: *Prolutu*

"— *On, on, you* NOBLES *English*"—The original *noblish*, which, being clearly a misprint, has been riously corrected. The second folio, and Collier, r "*noblest* English," others "*noble* English," and Kni "*nobless* English,"—i. e. "ye English *nobility*." doubt *nobless* ever being anciently used in the sense *noblesse*, for the body of nobility. *Nobless* is used, Chaucer, for *rank*, high state, and by Ben Jonson nobility of mind. I am not aware of its ever being u in the French sense, until modern times. This editi therefore, varies from any preceding one, in correct the misprint to "*nobles* English," as put in oppositio "and you, good yeomen." The conjecture is confirm by two similar transpositions in act v., where we fi "princes French," and "you princes English."

"*Whose blood is* FET"—Thus in the old editi This form of the participle is common in the writers Shakespeare's time. Pope here needlessly altered it *fetch'd*, as modern printers or editors have general done, in our English Bible, in the older editions of wi "fet" is often found.

"*Be* COPY *now to men of grosser blood*," etc.

"Copy," for that which is to be *copied*, is an old u of the word, now retained only in the writing-scho and printing-office.

Scene II.

'ray thee, corporal"—Malone says that the varia- in Bardolph's title proceeded from Shakespeare's ntion. Knight asks, "Is it not that Nym, in his , forgets his own rank and Bardolph's also?"

- *I have not a* CASE *of lives*"—Meaning, "I have o lives." A "case" of poignards meant a *couple* m; and in a passage referred to by Whalley, Ben n speaks of two masques as "a *case* of masques."

- *the men would* CARRY COALS"—The editors refer sages to show, that "carrying coals" was synony- with what the boy calls "pocketing up of wrongs." so used by Shakespeare, in ROMEO AND JULIET, . scene 1,) and by Greene, Nash, Decker, Chap- Day, and many other contemporaries of Shake- e. It seems that some humble class of society ll in Paris) was, of old, in London, employed in ng coals; so that it was regarded as the lowest nial offices.

- *I sall* QUIT *you*"—i. e. I shall *requite* you.

Scene III.

- HEADY *murder*"—So the folio of 1632; that of has *headly*. The ordinary editions follow Malone, nging it to the feeble epithet, *deadly*. "Heady" horised by the next best authority to the folio of and is a word Shakespeare has before employed NRY IV., (Part I., act ii:)—"All the currents of a fight." Knight retains *headly*, as meaning *head- , rash;* but I cannot find that word to have ever in use; while "heady," in that sense, was familiar old English writers.

Scene IV.

- *et tu parles bien le langage*"—"Gildon very rea- ly asked, why the princess and Alice should be to speak French, when other French characters English? and Farmer supposed that these French s came from 'a different hand.' Of this we have e slightest evidence; but it was certainly opposed ordinary practice of the stage to make foreign cters speak a foreign language, though not unusual present them using broken English. Such is the n the old 'Famous Victories of Henry V.,' where, ds the close, the French soldiers throw dice for glish and their 'brave apparel.' We have printed d French nearly as it stands in the folio of 1623, a few changes, made by Theobald, in the persons speakers, as the prefixes in the original copies nfused."—COLLIER.

Scene V.

- *that* NOOK-SHOTTEN *isle of Albion*"—I believe Warburton and Stevens are right in their under- ng of this obscure phrase:—"*Shotten* signifies any projected; so 'nook-shotten isle' is an isle that out into capes, promontories, and necks of land— ry figure of Great Britain. Randle Holme, in his dence of Armory,' has '*Querke*, a *nook-shotten* [of glass."] But Knight thus maintains a different —"What has the *form* of the isle to do with the nptuous expressions of Bourbon? Stevens sup- Warburton's explanation by informing us, from e Holme, that a 'querke is a nook-shotten pane s.' This, we take it, is not a pane of glass shoot- t into angles—'capes, promontories, and necks'— irregular piece of glass, adapted to the nooks of l Gothic casements. The 'nook-shotten isle of ' is the isle thrust into a corner, apart from the the world—the '*penitus toto divisos orbe Britan- f* Virgil."

- *drench for* SUR-REIN'D *jades*"—"Sur-rein'd is *ined*, over-ridden, or over-strained. Stevens ob- , that it is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *mash*. To this the constable alludes.

"— FOR *achievement offer us his ransom*"—i. e. *Instead* of achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a certain sum, as a ransom. So, in HENRY VI., (Part III.:)—

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say.

"— *in* ROUEN"—Of old pronounced, as here, *Roan;* and so spelled in the old copies.

Scene VI.

"— *he hath stolen a* PAX"—The "pax" was a small image of the Saviour, on which the kiss of *peace* was bestowed by the congregation. This is the word of the old copies, which has been altered, by modern editors, into *pix*—the vessel containing the consecrated wafer of the mass. Mr. Nares, in his excellent Glossary, has shown that the old word was the true one:—"A *pix*—the casket which contains a sacred wafer—is not such an article as Bardolph could readily have stolen. The 'pax of little price' is a small plate of wood or metal, with some sacred representation engraved upon it, tendered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. It was a subtitute for the kiss of peace, of the primitive church. The custom of kissing the *pax* is now disused; but such a relic of the Romish church was exhibited at the Society of Antiquaries, in 1821."

"— *such a* SCONCE"—Blount, in his "Glossographia," (1656,) interprets this as "a *block-house*, or fortification in war; also taken for the *head*, because a sconce, or block-house, is made for the most part round, in fashion of a head."

"— *a beard of the general's cut*"—"It appears, from an old ballad, '*Le Prince d'Amour*,' (1660,) that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain *cut*, or form, was appropriated to the soldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, etc. The *spade-beard*, and perhaps the *stiletto-beard*, also, was appropriated to the first of these characters. It is observable that our author's patron, Henry, Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented with the former. In the ballad above mentioned, the various forms of this fantastic ornament are described."—MALONE.

"*Enter King* HENRY, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*"

The stage-direction in the folio shows what appearance the sick and enfeebled soldiers of Henry V. were intended to bear upon the stage—"Drums and colours. Enter the King and his poor soldiers."

"*You know me by my* HABIT"—The herald, in days of chivalry, always wore a *surcoat*, ornamented with armorial bearings, designating his nation, etc. It is still used on occasions of European pageantry, as coronations, etc.

"— *God before*"—i. e. God being my guide. The same expression, when used to a parting friend, implied, God be thy guide. The "prevent us, O Lord!" of the Liturgy, is *go before us*.

"— *There's for thy labour*"—The King here gives him the customary *largesse*, or fee, always paid to a herald, for any message, whether friendly or from a foe.

Scene VII.

"— *all other* JADES *you may call beasts*"—The precise meaning of the word "jade" has led to much discussion upon this passage. Warburton boldly says, "It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach." But "jade" was not always a term of reproach; whereas "beast," as applied to a horse or a dog, still is so. It is probable that "jade" originally

meant a *tired horse*—a horse that has *yade*, (gone.) There is a passage in Ford that shows that, after Shakespeare's time, "jade" was not used to express a sorry horse:—

> Like high-fed *jades* upon a tilting day,
> In antique trappings.

In HENRY IV. (Part II.) the following passage appears to be decisive, as to Shakespeare's interpretation of the word:—

> —— he gave his *able horse* the head,
> And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
> Against the panting sides of his *poor jade*.

"— *like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait* TROSSERS"—This expression is here merely figurative, as Theobald long since observed, for *femoribus denudatis*. But it is certain that the Irish "trossers," or *trowsers*, were anciently the direct contrary to the modern garments of that name. "Their *trowses*, commonly spelled *trossers*, were long pantaloons *exactly fitted to the shape*." Bulwer, in his "Pedigree of the English Gallant," (1653,) says, "Now our hose are made so close to our breeches that, like the *Irish trossers*, they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part."—SINGER.

"— *my mistress wears* HIS *own hair*"—"The mistress of the Dauphin is his horse, and therefore he properly says, 'my mistress wears *his* own hair;' but modern editors, not understanding how 'his' could apply to a 'mistress,' altered it to *her*, without stating that they varied from the old copies."—COLLIER.

"*Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement*"—It is curious that this scriptural proverbial expression is quoted in the words of Calvin's old version, or the first Geneva Bible, (1588.)

"—*'tis a* HOODED *valour, and when it appears it will* BATE"—When falcons are *unhooded* they "bate"—flap the wing, ready to fly at the game. The Constable here quibbles upon the word "bate:"—When the Dauphin's hooded valour appears there will be less of it—it will *abate*.

"— PEEVISH *fellow*"—i. e. *Silly, foolish* fellow.

ACT IV.—CHORUS.

"— *the* PORING DARK,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe."

The "poring dark" is a singular phrase—it would seem to mean that darkness in which one must look closely, and *pore* over whatever is wished to be seen. The idea of darkness being *universal* over the globe, alarms Warburton for the honour of the author's knowledge. But he has elsewhere shown that he knew well enough that darkness reigned but "o'er the one-half world" at a time. Johnson has well remarked:—"There is a better proof that Shakespeare knew the order of night and day, in MACBETH:—

> —— Now o'er the *one-half* world
> Nature seems dead.

But there was no need of any justification. The *universe*, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present."

"*The hum of either army* STILLY *sounds*," etc.

This expression, applied to sound, is not peculiar to Shakespeare: we have "a *still* small voice" in the sacred writings; and Florio's Dictionary, in the word *sussura*, has "a buzzing, a murmuring, a charming, a humming, a soft, gentle, *still noise*, as of running water falling with a gentle stream, or as trees make with the wind," etc. It is the "*murmure tacito*" of Ovid.

"— *the other's* UMBER'D *face*"—It has been said the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of "umber" colour, when beheld through the light of night fires. Singer thinks, that nothing more is meant than "*shadow'd* face." The epithet "*paly* flames" against the other interpretation. "Umbre," for *shad* is common in our older writers. Thus Cavendish his "Metrical Visions," (Prologue, p. 2:)—

> Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant.

With busy hammers closing rivets up," etc.

This does not solely refer to the riveting of the pl armour, before it was put on, but as to part when it on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bi iron, that passed through a hole, pierced through bottom of the casque. When both were put on, smith or armourer presented himself, with his rivet hammer, *to close the rivet up;* so that the party's h should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of blow that might be given on the cuirass, or heln This custom prevailed more particularly in tourname (See "Variétés Historiques," 1752.)

"*The confident and* OVER-LUSTY *French*
Do the low-rated English play at dice," etc.

"Over-lusty" is *over-saucy*. Thus, in North's "P tarch:"—"Cassius's soldiers did shewe themselves v stubborn and *lustie* in the camp." This is Steve explanation; the word "lusty," however, was syno mous with *lively*. "To be *lively* or *lustie*, to be in fo or strength; *Vigeo*." It also meant "in good pli *jolly*." By "Do the low-rated English play at dice, meant, "do play them away, or play for them at dic The circumstance is from Hollingshed.

"— *that, Mean and Gentle all*
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night,—
And so our scene must to the battle fly," etc.

We retain the original words and punctuation, wh has been commonly altered, in the modern editions, t

> —— *Then*, mean and gentle all
> Behold, (as may unworthiness define,)
> A little touch of Harry in the night, etc.

The Chorus, throughout, addresses the audience, in ing them to "entertain conjecture," etc. As the reading has it, the Chorus calls upon all, whether m or gentle, to behold *that*, which the Poet has just scribed of the King's deportment. He then says, brie "A little touch of Harry in the night" shall be show and then the scene hurries to the battle. Thus oldest text gives us, I think, the plainest sense.

"MINDING *true things*"—i. e. *Remembering*—a quent old English, and still used Scottish phrase.

SCENE I.

"— *casted* SLOUGH *and fresh* LEGERITY"—The s sion is to the casting of the "slough," or *skin* of snake, annually, by which act he is supposed to reg new vigour and fresh youth. "Legerity" is *lightn nimbleness*—(Légèreté, French.) The word is used Ben Jonson, in "Every Man out of his Humour."

"*Enter* PISTOL"—All the preceding portion of scene, as well as the Chorus, is wanting in the quar which begins with Pistol's *qui va là*.

"— *higher* MOUNTED *than ours, yet when they* STOOP "Mounted" and "stoop" are terms of falconry. Th in an old song, quoted by Percy:—

> She flieth at one
> Her mark jump upon,
> And *mounteth* the welkin clear;
> Then right she *stoops*
> When the falconer he whoops,
> Triumphing in her chanticleer.

"— *their children* RAWLY *left*"—i. e. Left with *preparation*. What is not *matured* is "raw." So MACBETH:—

> Why in this *rawness* left he wife and children?

- *That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun*"—In
d play, (the quarto, 1600,) the thought is more
ed. "It is a great displeasure that an elder gun
lo against a cannon, or a subject against a mon-
"—JOHNSON.

- *something too* ROUND"—i. e. Too *plain* or *uncere-
us;* as in HAMLET, "Pray you be *round* with him."

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children," etc.
s beautiful speech was added after the first edition.
re is something very striking and solemn in this
quy, in which the King breaks immediately, as soon
is left alone. Something like this, on less occa-
every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness
upon the mind, upon the separation of a gay com-
and especially after forced and unwilling merri-
"—JOHNSON.

"*What is* THY *soul* OF *adoration?*"
print this as in the original—"What is *thy* soul,"
This, according to the commentators, is "incor-
—"a mistake." Johnson would read, "What is
ul, *O* adoration!" Malone reads, "What is *the*
f adoration?" These appear to us weak "amend-
." "Ceremony" is apostrophized throughout this
ficent address. To read "O adoration," or "the
f adoration," is to introduce a new impersonation,
ing the continuity which runs through fifty lines.
soul of adoration, O ceremony," is, *thy inmost
of adoration.* Is thy worth, *thy very soul of
re,* any thing but "place, degree, and form?"—
IT.

The FARCED *title running 'fore the king,*" etc.
t is, The *stuffed, tumid,* or *inflated* title, with
the King's name is introduced. The use of
d, for *stuffed,* was common. It has been suggested,
r. Knight, that "the farced title running 'fore the
' refers to the gorgeous herald who preceded the
on state occasions, to proclaim his *title.* But the
of the herald makes the thought more literal than
oet meant; it is the pompous string of titles that
sonified.

God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
ess them not with fear: take from them now
sense of reckoning of th' opposed numbers:
k their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord!" etc.
he text, as here printed, that of the folio is pre-
l, as to the words, making only a change in punc-
n. The folio has it thus:—

—— take from them now
The sense of reckoning of th' opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord!
O not to-day think not upon the fault, etc.

e other hand, the previous quartos have these
—

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the opposed multitudes which stand before them
May not appal their courage.
O not to-day, not to-day, O God,
Think on the fault my father made
In compassing the crown.

is, Malone, Collier, and others, have preferred
ng the folio text thus:—

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, *if* the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.

nes of the folio contain the author's intended cor-
n of the previous words, and should be preferred;
ere is clearly some misprint. The reading of this
n, which is that first given in the judicious edition
ger, has the advantage of making the least change,
so avoids the double negative of the other altera-

O *not* to-day think *not* upon the fault.

SCENE II.

"*Via!—les eaux et la terre*"—"Via!" is an exclamation, signifying *away!* often met with. The Dauphin evidently means, by "*les eaux et la terre,*" and his cousin by "*l'air et le feu,*" a reference to the four elements, which, in act iii. scene 7, the Dauphin had spoken of in connection with his horse.

"— DOUBT *them with superfluous courage*"—This is the old reading, and taking "doubt them" in the sense of making them doubt, or alarming them for the issue, is quite as intelligible as *dout,* or *do out,* (extinguish,) which Stevens and Malone would substitute. Pope read *daunt.*

"— *the* SHALES *and husks*"—"Shale" was the old form of *shell;* from the Saxon *schale.*

"— *let the trumpets sound*
The TUCKET SONNANCE, *and the note to mount,*" etc

The "tucket-sonnance" is the *sounding* of the *tucket.* A "tucket" was properly not a trumpet, but the sound produced by a trumpet. This is what the constable of France calls the "tucket-sonnance." This, as well as the "note to mount," and "dare the field," were both in their day familiar terms of sporting, which the Constable uses in gay contempt. Johnson well remarks:—"He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase, for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when, by the falcon in the air, they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand."

"*The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*
With torch-staves in their hand," etc.

Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures, holding the sockets for the lights, in their extended hands. Mr. Douce had one of those interesting relics in his possession. They are mentioned in "Vittoria Corombana," (1612:)—"He shewed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting-staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle."

The woodcuts of it, in the *Variorum* and other editions, give a vivid idea of the propriety of the comparison.

"*I stay but for my* GUARD"—Johnson and Stevens were of opinion that "guard" here means rather something of ornament, than an attendant, or attendants. Malone has successfully combated their opinion. Hollingshed, speaking of the French, says:—"They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noblemen made such haste toward the battle, that they left many of their servants and *men of war* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards;* as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet,* and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a standard." Every prince, commander, and chief officer had his attendant "guard," or squire of the body, as he was sometimes called, (in French *garde-du-corps.*) Even every *gen-d'arme,* or complete man at arms, had his attendant archer; and they were both persons of distinction.

SCENE III.

"*He, that shall* SEE *this day, and* LIVE *old age,*" etc.

Thus the old copies, giving the clear sense, that "he that shall see the approaching day of battle, and live to old age," shall "yearly," etc. There seems no reason for the transposition made in all the modern editions, except those of Knight, without any authority—

He, that shall *live* this day, and *see* old age.

"*Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.*

To this line Malone added another, found in the quartos—

And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.

But, in the first edition, this line was inserted in another

place, after "gentle his condition," whence the author expunged it, in his revision, without transposing it to this place.

"— *in* HIS MOUTH"—"When Shakespeare altered *friends* to 'neighbours,' he altered *their mouths*, of the quarto, to 'his mouth.' How beautifully he preserves the continuity of the picture of *the one old man* remembering his feats, and his great companions in arms, by this slight change. *His* mouth names 'Harry the king' as a *household word;* though in *their* cups the name shall be freshly remembered."—KNIGHT.

"— CRISPIN CRISPIAN *shall ne'er go by*"—The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, is as follows:—"Crispinus and Crispianus were brethren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate the Christian religion; but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers. But the governor of the town, discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded, about the year 303; from which time, the shoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar saints."—WHEATLEY.

"*This day shall* GENTLE *his condition*"—i. e. This day shall advance him to the rank of a *gentleman*. Tollet informs us, that King Henry V. inhibited any person, but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, to assume coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt.

"— COULD *fight this royal battle*"—So the folio. The quarto, which is followed by most editors, has "*might* fight this battle out."

"*Mark, then,* ABOUNDING *valour in our English;*
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing," etc.

Singer has thus abridged some pages of contentious commentary on this passage:—"Theobald, with overbusy zeal for emendation, changed 'abounding' into *a bounding*, and found the allusion exceedingly beautiful, comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball. There is, as usual, an idle controversy between Malone and Stevens; the one preferring the old reading, and the other, from a spirit of opposition to his rival, which ever guided him, supporting Theobald's alteration. Malone grounded his opinion upon the reading of the quarto, 'abundant valour,'—a phrase used again by Shakespeare, in KING RICHARD III. But neither of them saw that the very construction shows Theobald's alteration to be wrong. It is plain that none of the commentators understood the passage; for Johnson acknowledges that he does not know what to make of *killing in relapse of mortality*, of the meaning of which Stevens also displays his ignorance, in attempting to explain it. The sense of the passage is clearly this:—'Mark then how valour abounds in our English; that (who) being dead, like an almost spent bullet glancing upon some object, break out into a second course of mischief, killing even in their mortal relapse to mother earth.' This *putrid valour*, as Johnson pleasantly calls it, is common to the descriptions of other poets. Stevens refers to Lucan, (lib. vii. ver. 821,) and to Corneille, who has imitated Lucan, in the first speech of his 'Pompée;" where we find—

> Et dont les troncs pourris exhalent dans les vents,
> De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivants.

"— *leading of the* VAWARD"—i. e. The *vanward*, or advanced body of the army.

SCENE IV.

"— *Callino, castore me*"—This is an old tune, to which a song was sung, printed in Clement Robinson's "Handful of Pleasant Delights," (1584.) The notes are preserved in Playford's "Musical Companion," (1673.) There can be no doubt that this is what is meant, though the words put into Pistol's mouth, in the old copy, are "*Calmie custure me.*" He hears the French soldi speak a foreign jargon, and replies by the first forei words that occurred to him, being the Irish burden an old ballad. Boswell pointed out the air, and t true reading; and thus put an end to the doubt as to expression which had puzzled the commentators.

"— *thou diest on point of* FOX"—"Fox" was a sla word for a *sword*, in the time of Shakespeare, and afte wards. Webster, in his "White Devil," (1612,) mak one of his characters ask, "O, what blade is it—a To do, or an English *fox?*"

"*O, prenez misericorde*"—I suspect that Shakespea had a lurking design, in this scene, to remind us ho much the honours of courage depend upon accide and the character of the adversary. The French soldi broken down by the defeat of his friends, begs mer from the empty braggart, Pistol. Pistol is not on beaten by the brave Welshman, but is kicked dow stairs by Falstaff; while the knight, before other adve saries, finds the "better part of valour" in "discretion

"— *I will fetch thy* RIM *out at thy throat*"—We fi in Coles's Dictionary, (1677,) that "rim" is "the *co* in which the bowels are wrapped." Pistol means, th he will drag the Frenchman's vitals out through h throat. "Rim" is used in this sense by Chapman, P Holland, and others.

"BRASS, *cur*"—"The critics have decided that, b cause Pistol mistakes *bras* for 'brass,' and subsequent thinks *moi* (then spelled 'moy') is pronounced *m* Shakespeare 'had very little knowledge in the Fren language.' We have two pages of notes, in the *Variorum* editions, to prove this. But the critics have not prov what was the pronunciation of the French language, Shakespeare's time, especially with regard to the no silent *s*."—KNIGHT.

Knight is quite right in his conjecture, that this w the old French sound of the word The dropping the sound of final letters, or sounding them indistinct was one of the alterations which gradually gain ground between the reigns of Henry IV. of France, a Louis XV. The French and English languages we much nearer, both in idiom and in pronunciation, in t age of Shakespeare, than they now are.

"— *is that a* TON OF MOYS"—"Par-*tonnez*-moy" (pe haps the then received mode of pronunciation) sugge the "ton of moys." But what is a "moy?" Johns says *moi* is a piece of money—whence *moi-dore*. Dou is hard upon the derivation of moidore, and says th "moy" meant a measure of corn. Without defendi Pistol's or Dr. Johnson's etymology, we believe Dou is mistaken. Pistol clearly takes "moy" for money some sort.

"— *this roaring devil i' the old play*"—An allusion the introduction of the devil in the old Moralities, wh was often made to roar for the amusement of the spe tators, sometimes by the Vice, who beat him with h "wooden dagger," also mentioned by the boy.

SCENE V.

"*O diable!*" etc.—"Ludicrous as these scraps French appear, so instantly followed by good nervo mother-English, yet they are judicious, and produce t impression which Shakespeare intended,—a sudd feeling struck at once on the ears as well as the ey of the audience, that 'here come the French,' etc. A this will appear still more judicious, when we reflect the scanty apparatus of distinguishing dresses, in Shak speare's tiring-room."—COLERIDGE.

"*Let us die in* HONOUR"—"The ordinary reading 'Let us die *instant*.' Malone would read, 'Let us d in *fight*.' The folio reads, 'Let us die *in*,' which Mas says is the true reading. To justify and explain reading, we must exhibit the greatly altered scene the quarto; which is also a curious example of t

in which the text of the folio was expanded and
led,—and that certainly by the Poet:—

Gebon. O diabello!
Con. Mort de ma vie!
Orl. O what a day is this!
Bour. O jour del honte! all is gone; all is lost!
Con. We are enow yet living in the field
smother up the English,
ny order might be thought upon.
Bour. A plague of order; once more to the field,
d he that will not follow Bourbon now,
him go, etc.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, right us now!
me we in heaps, we'll offer up our lives
to these English, or else die with fame.
me, come along,
's die with honour; our shame doth last too long.

ommentators have misused this text, without en-
iring by it to illustrate the difficulty in the text
folio. A word is omitted of some sort:—the
gives them the very passage—'Let's die with
.' But that they refuse to see; and although the
scene has been so amplified and improved, they
e a line from the quarto' which is not found in
io—

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

peare had previously given the sentiment in
die in honour;' the word 'honour' being unques-
y omitted in the printing of what he wrote."—
T.

"Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives."

quartos here have another line, worth preserv-
ough it seems to have been thrown out by the
, in his revision, probably as weakening the pre-
ines by words not adding to the force:—

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Scene VI.

c pretty and sweet manner of it"—This mixture
er and almost girlish sentiment with the men and
of blood, often strikes a man of peace, in our
s strangely discordant. It belongs to the spirit
alry, and has passed, in some degree, into modern
e. You will find it in Froissart and his com-
in Tasso, and the poets of chivalry,—very little
Homer and Virgil.

French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men," etc.
ll thought that this line should be spoken by a
ger, in answer to the King's "what new alarum
same?" The conduct of Henry in giving the
der—

Then every soldier kill his prisoner,—

e natural and justifiable, than if he issued the
nd upon suspicion only.

Scene VII.

ENE VII.—Here in the folio the third act ends,
Pope showed) erroneously, the business part of
ceding scene being continued. It may be even
d whether a new scene ought to be marked, as
ce is not necessarily changed

caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat"—
ing killed his prisoners (says Johnson) because
ected another battle, and he had not sufficient
guard one army and fight another. Gower's
is, as we see, different. Shakespeare followed
gshed, who gives *both* reasons for Henry's con-
ut has chosen to make the King mention one of
nd Gower the other.

turned away the fat knight"—"This is the last
at Falstaff can make sport. The Poet was loth
with him, and has continued his memory as long
ould."—Johnson.

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unnecessary to follow the chroniclers, or the
minute contemporary historians, through their
of the fearful carnage and victory of Agincourt.
owever, put the facts shortly before our readers,
as they may be collected from Sir H. Nicolas's elaborate and careful history of the battle:—

"The fighting men of France wore 'long coats of steel, reaching to their knees, which were very heavy; below these was armour for their legs; and above, white harness, and bacinets, with camails.' They were drawn up between two woods, in a space wholly inadequate for the movements of such an immense body; and the ground was soft from heavy rains. It was with the utmost difficulty they could stand or lift their weapons. The horses at every step sunk into the mud. Henry formed his little band in one line, the archers being posted between the wings, in the form of a wedge, with sharp stakes fixed before them. The King, habited in his *cote d'armes*, mounted a small gray horse; but he subsequently fought on foot. He addressed his troops with his usual spirit. Each army remained inactive for some hours. A truce was at length proposed by the French. The reply of Henry, before an army ten times as great as his own, differed little from the terms he had offered in his own capital. Towards the middle of the day, the order was given to the English to advance, by Henry crying aloud, 'Advance banners.' Sir Thomas de Erpyngham, the commander of the archers, threw his truncheon into the air, exclaiming, 'Now strike!' The English immediately prostrated themselves to the ground, beseeching the protection of Heaven, and proceeded in three lines on the French army. The archers of Henry soon put the French cavalry in disorder; and the whole army rushing on, with the national huzza, the archers threw aside their bows, and slew all before them with their bill-hooks and hatchets. The immense numbers of the French proved their ruin. The battle soon became a slaughter; and the harnessed knights, almost incapable of moving, were hacked to pieces by the English archers, 'who were habited in jackets, and had their hosen loose, with hatchets or swords hanging from their girdles, whilst many were barefooted and without hats.' The battle lasted about three hours. The English 'stood on the heaps of corpses, which exceeded a man's height;' the French, indeed, fell almost passive in their lines. Henry, at one period of the battle, issued an order for the slaughter of his prisoners. Even the French writers justify this horrible circumstance as an act of self-preservation. The total loss of the French was about ten thousand slain on the field; that of the English appears to have been about twelve hundred. Most of the dead were afterwards buried in enormous trenches.

"The English king conducted himself with his accustomed dignity to his many illustrious prisoners. The victorious army marched to Calais in fine order, and embarked for England, without any attempt to follow up their almost miraculous triumph. Henry reached Calais on the 29th of October, and on the 17th of November landed at Dover. He entered London amidst the most expensive pageantry of the citizens, contrasted with the studied simplicity of his own retinue and demeanour, on Saturday the 24th of November."—Knight.

Act V.—Chorus.

"— like a mighty whiffler *'fore the king"*—A "whiffler" may be taken generally to mean an officer who leads the way in processions. A whiffler was originally a *fifer*, or *piper*, who anciently went first, on occasions of pageant and ceremony. Minshew defines him to be a club or staff bearer. Grose, in his "Provincial Glossary," mentions whifflers as "men who make way for the corporation of Norwich, by flourishing their swords." The sword-flourishers of Norwich are standard-bearers in London, under the same name.

"The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd," etc.

The construction is not easy, although the meaning is evident:—As yet the lamentations of the French invite or induce the king of England to remain in his own

country: omit (understood) the coming of the emperor Sigismond, to procure peace between England and France, and omit besides all the occurrences, etc. It is possible that there may have been some error of the press, and that the author may have written, as Singer proposes—

> The emperor's coming——*we* omit,
> *And* all the occurrences, etc.

Or, as Knight suggests—

> —— Now in London place him;
> As yet the lamentation of the French.
> The emperor's coming in behalf of France
> Invites the king of England's stay at home,
> To order peace between them; and omit
> All the occurrences, etc.

"*Till Harry's back-return again to France,*" etc.

"Henry's return to France was marked by many fearful struggles for power, before the treaty of Troyes was concluded, which gave him the hand of Katharine, and made the King of France his vicegerent. Towns had been won; armies had perished. The Dauphin, whom we have seen at Agincourt, was no more; and he was succeeded in his rank by a prince of greater profligacy. Unhappy France was assailed by a resolute enemy, and had nothing to oppose to him but the weakness of factions, more intent upon destroying each other than disposed to unite for a common cause. The Duke of Burgundy, brought in by the Poet as the advocate of peace, was certainly present at the negotiations near Meulan, on the 30th May, 1419, when Henry first saw Katharine, and was struck with her grace and beauty. But this Duke of Burgundy, Jean *Sans Peur*, was murdered by the Dauphin, on the bridge of Montereau, on the following 10th September. This event led to a close connexion between Henry and the young Duke of Burgundy, who was anxious to revenge the death of his father; and perhaps this circumstance mainly contributed to Henry's success in negotiating the treaty of Troyes.

"The meeting of Henry with the French king, who in his unhappy state of mind was 'governed and ordered' by his ambitious and crafty queen, is thus described by Hollingshed:—'The Duke Burgoigne, accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the town, and conveyed him to his lodging. All his army was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himself a little, he went to visit the French king, the queen, and the Lady Katharine, whom he found in St. Peter's Church, where was a joyous meeting betwixt them. And this was on the xx. day of May, and there the King of England and the Lady Katharine were affianced.'"—KNIGHT.

SCENE I.

"*— a squire of low degree*"—The title of an old popular romance, called "The Squyre of Lowe Degre."

"*— you have* ASTONISHED *him*"—i. e. *Stunned* him with the blow, (says Johnson.) Mason explains it *confounded* him. Johnson was clearly right: "astonished" is still a pugilistic term, in the precise sense in which Gower uses it.

"*— I have seen you* GLEEKING"—To "gleek" is to *scoff, gird*, or *jest*. Bottom uses the word, in MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

"*— my* DOLL *is dead i' the spital*"—So all the old copies. Perhaps we should, with most modern editors, substitute *Nell* for "Doll." We leave it as printed of old, leaving the reader to inquire whether Pistol used "Doll" as a general term of endearment, referring to Nell Quickly, or whether the author confounded the two names, or whether he meant the Doll of Henry IV.

"*And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.* EXIT."

"The comic scenes of the history of Henry the Fourth and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comic personages are dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery: Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is reported beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."—JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

"*Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.*"

"Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, after the chorus, the fifth act seems naturally to begin."—JOHNSON.

"*— fatal balls of murdering* BASILISKS"—The "basilisk" was a *serpent*, which, it was anciently supposed could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. Thus, in the WINTER'S TALE:—

> Make me not sighted like the *basilisk*.

It was also a *great gun;* and the allusion here is double.

> "*— her hedges even-pleached,*
> *Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,*" etc.

Meaning, that the hedges, *formerly* "even-pleached" or regularly twisted and interwoven together, (*plaited*) were neglected, so that the long branches, instead of being cut and intertwined, shot up irregularly, and looked like the long wildly overgrown hair of prisoners. The Rev. Mr. Barry suggests, that "even-pleached" ought to be *never-pleached*.

"*—* DIFFUS'D *attire*"—Florio, in his Dictionary, explains "diffused" as synonymous with *confused*, and it seems so used in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, v. scene 4. (See note.) The phrase, then, here means *disordered dress*.

"*Pass our* ACCEPT, *and peremptory* ANSWER."

This passage has been considered obscure; and some would read "pass *or except*." The difficulty has arisen from a misconception of the meaning of "accept" and "answer." Our "accept" is our *consent* to certain of the articles: our "peremptory answer" is our undeviating *statement of objections* to other articles. In the quarto we have nothing of "accept;" but—

> We shall return our peremptory answer.

"*— thou wouldst find me such a plain king*"—"I know not why Shakespeare now gives the King such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. The military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gayeties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the Dauphin, who represents him as fitter for the bedroom than the field, and tells him that he is not *to play into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble gallia*rd. The truth is, that the Poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour to form the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to propagate upon vacuity."—JOHNSON.

My first impressions of this scene were like those expressed by Johnson, but after consideration showed me the criticism was unfounded. Here is a marriage of state policy, to be preceded by the brief royal courtship of a conqueror, "without the hopes, without the fears" of humbler affections. The Poet could not give his hero monarch the passion of Romeo or of Troilus, without something like absurdity; and the doting fondness of Antony was still more out of the question. A scene of declamatory courtship, in the taste of the old classical French stage, was not according to the Poet's taste. Nor would it have been as acceptable to the reader as the present one. Henry was to woo like a royal conqueror, and the language of poetic passion, whether forced or common-place, would be equally unappropriate. Besides, the Poet chose that his hero should not treat his bride merely as an appendage to his other conquests, and that he should desire to produce an impression by his personal merits; and this could best be done by presen-

f to her as the soldier, not simply as the sovereign. peaks to her "plain soldier," and thus gives an of sincerity and earnestness, which could not easily ned, under such circumstances, in any other way. it seems to me, Shakespeare has well extricated f and his hero from the inconvenience of one of scenes of rhetorical courtship, such as neither Cor- s declamatory splendour, nor Racine's graceful ce, have been able to preserve from tedium, or idicule, in the classic drama.

a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to antinople, and take the Turk by the beard"—As rk did not gain possession of Constantinople until thirty-one years after Henry V.'s death, this is ed, by divers critics, as "one of the Poet's anachro- " With his familiarity with the old chroniclers, speare could not but have read the true date of wnfall of the Greek empire; and if he here meant e Grand Turk was at Constantinople, as its sove- in Henry V.'s day, (as possibly he did,) it was from oversight, or forgetfulness, than sheer igno-

But the writers, who undertake to correct such should be careful of precise accuracy themselves. not necessarily an anachronism, and these words have been used by Shakespeare with a knowledge chronology and history of the Lower Empire, as e as Gibbon's. The later crusades were directed stantinople before its fall, not to eject the Grand but to "take him by the beard" before its walls, its defence. Thus Bajazet threatened the city days of Henry IV.; and the Greek emperor in- ll Christendom to aid him, and came himself to nd and France to beg assistance.

Notre TRÈS CHER *filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, r de France; and thus in Latin,*—PRÆCLARISSI- *ius*"—It appears here as if Shakespeare intended nslate "*très cher*" by the Latin word "*præclaris-* " but the fact is, he only followed Hollingshed. e adds, "In all the old historians that I have seen, ll as in Hollingshed, I find this mistake; but in eamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is *præcarissimus;* and in the twenty-second article pulation is, that he shall always be called, 'in lin- allicana notre tres cher fils,' etc.; 'in lingua vero hoc modo, noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus,' (See Rymer's *Fæd.*, ix. 893.") In Hall's "Chro- the epithet is *precharissimus*. Mr. Knight thus ks on the error, in reference to its bearing on the ed question of Shakespeare's scholarship:—"Dr. r, in his essay on the learning of Shakespeare, up his many proofs of the ignorance of our Poet, following argument, the crown of all:—'But to to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable ar- t, that Shakespeare did *not* understand *two* very on words in the French and Latin languages. ding to the articles of agreement between the eror, Henry, and the King of France, the latter style the former, (in the corrected French of the r editions,) Nostre *tres cher* filz Henry roy d'An- re; and in Latin, Præclarissimus filius, etc. What! Dr. Warburton,) is *tres cher* in French, *præclaris-* in Latin! we should read *præcarissimus*. This rs to be exceedingly true; but how came the er? It is a typographical one, in Hollingshed, Shakespeare copied; but must indisputably have ted, had he been acquainted with the languages.' eally this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's howing; for Shakespeare, finding the passage in gshed, was bound to copy it, without setting him- as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the words of the treaty should have exactly corres- d to the French. He might have understood the nent to mean, that the *very dear* son in the one ge, should be the *most noble* son in the other. Malone says, that the mistake is in all the old histo- as well as in Hollingshed. He is not quite right statement, for the word is *precharissimus* in Hall. y rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's 'Fœdera,' where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus*. By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakespeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of, when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense."

> "*Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;*
> *And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be.*"

Collier adds here the concluding lines (if such they may be called) of the quarto, (1600,) to show in what manner the end of the play was there huddled up. Shakespeare, probably, added, in the manuscript of this part of the play, from which the folio was printed, lines which were not in the drama when it was originally acted; but it is evident that what follows must have been mere fragments, extremely ill-combined by the party who furnished the copy of HENRY V. to the publishers of the quarto, (1600.) The subsequent follows the declaration of the style of Henry:—

> *Fran.* Nor this have we so nicely stood upon,
> But you, faire brother, may intreat the same.
> *Har.* Why then, let this among the rest
> Have his full course: And withall
> Your daughter Katherine in marriage.
> *Fran.* This and what else
> Your majestie shall crave.
> God, that disposeth all, give you much joy.
> *Har.* Why then, faire Katherine,
> Come give me thy hand.
> Our marriage will we present solemnise,
> And end our hatred by a bond of love.
> Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to mee:
> And may our vows, once made, unbroken bee!

The whole play is written in this manner, affording evidence, that although Shakespeare rendered his HENRY V. more complete, by large additions at a subsequent date, the quarto copies give but an imperfect notion of the form in which the drama was originally produced.

CHORUS

"*Our* BENDING *author*"—i. e. Unequal to the weight of his subject, and "bending" beneath it. Thus Milton, in his "Apology for Smectymnus," speaking of Bishop Hall:—"In a strain as pitiful—manifested a presumptuous undertaking with *weak and unexamined shoulders.*"

"This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the King is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Pistol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the English stage.

"The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers: but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven; nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided."—JOHNSON.

"King Henry the Fifth is visibly the favourite hero of Shakespeare, in English history: he portrays him endowed with every chivalrous and kingly virtue; open, sincere, affable, yet still disposed to innocent raillery, as a sort of reminiscence of his youth, in the intervals between his dangerous and renowned achievements. To bring his life after his ascent to the crown on the stage was, however, attended with great difficulty. The conquests in France were the only distinguished event of his reign; and war is much more an epic than a dramatic object. If we would have dramatic interest, war must only be the means by which something else

is accomplished, and not the last aim and substance of the whole." In KING HENRY V. no opportunity was afforded Shakespeare of rendering the issue of the war dramatic; but he has availed himself of other circumstances attending it, with peculiar care. "Before the battle of Agincourt, he paints in the most lively colours the light-minded impatience of the French leaders for the moment of battle, which to them seemed infallibly the moment of victory; on the other hand, he paints the uneasiness of the English king and his army, from their desperate situation, coupled with the firm determination, if they are to fall, at least to fall with honour. He applies this as a general contrast between the French and English national characters—a contrast which betrays a partiality for his own nation, certainly excusable in a poet, especially when he is backed with such a glorious document as that of the memorable battle in question. He has surrounded the general events of the war with a fullness of individual characteristic, and even sometimes comic features. A heavy Scotchman, a hot Irishman, a well-meaning, honourable, pedantic Welshman, all speaking in their peculiar dialects. But all this variety still seemed to the Poet insufficient to animate a play of which the object was a conquest, and nothing but a conquest. He has therefore tacked a prologue (in the technical language of that day a chorus) to the beginning of each act. These prologues, which unite epic pomp and solemnity with lyrical sublimity, and among which the description of the two camps before the battle of Agincourt forms a most admirable night-piece, are intended to keep the spectators constantly in mind that the peculiar grandeur of the action there described cannot be developed on a narrow stage; and that they must supply the deficiencies of the representation from their own imaginations. As the subject was not properly dramatic, in the form also Shakespeare chose rather to wander beyond the bounds of the species, and to sing, as a poetic herald, what he could not represent to the eye, than to cripple the progress of the action by putting long speeches in the mouths of the persons of the drama."—SCHLEGEL.

"The play of HENRY V. had a forerunner in an ol drama which bore the same title, and contained m of the incidents which Shakespeare has employed. anonymous dramatist goes back to Henry's juve frolics, and after these, and his father's death, trans him to Harfleur and Agincourt, without noticing glory in the northern war with Percy. In the ou of the piece we have the inn at Eastcheap; we see Prince familiar with dissolute company; and we h other circumstances that are similar in both pie These, it may be alleged, Shakespeare got from chroniclers; but it is clear that he had consulted elder play; for the trick by which he makes Falstaf give himself the appearance of being wounded, is cop from the old play. But the Prince's companions, in earlier piece, are vulgar beings, and have no Fals among them.

"The brave officers of Henry's army are finely c trasted with the scum of England—Nym, Bardol and Pistol, formerly servants to Falstaff, and now posed to the test as soldiers. As to poor Falstaff, description of his death in the play affects us with e tions that are not profoundly serious; and yet one c not help saying, as Prince Henry says on the belief his feigned death, 'I better could have spared a be man.' The multiplicity of battles in HENRY V. drawback on its value as an acting play; for battles awkward things upon the stage. A handful of c batants disappoints the spectator's imagination; and, the other hand, the illusion produced by numbers horse and foot, turns the spectacle into a sort of Ast exhibition. We forget this objection, however, in re ing the play. It has noble passages; and, among the the description of the night before the battle of A court will be repeated by the youth of England w our children's children shall be gray with age. It said of Æschylus, that he composed his 'Seven Ch against Thebes' under the inspiration of Mars hims If Shakespeare's HENRY V. had been written for Greeks, they would have paid him the same com ment."—T. CAMPBELL.

Arming of Henry the Fifth.

FIRST PART of KING HENRY VI

KING
HENRY
VI
Part I

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE THREE PARTS OF HENRY VI. AS "CHRONICLE HISTORIES"—THEIR PROBABLE EARLY DATE—MODERN DOUBTS AS TO SHAKESPEARE'S SHARE OF AUTHORSHIP IN THEM, AND TOTAL DENIAL AS TO THE FIRST PART—ONE'S ARGUMENT IN SUPPORT OF THAT THEORY—SLIGHTNESS OF HIS REASONS, AND THEIR FFICIENCY TO OVERTHROW THE UNIVERSAL EARLIER OPINION.

ure Chronicle History was the third stage of the graver English drama, as it passed on from coarse rudeness ne noblest forms of poetic and historic tragedy. Its first stage was the ancient "miracle play," founded on l narrative or popular sacred legends of saints and martyrs. Then succeeded the "moralities," or moral- hich were poetical and dramatic allegories in dialogue, bearing upon the popular political or religious the day, in which virtues and vices, church and state, follies, and parties and opinions, appeared as alle ersonages. Then, after the language had assumed nearly its present character, and English history had de accessible to English readers by Hall and his fellow chroniclers, came the proper dramatized "chroni- ry." This was an inartificial dramatic representation of popular history following the order of time in the n of events, sometimes with a mixture of the allegorical personages of the older plays, and often made n similar political feelings of the times. Such was the original "King John" of Bishop Bale, one of the liest plays of this class. It was written by a Protestant reformer, and intended to excite popular feeling he Church of Rome.

roper chronicle history, or strict historical drama, appears to have still been very popular at the period akespeare first became acquainted with the stage, although Marlowe, and Kyd, and Whetstone, had made ic familiar with tragedy in its more ambitious form of dramatic invention and splendid poetical decoration. these histories were, like the "Famous Victories of Henry V.," of a very humble order of talent, and ly owed their long-continued popularity to the interest of their subjects, so intimately associated with the s, recollections, and national or local feelings of their audiences. Others, again, like the "King John" mmediately preceded Shakespeare's, and Marlowe's "Edward II.," were executed with no contemptible l talent. Some of them varied their graver scenes with coarse buffoon humour. But none of them rose ove the level of the mere dramatized historical narrative, or gave to the events which they represented t of dramatic unity, or the deeper feeling or sustained splendour of tragic poetry. The raising this drama- ronicle to a higher stage of art, or, rather, the creation of English historical tragedy and tragi-comedy, was for Shakespeare. He first, among his countrymen, gave to represented history the unity of a pervading sentiment, and object; marking all the crowded succession of characters who had figured in the great f his country's history, with an individuality and life such as could be derived only from an intimate know general and living human nature, pouring over them and their deeds the light of moral instruction blended richest colours of fancy, and, at the same time, making the broadest humour and the most prolific mirthful n the adjuncts and exponents of historical truth.

e progress of the Poet's mind, in this as in other walks, though rapid was gradual; a fact which his critics nstantly disposed to overlook. It was not until HENRY IV., RICHARD II. and RICHARD III., and KING JOHN, er may have been the precise order of their succession,) that he had acquired the full mastery of that chemy which could transmute every rude and coarse fragment of the chronicle narratives "into something strange." These three plays, representing the feeble and disastrous reign of Henry VI., unquestionably l this period. They are expressly referred to in the concluding Chorus to HENRY V., as having been often ted before that play was produced:—

> Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown;* and for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

rst part is evidently referred to by Thomas Nash as early as 1592, in his "Pierce Pennilesse's Supplication," e says: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien dred year in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, be- n fresh bleeding!" There is also an entry of its performance at the Rose in March 3, 1591. It was so that it was played thirteen times in one season.

Of the second and third parts, in a brief and sketchy form, bearing nearly the same analogy to the plays now have as the first edition of HENRY V. does to that in the folio, there were editions printed as early as 15 and 1595; and the play which was after expanded into the second part of HENRY VI., was entered in the S tioners' Register as early as March, 1593. These circumstances concurring with the equally strong indications style, versification, and general management of the plot, unquestionably mark the three parts of HENRY VI. the first in order of composition of the series of which they constitute the centre in the order of chronology.

They were first printed in their present form, as enlarged and connected in one continuous play of success parts, in the folio of 1623. They all obviously belong to the old fashion of the chronicle drama, before the gr Poet had familiarized himself and his contemporaries with the idea of impressing upon such materials the sp and interest of the higher tragedy. They are annals thrown into action, and they differ from other contempor writings of the same class, not in being of a higher aim and more artist-like conception of the whole, but mer in the superior spirit, vigour, and congruity of the parts. The incidents, in their long succession, are depict naturally and vividly, the characters are every one of them marked with distinctness and consistency, and wit vivid and rapid power of portraiture, such as "the dogged York that reaches at the moon;" Suffolk's "clou brow and stormy hate;" Beaufort's "red sparkling eyes." In Margaret we have a foreshadowing of Lady M beth finely contrasted with the meek and holy Henry, whose gentle lowliness of spirit is brought out wit prominence and beauty a good deal beyond what history alone would have suggested to the Poet; as even in Lancastrian chronicles he appears unfitted for sovereignty, more from mere imbecility than from gentle virtues, suited to a station demanding "sterner stuff." Occasionally, too, as in the Cardinal's death, York's last scene, a many of Henry's speeches, appears a power of the pathetic and of the terrible, in which, however imperfectly veloped, we cannot mistake the future author of LEAR and MACBETH. It is on that account that, while from absence of that overflowing thought and quick-flashing fancy, which pervade the other histories, the paucity those Shakespearian bold felicities of expression which fasten themselves upon the memory, and from the in riority of the versification in freedom and melody, they can add nothing to the reputation of Shakespeare as poet, they have nevertheless taken strong hold of the general mind, are familiar to all readers, and have certai substituted their representations of the persons and incidents of the wars of York and Lancaster in popu opinion, alike to those of the sober narratives of the chroniclers, and of the philosophic inferences of mod historians. This is certainly no mean proof of the essential strength and spirit of these plays, however second their rank may be as poetic or dramatic compositions. Some portion of this popularity they indeed derive fr their close connection with the more brilliant and original dramas which precede and follow them in the histo scenes. But though inferior to them, they are still evidently a portion, and not an unworthy one, of the sa grand composition; they all having that congruity of character, that mutual enchainment of events, allusions, a opinions, which mark them all to have been kept in view together in the author's mind, as the several parts one continuous plot, though not constituting a single dramatic whole.

The several parts of HENRY VI. appear to have enjoyed great and long-continued popularity on the stage, h ing kept possession of it in one form or other for more than thirty years—from 1591, if not sooner, until 16 when they were first printed in full in the folio. They were then inserted in that volume by Heminge & C dell, who were not only the Poet's long-tried friends, men of character, who had undertaken to present the world, in one collection, scattered performances, in order "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend a fellow alive as was our Shakespeare," but they were also managers and proprietors of a company which b long held the copy of these plays, and often represented them, and, (as Collier adds in relation to the first par "in all probability had acted with Shakespeare, and had received his instructions and directions." To that v ume, the Poet's friend and rival, Ben Jonson, set his attestations in laudatory verses. At the time of this pub cation, very many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were still living; so that, Collier justly remarks,) "the player editors, if they could have been guilty of the dishonesty, would hardly ha committed the folly, of inserting a play in this volume which was not his production, or perhaps well known have been the work of some rival dramatist. If we imagine the frequenters of theatres to have been ignorant such a point, living authors and living actors must have been aware of the truth; and in the face of these, He inge & Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen another." No doubt of their genuineness appears to have been expressed or entertained at that time; and wi their confessed dramatic and poetic inferiority to the rest of the series, they were received, read, quoted, and act as Shakespeare's, as well in the age when his friends Ben Jonson, Drayton, and Chapman were living, as in th generations immediately succeeding, of Milton and of Dryden, when the traditions of the literature of the Eli bethan age were still fresh. Thus it followed of course, and very rightly, that for two centuries from their fi appearance, these plays, containing the story of HENRY VI., were acknowledged, and read, and acted, and printe and reprinted, as the genuine works of Shakespeare, with a universality of acquiescence, which was scarcely int rupted by a dogmatic doubt or denial of authenticity thrown out by the feeble Theobald, the paradoxical Warbu ton, or the over-ingenious Morgann.

It may therefore surprise many readers, who may not have kept pace with the later Shakespearian criticism to be informed, that a majority of the later English critics have adopted or incline to an hypothesis, brought fo ward by Malone about sixty years ago,—"that the First Part of KING HENRY VI., as it now appears, (of which quarto copy is extant,) was the entire or nearly the entire production of some unknown ancient dramatist; th 'The Whole Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' etc., written probably before the year 159 and printed in quarto, in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakespeare; and th

s piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled 'The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey,' etc., and the latter, 'The gedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt,') our Poet formed the two titled 'The Second and Third Parts of KING HENRY VI.,' as they appear in the first folio edition of his Malone ascribed one of those parts thus boldly appropriated by Shakespeare, to Greene, and the other to This theory, wholly founded on supposed internal evidence which had escaped the sagacity of Shakespeare's , as well as of Rowe, Pope, and a long succession of the ablest English critics down to Hazzlit, and was by Dr. Johnson, by Stevens and the German commentators, has since received more authority from the high of Hallam, who, concurring with Malone as to the denial of Shakespeare's authorship of the greater part plays, pronounces them very justly to be "above the powers of Greene or Peele," and to exhibit "a much share of the splendid versification called by Jonson *the mighty line* of Christopher Marlowe." (*Lit. of Eu-* v.) Drake, Chalmers, Singer, and several other editors and commentators, have adopted and given cur- this opinion; so that it appeared likely to become the prevailing editorial doctrine, until it was elaborately d, and triumphantly refuted in a learned and acutely argued Essay, introductory to the Historical Plays, t's "Pictorial" SHAKESPEARE.

scription to others of plays which had been before the public during the whole of Shakespeare's dramatic nd were published as his by those who had both acted and had a pecuniary interest in them; and this e eye of contemporary authors and actors, without exciting a single direct denial or censure which has posterity, would seem to require the most clear and conclusive internal evidence to give it probabi- alone's argument is contained in a long dissertation, printed in the several *Variorum* editions of SHAKES- It is founded mainly, as relates to this first part, upon its dissimilarity of versification and phraseology to hakespeare; and its resemblance in those things to the writings of Greene and Peele, etc.; upon the clas- sions and Latin quotations, too learned and too abundant for the unlettered Shakespeare; upon two or ght historical inaccuracies or discrepancies with the other plays of this series; upon the use of Hall's e as the historical authority, instead of Hollingshed, who is known to have been "Shakespeare's guide;" ne still slighter circumstances.

of all this is groundless assertion, and the rest is founded on the uncritical assumption, that we are to judge uthenticity of the Poet's works only from their congruity with the productions of his matured and practised The dissimilarity of diction and rhythm only show, that these plays were not written by Shakespeare after earned to use his native language and its verse as a master and creator, and had impressed upon them his ius, when that genius had been matured and developed by meditation and repeated exercise. They show e other great authors and artists, he first used the instruments of his art as he found them, before he led them for grander and more exquisite purposes. They prove, what we know from positive external e, that these plays could not have been written by the Shakespeare of 1608 or 1610, while they are such as t well have written in 1590, in his twenty-fifth year. The classical reading is not more abundant than we several of his earlier plays, as, for example, in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. The historical discrepancies are such as are common in all prolific and rapid writers. The use of Hall at one time, and Hollingshed at would prove nothing; but the later plays show that though their author used the later historian, he had sed and consulted the older chronicler.

s this theory, groundless as it seems to me, has received high critical sanction, its details may demand a nute examination,—which can best be given when taken in connection with Malone's theory and arguments e two succeeding parts of HENRY VI., and is therefore deferred to the Introductory Remarks on the third

llowing Malone's argument its greatest force, the positive contemporary proof of authorship, as above s far too strong to be overthrown by mere conjectural arguments. Besides this, the continuous connection parts with the undoubted histories, is a "tower of strength;" and when we regard this first part as Shake- first effort, and that a youthful one, in historical tragedy,—bearing the same relation to HENRY IV. and o III., in style and vigour, that the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA does to his great poetical comedies, we l that the internal evidence corresponds perfectly with the positive external testimony to its authenticity.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, Uncle to the KING, and Protector.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, Uncle to the KING, and Regent of France
THOMAS BEAUFORT, Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the KING.
HENRY BEAUFORT, great uncle to the KING, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset; afterwards Duke.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, eldest Son of Richard late Earl Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT; afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London
WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower.
VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.
CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF ALENCON
Governor of Paris.
BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Master Gunner of Orleans and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to JOAN LA PUCELLE.

MARGARET, Daughter to REIGNIER; afterwards married to KING HENRY.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called JOAN OF ARC.

Fiends appearing to LA PUCELLE, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

— — —

SCENE—Partly in ENGLAND, and partly in FRANCE.

Scene I.—Westminster Abbey.

March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry *fifth, attended on by the Duke of* Bedford, *nt of France; the Duke of* Gloster, *Pro-; the Duke of* Exeter; Warwick; *the p of Winchester; the Duke of* Somerset; *lds, &c.*

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day
o night!
importing change of times and states,
n your crystal tresses in the sky,
h them scourge the bad revolting stars,
ve consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive.

Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory,
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector,
And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am
France.—
Give me my steeled coat! I'll fight for France
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of
mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rhei
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to hi
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enem
throats.—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwa
ness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to y
laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hear
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't

3 *Mess.* O, no! wherein lord Talbot was o
thrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out
hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand hi
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembl
strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

LA JOLLA PUBLIC LIBRARY

'. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
ying idly here in pomp and ease,
t such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
his dastard foe-men is betray'd.
Tess. O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
rd Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
f the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.
'. His ransom there is none but I shall pay.
le the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
own shall be the ransom of my friend:
f their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
vell, my masters; to my task will I.
es in France forthwith I am to make,
ep our great Saint George's feast withal:
housand soldiers with me I will take,
e bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
Tess. So you had need; for Orleans is be-
sieg'd.
English army is grown weak and faint;
arl of Salisbury craveth supply,
ardly keeps his men from mutiny,
they, so few, watch such a multitude.
:. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,
to quell the Dauphin utterly,
ng him in obedience to your yoke.
'. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
about my preparation. [*Exit.*
. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I
can,
w th' artillery and munition;
ien I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
:. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
ordain'd his special governor;
r his safety there I'll best devise. [*Exit.*
n. Each hath his place and function to attend:
eft out; for me nothing remains.
ng I will not be Jack-out-of-office:
ing from Eltham I intend to send,
t at chiefest stern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before Orleans.*

urish. Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

r. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,
the earth, to this day is not known.
lid he shine upon the English side;
ve are victors, upon us he smiles.
towns of any moment but we have?
asure here we lie near Orleans;
whiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
y besiege us one hour in a month.
n. They want their porridge, and their fat
bull-beeves:
they must be dieted like mules,
ave their provender tied to their mouths,
eous they will look like drowned mice.
g. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly
here?
is taken whom we wont to fear:
ineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
e may well in fretting spend his gall;
ien, nor money, hath he to make war.
r. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on
them.
for the honour of the forlorn French!
forgive my death, that killeth me,
he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums; excursions; afterwards a retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men
have I!—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have
fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?
Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-
brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.
Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals, or device,
Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.
Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have
news for him.
Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in.—[*Exit Bastard.*]—But
first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter LA PUCELLE, *Bastard of Orleans, and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these won-
drous feats?
Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?
Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daugh-
ter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you may see
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make:

CHAR. Stay, stay thy hand!

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then, come o' God's name: I fear no woman.
Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight, and* JOAN LA PUCELLE *overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amaz
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that m help me.
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred, from above:

I have chased all thy foes from hence,
will I think upon a recompense.
r. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.
g. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
n. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her
smock,
e'er could he so long protract his speech.
g. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean?
n. He may mean more than we poor men do
know:
women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.
g. My lord, where are you? what devise
you on?
ve give over Orleans, or no?
. Why, no, I say: distrustful recreants!
till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
r. What she says, I'll confirm: we'll fight it
out.
. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
ight the siege assuredly I'll raise:
t Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
I have entered into these wars.
is like a circle in the water,
never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
broad spreading it disperse to nought.
Henry's death the English circle ends;
sed are the glories it included.
m I like that proud insulting ship,
Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
r. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
with an eagle art inspired, then.
the mother of great Constantine,
et St. Philip's daughters were like thee.
star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
may I reverently worship thee enough.
n. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
g. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours.
them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
r. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's away
about it:
ophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. *Tower Hill.*

at the Gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, *with his Serving-men.*

I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
be these warders, that they wait not here?
he gates! 'Tis Gloster that calls.

[*Servants knock.*

Vard. [*Within.*] Who's there, that knocks
so imperiously?
rv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.
Vard. [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may
not be let in.
rv. Villains, answer you so the lord pro-
tector?
Vard. [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so
we answer him:
no otherwise than we are will'd.
Who willed you? or whose will stands but
mine?
's none protector of the realm but I.—
up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

GLOSTER'S *Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the Gates,* WOODVILLE, *the Lieutenant.*

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what
traitors have we here?
Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.
Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke;
I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandement,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.
Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore
me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook!
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not
quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by Servants in tawney coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what
means this?
Glo. Pill'd priest, dost thou command me to be
shut out?
Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.
Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a
foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to
thy face.
Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my
face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawney coats. Priest, beware your
beard;

[GLOSTER *and his Men attack the Bishop.*

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the
pope.
Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a
rope!—
Now beat them hence, why do you let them
stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawney coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER'S *Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme ma-
gistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my
wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour, here, out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.—
Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst cry.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in a this day, against God's peace, and the king's, charge and command you, in his highness' na to repair to your several dwelling-places; not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weap or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
But we shall meet, and break our minds at larg
Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost be su
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work
May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what t
may'st.

Tower Hill.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. *Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the Walls, the Master-Gunner, and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And even these three days have I watched,
If I could see them.
Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*E*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no ca
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper Chamber of a Tower, the L SALISBURY, *and* TALBOT; *Sir* WILLIAM GL DALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd m
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved deat

than I would be so vile-esteem'd:
redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
with my bare fists I would execute,
v had him brought into my power.
Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
n market-place produced they me,
a public spectacle to all:
said they, is the terror of the French,
are-crow that affrights our children so.
roke I from the officers that led me,
th my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
l at the beholders of my shame.
sly countenance made others fly;
urst come near for fear of sudden death.
walls they deem'd me not secure;
t fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
ey suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
urn in pieces posts of adamant.
fore a guard of chosen shot I had,
alk'd about me every minute-while,
I did but stir out of my bed,
they were to shoot me to the heart.
I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
will be reveng'd sufficiently.
is supper-time in Orleans:
hrough this grate, I count each one,
w the Frenchmen how they fortify:
look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
omas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
have your express opinions,
is the best place to make our battery next.
I think, at the north gate; for there stand
lords.
. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
n light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town.* SALISBURY, *and Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *fall.*

O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.
What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
r'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
ed tower! accursed fatal hand,
ath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
een battles Salisbury o'ercame;
the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
ord did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
e thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
n with one eye vieweth all the world.—
, be thou gracious to none alive,
sbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
ence his body, I will help to bury it.—
omas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
nto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
ry, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
halt not die, whiles——
kons with his hand, and smiles on me,
should say, "When I am dead and gone,
ber to avenge me on the French."—
enet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*An alarum; it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY *lifts himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle, or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT *pursues the Dauphin, and drives him: then enter* JOAN LA PUCELLE, *driving Englishmen before her. Then enter* TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee,
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[PUCELLE *enters the Town, with Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do.
A witch by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O! would I were to die with Salisbury.
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

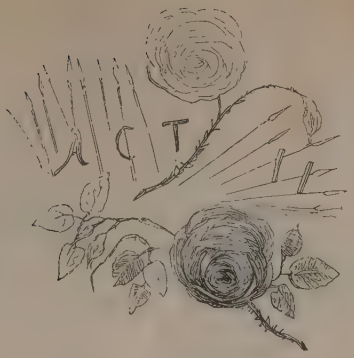
SCENE VI.—The Same.

Flourish. Enter on the Walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, *and Soldiers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves.
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throu
out the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth
joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the m
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the da
won,
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, of Memphis, ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exe*

Scene 1.—Westminster Abbey.



Scene 1.—The Same.

to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.
noise, or soldier, you perceive,
o the walls, by some apparent sign
have knowledge at the court of guard.
[*Exit Sergeant.*
nt. Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
others sleep upon their quiet beds)
ain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, *and Forces, scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead h.*

Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
ose approach the regions of Artois,
n, and Picardy, are friends to us,
appy night the Frenchmen are secure,
all day carous'd and banqueted.
ce we, then, this opportunity,
ng best to quittance their deceit,
'd by art, and baleful sorcery.
Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
ring of his own arm's fortitude,
with witches, and the help of hell.
Traitors have never other company.
at's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?
A maid, they say.
A maid, and be so martial?
Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
erneath the standard of the French,
rry armour, as she hath begun.
Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
our fortress, in whose conquering name
resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Not all together: better far, I guess,
ve do make our entrance several ways,
' it chance the one of us do fail,
her yet may rise against their force.
Agreed. I'll to yon corner.
And I to this.
And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
[*The English scale the Walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter the Town.*
Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, Alençon, Reignier, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.
Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.
Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.
Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles, *and* La Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.
Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.
Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.
Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a Captain, and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain.—[*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS, *and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ear,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

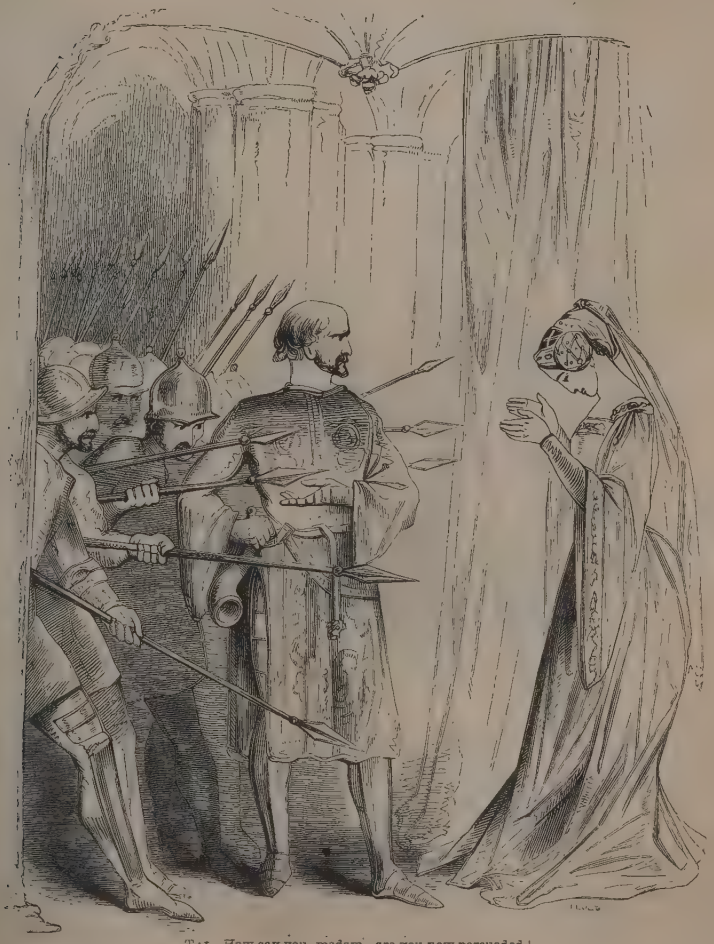
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs;
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years,

d our country, slain our citizens,
nt our sons and husbands captivate.
Ha, ha, ha!
t. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.
I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
k that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
on to practise your severity.
t. Why, art not thou the man?
I am indeed.
t. Then have I substance too.
No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
e deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
at you see, is but the smallest part
st proportion of humanity.
ou, madam, were the whole frame here,
such a spacious lofty pitch,
oof were not sufficient to contain it.
t. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
be here, and yet he is not here:
n these contrarieties agree?
That will I show you presently.

He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may



Tal. How say you, madam! are you now persuaded?

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too lou
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the trut
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law.
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, the between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the high pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mou
Between two blades, which bears the better temp
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

PLAN From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatte
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colours; and, without all colo

insinuating flattery,
this white rose with Plantagenet.
I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
r withal, I think he held the right.
Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no
more,
conclude that he, upon whose side
vest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
eld the other in the right opinion.
Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
e fewest. I subscribe in silence.
And I.
Then, for the truth and plainness of the
ase,
this pale and maiden blossom here,
ny verdict on the white rose side.
Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
eeding, you do paint the white rose red,
on my side so, against your will.
If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
shall be surgeon to my hurt,
ep me on the side where still I am.
Well, well, come on: who else?
Unless my study and my books be false,
ument you held, was wrong in you;
whereof, I pluck a white rose too.
Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
e your white rose in a bloody red.
Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit
ur roses;
e they look with fear, as witnessing
th on our side.
No, Plantagenet,
for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
r pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
ruth,
thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleed-
ng-roses,
all maintain what I have said is true,
false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
thee and thy faction, peevish boy.
Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him
nd thee.
I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Away, away, good William De-la-Poole:
ce the yeoman, by conversing with him.
Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him,
Somerset:
ndfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
on to the third Edward, king of England.
crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
He bears him on the place's privilege,
t not, for his craven heart, say thus.
By him that made me, I'll maintain my
vords
plot of ground in Christendom.
t thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge,
ason executed in our late king's days?
his treason stand'st not thou attainted,
ed, and exempt from ancient gentry?
spass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How am I brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. *A Room in the Tower*

Enter MORTIMER, *brought in a chair by two Keepers.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,

This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake, declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,) did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is
last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no is
have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gathe
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail w
me.
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my yo
years
Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as
slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!
[*D*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting so
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—
[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out* MORTIM
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [*E*

I.—The Same. *The Parliament-House.*

. *Enter King* HENRY, EXETER, GLOS-
WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the*
p of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTA-
T, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a*
WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
ritten pamphlets studiously devis'd?
rey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
t intend'st to lay unto my charge,
thout invention, suddenly;
h sudden and extemporal speech
to answer what thou canst object.
Presumptuous priest! this place commands
ıy patience,
should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
ot, although in writing I preferr'd
ıner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
erefore I have forg'd, or am not able
n to rehearse the method of my pen:
ate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
d, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
infants prattle of thy pride.
t a most pernicious usurer,
by nature, enemy to peace;
us, wanton, more than well beseems
f thy profession, and degree:
thy treachery, what's more manifest,
hou laid'st a trap to take my life,
at London bridge, as at the Tower?
I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
g, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
ıvious malice of thy swelling heart.
Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
me hearing what I shall reply.
e covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
ill have me, how am I so poor?
haps it, I seek not to advance
myself, but keep my wonted calling?
dissension, who preferreth peace
an I do, except I be provok'd?
good lords, it is not that offends;
that that hath incens'd the duke:
cause no one should sway but he;
but he should be about the king;
t engenders thunder in his breast,
kes him roar these accusations forth.
hall know, I am as good——
As good?
astard of my grandfather!—
Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.
My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.
Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?"
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within: Down with the tawney coats!*
What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again: Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER, *and*
WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
self,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.
1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.
2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
1 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
3 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nail
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.
[*Skirmish ag*
Glo. Stay, stay, I
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

WIN. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines—

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.
K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have
you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a
gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yie
thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow hea
[
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!
[

n. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
ful am I made by this contract!—
y masters: trouble us no more;
in friendship, as your lords have done.
. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
. And so will I.
. And I will see what physic the tavern
fords. [*Exeunt Mayor, Servants, &c.*
Accept this scroll, most gracious sove-
eign,
n the right of Richard Plantagenet
xhibit to your majesty.
Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for,
veet prince,
ır grace mark every circumstance,
e great reason to do Richard right;
ly for those occasions
m-place I told your majesty.
n. And those occasions, uncle, were of
rce:
re, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
chard be restored to his blood.
Let Richard be restored to his blood;
his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
n. If Richard will be true, not that
one,
ne whole inheritance I give,
h belong unto the house of York,
nence you spring by lineal descent.
Thy humble servant vows obedience,
ible service, till the point of death.
n. Stoop then, and set your knee against
y foot;
eguerdon of that duty done,
ee with the valiant sword of York.
chard, like a true Plantagenet,
created princely duke of York.
And so thrive Richard as thy foes may
ll!
ny duty springs, so perish they
udge one thought against your majesty.
Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
ork!
Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
[*Aside.*
Now will it best avail your majesty,
the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
sence of a king engenders love
his subjects, and his loyal friends,
animates his enemies.
n. When Gloster says the word, king
Henry goes;
ndly counsel cuts off many foes.
Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but* EXETER.
Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
ng what is likely to ensue.
e dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
nder feigned ashes of forg'd love,
l at last break out into a flame:
r'd members rot but by degree,
es, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
his base and envious discord breed.
r I fear that fatal prophecy,
in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
the mouth of every sucking babe,—
enry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
nry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
s so plain, that Exeter doth wish
s may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before Rouen.*

Enter LA PUCELLE *disguised, and some Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks*
Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*
Puc. Paisans, les pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.
Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.
[*Opens the gates.*
Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [PUCELLE, *&c. enter the City.*

Enter CHARLES, *Bastard of* ORLEANS, ALENÇON, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement: holding out a Torch burning.*

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry *The Dauphin!* presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [*They enter.*

Alarums. *Enter* TALBOT, *and English Soldiers.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the Town.*

Alarum: excursions. *Enter, from the Town,* BEDFORD, *brought in sick in a chair, with* TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and the English Forces. Then, enter on the Walls,* LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, *Bastard,* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

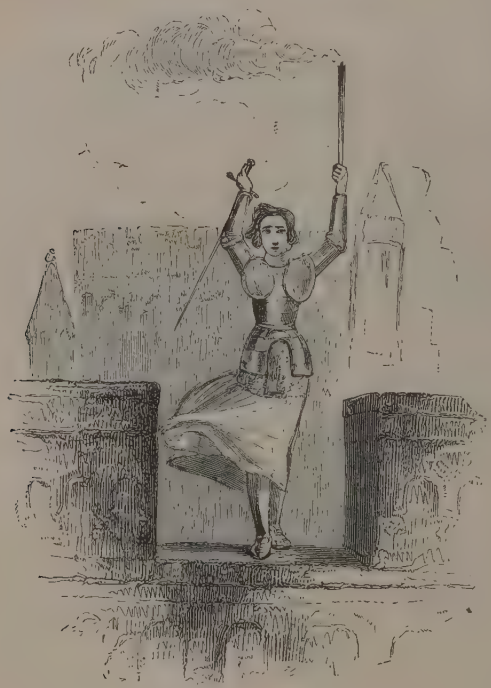
Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all d
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucell thy peace:
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—
[TALBOT, *and the rest, consult to*
God speed the parliament! who shall speaker?



PUC. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch.

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord: we came, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c. from the Walls.*

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in Fra
Either to get the town again, or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prin
The valiant duke of Bedford.—Come, my lor
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now pe you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

e to the field, and vanquished his foes.
inks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
use I ever found them as myself.
al. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
gather we our forces out of hand,
set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and others.*

um: excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a Captain.*

ap. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
ast. Whither away? to save myself by flight: are like to have the overthrow again.
ap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
ast. Ay,
ne Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*
ap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

eat: excursions. Enter, from the Town, LA JCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt, ring.*

ed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please,
I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
at is the trust or strength of foolish man?
, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

um. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

al. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
is a double honour, Burgundy;
heavens have glory for this victory.
ur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
rines thee in his heart; and there erects
noble deeds, as valour's monument.
al. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
nk her old familiar is asleep:
where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
at, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
such a valiant company are fled.
will we take some order in the town,
ing therein some expert officers,
then depart to Paris to the king;
there young Henry with his nobles lies.
ur. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.
al. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
aver soldier never couched lance,
ntler heart did never sway in court;
kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

ENE III.—The Same. *The Plains near the City.*

er CHARLES, *the Bastard,* ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

ic. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
e is no cure, but rather corrosive,
things that are not to be remedied.
frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT, *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets sound a parley.*
Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.
Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-m
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their
Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty wor
hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours.—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee
Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and
again!
Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy frien
makes us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our bre

TAL. My gracious prince, and honourable peers—

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other Lords,* VERNON, BASSET, *&c.* *To them* TALBOT, *and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of stre
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Glo
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my lie

Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord.
n I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
remember how my father said,
uter champion never handled sword.
since we were resolved of your truth,
faithful service, and your toil in war;
never have you tasted our reward,
een reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
use till now we never saw your face:
efore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
here create you earl of Shrewsbury,
n our coronation take your place.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and Nobles.*
r. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
racing of these colours, that I wear
nour of my noble lord of York,
st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Striking him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And after meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

Orleans.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—The Same. *A Room of State.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of Paris, and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[*Governor kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt Governor, and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

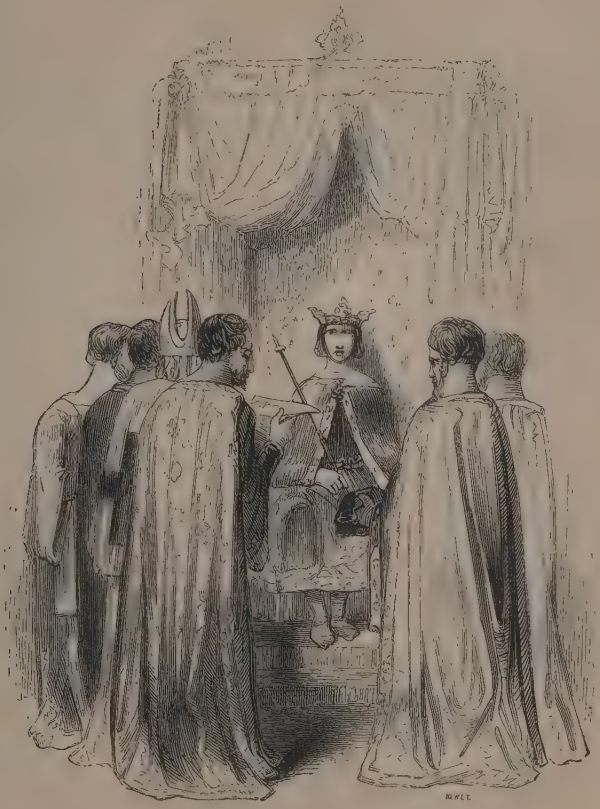
Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou h
thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knigh
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.
[*Exit* FAST
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath c
his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the k
Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—[*Reads.*]—"I have upon e
cause,—
"Mov'd with compassion of my country's w
"Together with the pitiful complaints
"Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
"Forsaken your pernicious faction,
"And join'd with Charles, the rightful k
France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgun
volt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become yo
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter do
tain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he w
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there
talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that
prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been emp
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and marc
him straight.
Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treas
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
I may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter VERNON, *and* BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.



GLO. "I have, upon especial cause"—

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
this fellow, here, with envious carping tongue
upraided me about the rose I wear;
ising, the sanguine colour of the leaves
represent my master's blushing cheeks,
when stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
about a certain question in the law,
argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;
with other vile and ignominious terms:
confutation of which rude reproach,
and in defence of my lord's worthiness,
crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
for though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
to set a gloss upon his bold intent,
yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
and he first took exceptions at this badge.

Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!—
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks, you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness:—good my lords, be friends.
K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red Rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt King* HENRY, GLOSTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, *and* BASSET.
War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. And, if I wist, he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broil
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's han
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*E*

SCENE II.—France. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpet
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the W
the General of the French Forces, and other

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fir
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacramen
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant m
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead
[*Drum afar*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, &c. from the W*
Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,

rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
n on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
every man his life as dear as mine,
they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,
per our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.*

ter YORK, *with Forces; to him, a Messenger.*

ork. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
t dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
t he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
ight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
our espials were discovered
mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
ich join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

ork. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
t thus delays my promised supply
norsemen, that were levied for this siege!
owned Talbot doth expect my aid,
I am lowted by a traitor villain,
cannot help the noble chevalier.
comfort him in this necessity!
e miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

ucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
er so needful on the earth of France,
r to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
o now is girdled with a waist of iron,
hemm'd about with grim destruction.
Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

ork. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
n stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
hould we save a valiant gentleman,
forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
t thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

ucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

ork. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
long of this vile traitor Somerset.

ucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
on his son, young John; whom two hours since
et in travel toward his warlike father.
seven years did not Talbot see his son,
now they meet where both their lives are done.

ork. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
id his young son welcome to his grave!
y! vexation almost stops my breath,
t sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
y, farewell: no more my fortune can,
curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
ne, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
g all of Somerset, and his delay.
[*Exit* YORK, *with his Forces.*

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exit*

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.*

Enter SOMERSET, *with his Army; an Officer of* TALBOT'S *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the horse.
I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot!
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, *and* JOHN *his son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not; begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear,
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in
tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my moth
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee

John. No part of him but will be shame in m

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst
lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall fl
abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee f
that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slai
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight,
die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of s
blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exe*

Angiers.

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

um: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

al. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!
regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
left us to the rage of France his sword.
ere is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
e thee life, and rescued thee from death.
hn. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:
life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

View of Bordeaux—present state.

e of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
poke him thus: "Contaminated, base,
misbegotton blood I spill of thine,
n and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
ich thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:"—
e purposing the Bastard to destroy,
ie in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
to revenge my death, when I am dead;
help of one stands me in little stead.
too much folly is it, well I wot,
azard all our lives in one small boat.
to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
norrow I shall die with mickle age:
ne they nothing gain, and if I stay,
but the short'ning of my life one day:
ee thy mother dies, our household's name,
death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Same.*

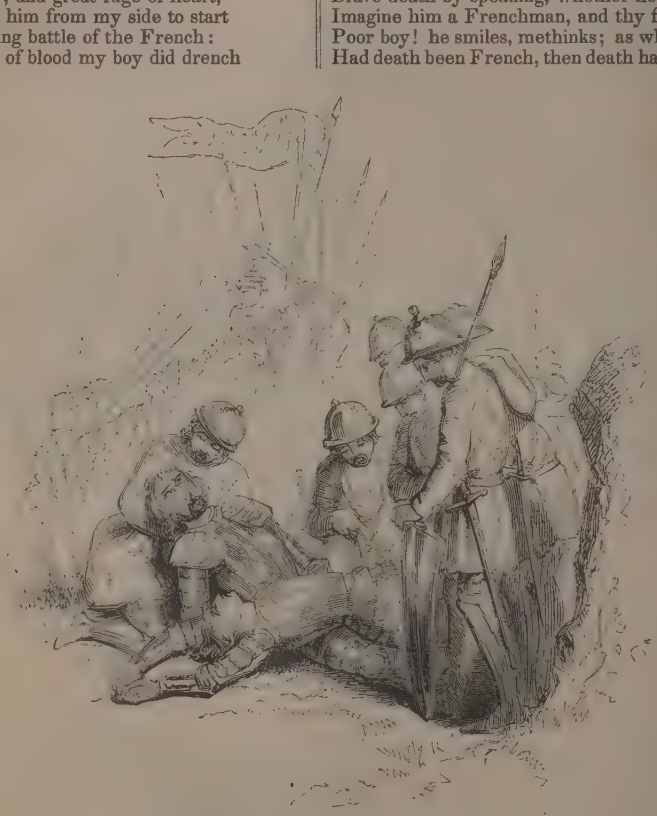
Alarums: excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.—
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALB

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your so
borne!

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us h
to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd de
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should
Had death been French, then death had died to-



TAL. Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two Bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, *Bastard*, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging
wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I sai
"Thou maiden youth be vanquish'd by a maid:
But with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not b
To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a n
knight.
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bo
asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wond

ar. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
ng the life, let us not wrong it dead.

r Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a French Herald preceding.*

cy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
now who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
ar. On what submissive message art thou sent?
cy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
English warriors wot not what it means.
ne to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
to survey the bodies of the dead.
ar. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
ell me whom thou seek'st.
cy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
nt lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
ted, for his rare success in arms,
t earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
nt of the noble order of Saint George,
thy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
t mareshal to Henry the sixth
his wars within the realm of France?
c. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.
Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.
Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

Rouen.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th' ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, *as a Cardinal.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
"If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown."

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable;
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo And for the proffer of my lord, your m
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which tract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, *and Train;* GLO
EXETER, *and Ambassadors.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first re
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leis

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiv
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy kne
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Ex*

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA
CELLE, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may chee
drooping spirits.
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charl
France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn t
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I
thee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warni
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
w he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.—
mmand the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
t Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before Angiers.*

Alarums: excursions. *Enter* LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
w help, ye charming spells, and periapts;
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*
O! hold me not with silence over-long.

Puc Then take my soul; my body, soul and all

ere I was wont to feed you with my blood,
op a member off, and give it you,
arnest of a further benefit,
ou do condescend to help me now.—
[*They hang their heads.*
ope to have redress?—My body shall
recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
ot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
eat you to your wonted furtherance?
n take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
re that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. *Enter French and English, fighting;* LA PUCELLE *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken.* *The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.
Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. *Enter* SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands:
I kiss these fingers—[*Kissing her hand.*]—for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aside.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?
[*Aside.*
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*

A parley sounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *on the Walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit, from the Walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. *Enter* REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
t to be made companion with a king:
hat answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
o be the princely bride of such a lord,
pon condition I may quietly
njoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
ee from oppression or the stroke of war,
y daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
nd those two counties, I will undertake,
our grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
deputy unto that gracious king,
ve thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
cause this is in traffic of a king:
nd yet, methinks, I could be well content
o be mine own attorney in this case.
l over, then, to England with this news,
nd make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
he Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
all Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret;
princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
t, madam, I must trouble you again,—
loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
ver yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER, *and* MARGARET.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
ou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
ere Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
licit Henry with her wondrous praise:
think thee on her virtues that surmount,
d, natural graces that extinguish art;
peat their semblance often on the seas,
at when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
ou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

ENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of* YORK, *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

nter LA PUCELLE, *guarded; and a Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
ve I sought every country far and near,
d, now it is my chance to find thee out,
st I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage!
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.
Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O! give me leave; I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!
[*Exit, guarded.*
York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, *Bastard,* REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by se means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
[*Aside to* CHARL
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore, take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serv
War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our c dition stand?
Char. It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no terest
In any of our towns of garrison.
York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
[CHARLES, *and his Nobles, give tokens fealty.*
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exe*

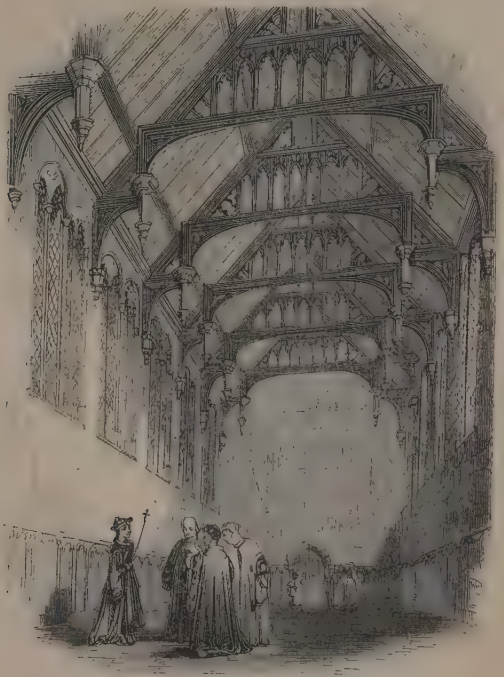
SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace*

Enter King HENRY, *in conference with* SUFFOL GLOSTER, *and* EXETER, *following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, no earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
out a preface of her worthy praise:
e chief perfections of that lovely dame,
ad I sufficient skill to utter them,)
ould make a volume of enticing lines,
le to ravish any dull conceit.
d, which is more, she is not so divine,
full replete with choice of all delights,
t with as humble lowliness of mind,
e is content to be at your command;
mmand, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists



K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl—

reason of his adversary's odds.
oor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
therefore may be broke without offence.
Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
father is no better than an earl,
ough in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
king of Naples and Jerusalem;
of such great authority in France,
is alliance will confirm our peace,
keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
ause he is near kinsman unto Charles.
Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
ere Reignier sooner will receive, than give.
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
t he should be so abject, base, and poor,

To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*E*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and la
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and* EXET

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the kin
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*E*

Henry VI. in his youth.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE SIXTH.—PART I.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Dead March"—"Dead march. Enter the funeral ing Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of ord, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Pro- r; the Duke of Exeter; Warwick; the Bishop of hester, the Duke of Somerset, Heralds, etc." This stage direction of the old editions, showing that esign was to represent a funeral procession enter- he abbey, where, when the procession halted, the gue begins. It has been altered, without any ob- reason, in all the modern editions, (until Collier's,) "Corpse of King Henry the Fifth discovered in state, attended by the Dukes of Bedford, Glos- etc. But this seems much less appropriate than riginal stage direction to the dialogue, when "this al" is spoken of, and the going "to the altar," etc. les, the old direction belongs to the history of the sh stage, when its humble accessories of scenery, did not easily permit those displays now produced e rising of the curtain on the opening of a scene, *vering* some *spectacle*. Thus, for example, in Lear, ad of, as now, the *King*, etc., being *discovered* on hrone, we have in the old copies, "Enter King Cornwall, etc." Whatever alterations may be able in actual representation, the author's original tion should be preserved in the printed copy.

Earl of Warwick"—The author has carelessly ght on his scene two distinct historical personages ng the same title, and in the same play, without guishing between them by some explanation. The nt is the Earl of Warwick, Richard Beauchamp, appears in Henry V. The "Warwick" of the part of this play, and so conspicuous in the second hird parts, is the much more popular Richard Nevil, agnificent and turbulent "setter-up and puller-down gs," who became Earl of Warwick in right of his in 1449, twenty-seven years after the date of this ng scene. The distinction between the two per- es is so marked in the books with which the author miliar, that Ritson (who first pointed out the con- n of the two Warwicks) seems quite correct in at- ting the circumstance to mere oversight.

"*Hung be the heavens with black*"—This passage is thought to allude to the ancient practice of covering the upper part of the stage (technically called "the heavens") with black, when a tragedy was to be performed. In Marston's "Insatiable Countess" there is a similar reference to this custom:—

> The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black;
> A time best fitting to act tragedies.

"*Brandish your* crystal *tresses*"—This epithet is applied to comets, in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, (1604):—

> When as those *crystal* comets whiles appear.

'*That have* consented *unto Henry's death.*"

We have not cared to alter the original text, which gives a clear though feeble sense; yet we incline to agree with Stevens and Knight, that the word should be spelled *concented*. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together. See the passage in Henry V., act i scene 2, and the note on that passage:—

> For government, though high, and low, and lower,
> Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*.

"*By magic verses have contriv'd his end?*"

A passage in Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," (1584,) explains this:—"The Irishmen .... will not stick to affirm that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." This is an old northern superstition. In Gray's spirited "Descent of Odin,' we find—

> Thrice he trac'd the Runic rayme;
> Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
> The thrilling verse that wakes the dead.

—"*a* marish *of salt tears*"—The old copies have *a nourish*, which, as it is the old form of *nourice* or *nurse*, has been retained in many editions. But "a nurse" gives no congruous sense. Pope thought it was a misprint for "marish," the old mode of spelling *marsh*. The appropriate sense thus obtained, and the likelihood of such a mistake, are so great, that I do not hesitate to receive it as the text.

'*Than Julius Cæsar, or bright* ———"

Malone says, "this blank arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name."

In the original the line is terminated with four hyphens, thus (- - - -), a point which is several times used in the same play to mark an interruption. For example, in the fourth scene of this act—

Thou shalt not die whiles - - - -

Pope strangely suggested to fill up the line thus:—

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Francis Drake.*"

Johnson would read—

Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Berenice.*

This is probable enough, if the old text did not indicate that the speech were broken off by the messenger's entrance.

"*If Sir John* FASTOLFE"—"Mis-spelt *Falstaffe* in the old copies, but not of course intended for the humorous knight, who figures in 'HENRY IV.' Parts I. and II., and who died in 'HENRY V.' The text relates to the historical Sir John Fastolfe, who, as Fuller complains, (Worthies, 1662,) had been misrepresented on the stage, as 'a Thrasonical puff,' when in fact he was 'as valiant as any of his age.' However, Hall and Hollingshed assert that he was degraded for cowardice, although subsequently, 'upon good reason alleged in his defence, restored to his honours.'"—COLLIER.

Still I think that it is quite probable that this incident, which had made the name of Falstaffe familiar to the play-goers, and thus associated it, may have led to the adoption of the name for the character in HENRY IV., when that of Oldcastle was thrown aside.

"*He being in the* VAWARD, *plac'd behind*
With purpose to relieve and follow them," etc.

"The 'vaward' is the advanced body of the army, and this passage has been thought a contradiction, inasmuch as the 'vaward' could not be 'behind.' But the meaning of Shakespeare seems to be, that what was usually the 'vaward' of the army had in this instance purposely been 'plac'd behind,' in order to 'relieve and follow' the rest." This is Collier's explanation. Monck Mason supposed that the army was attacked in the rear; and observes, "When an army is attacked in the rear, the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn."

SCENE II.

"—*to this day is not known.*"—This is shown to be a familiar notion of the time by a quotation from a popular contemporary. Nash, in one of the prefaces before his "Have with You to Saffron Walden," (1596:) "You are as ignorant in the true movings of my muse, as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars*, which to this day they could never attain to."

"*Alarums; Excursions*"—The stage-direction in the folio is, "Here Alarum: they are beaten back by the English with great loss."

"—*all Olivers and Rowlands bred*"—These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of *Giving a Rowland for an Oliver*, for giving a person as good as he brings.

'*I think, by some odd* GIMMALS, *or device,*" etc.

A 'gimmal," or *gimmor*, as it is spelled in the folio, (1623,) means any kind of machinery. This in the text is supposed to strike, like the figures in connexion with clocks, which of old struck the hours. Skinner (*Etymol. Ling. Angl.*) derives it from the Latin *gemellus*, as it properly signifies a device, composed of double parts corresponding with each other.

"—*nine sybils of old Rome*"—"Warburton says that 'there were no 'nine sybils of Rome;' it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins.' But the poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that 'the ten sybils were *women that had the spirit of prophecy*, (enumerating them,) and that they prophesied of Christ.'"—SINGER.

"—*Saint Martin's summer*"—Fine weather in vember—prosperity after misfortune.

"*Now I am like that proud insulting ship,*
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once."

"Cæsar, hearing that, straight discovered himself the master of the pinnace, who at the first was am when he saw him; but Cæsar said unto him, 'G fellow, be of good cheer and fear not; for thou Cæsar and his fortune with thee.'"—NORTH'S "*tarch.*"

"*Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*" etc.

Shakespeare's illustrious contemporary, Sir W Raleigh, in his "History of the World," mentions Arabian belief that their prophet had a dove, "w he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which d when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoul and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Maho persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was Holy Ghost that gave him advice."

"*Helen, the mother of great Constantine,*
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters were like thee."

The last line alludes to the four daughters of Ph mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, xxi. 9.

SCENE III.

"BREAK UP *the gates*"—So in Hall's Chronicle "The lusty Kentishmen, hoping on more friends, *br up* the gates of the King's Bench and Marshalsea." same use will be found in our English Bible of "br up" where we should now say *break open.*

"—*servants in* TAWNEY COATS"—The attendant a bishop seem to have been usually so attired. S in a passage quoted by Stevens, speaks on one occa of the bishop of London, who was "attended on a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawney coats.*" S moners, officers belonging to the Bishops' Courts, w tawney coats.

"PILL'D *priest*"—"Pill'd" is what is now usu spelt *peel'd*, and in the folio, (1623,) the orthogra is *pield*; it occurs in the same sense in "MEASURE MEASURE." The allusion is to the shaven crown of bishop of Winchester.

"—*indulgences to sin*"—"The public *stews* in So ark were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of W chester. Upton had seen the office book of the c leet, in which was entered the fees paid by, and customs and regulations of these brothels."—SINGE

"*I'll* CANVASS *thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,*" e

That is, I'll *sift* thee. Cotgrave renders *canaba* (which Skinner says means *to beat hemp*) by the w "to canvass, or curiously to examine, or sift out." W chester could not have been a cardinal at this time, cording even to the chronology of the play; and in v. scene 1, Exeter speaks of him as if he had then been made cardinal. According to history, Winche was made cardinal in the fifth year of Henry VI.

"*This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,*" etc.

Reed points out the following illustrative quota from "The Travels of Sir John Mandeville:"—"An that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn slou Abel his brother." Ritson adds, from the "Polychr con:"—"Damascus is as much as to say shedding blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in sand."

"BLUE COATS *to tawney coats*"—The usual livery servants at the period when Shakespeare wrote, long before, was blue: such therefore was the col of the dress worn by the attendants on the Duke Gloster.

"*Winchester goose*"—A "Winchester goose" wa particular stage of the disease contracted in the ste

Gloucester bestows the epithet on the bishop in
on and scorn, referring to his licentious life, so
ly painted in act iii. scene 1, as "lascivious wan-
etc.

l call for CLUBS"—The usual cry in the city in
f tumult. See "As You Like It."

Scene IV.

- so VILE-*esteem'd*"—The old reading is "*so pil'd*
n'd," an evident misprint for "vile-esteem'd."
' was often of old spelled *vild*, and hence, perhaps,
rror. One editor, however, would have it *pile-*
n'd, as a Latinism, *pili-æstimo;* and Stevens insists
ie word intended was *Philistined.*

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so," etc.
his man (Talbot) was to the French people a very
ge and a daily terror; insomuch that, as his person
earful and terrible to his adversaries present, so
me and fame were spiteful and dreadful to the
on people absent: insomuch that women in
e, to fear their young children, would cry, "The
t cometh, the Talbot cometh!"—Hall.

Pucelle or PUZZEL, DOLPHIN *or dogfish,*" etc.
uzzel," in the time of Shakespeare, meant a low
ute, and Minshew derives it from the Italian
, malus fœtor; but it may be doubted whether it
ot merely a corruption of *pucelle*, and applied in
on to women of that class. *Dauphin* is invariably
d "Dolphin" in the folio, (1623,) as in other books
t age, and was so pronounced: hence "dolphin
gfish."

Scene V.

lood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch," etc.
vas supposed of old, and the superstition has sur-
to our own day, that if blood could be drawn
a witch, the enchantment was dissolved, and her
at an end.

eep run not half so TIMOROUS *from the wolf,*" etc.
folio, (1623,) reads *treacherous*, and the word
dopted in all editions previous to that of Pope,
hanged it to "timorous," which seems the word
by the author; though Collier contends that
ot may call them '*treacherous*,' or not to be trust-
cause they are cowardly."

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English WOLVES."
he word 'wolves' is derived from the second folio,
eems necessary, though Malone contends that
ish' ought to be pronounced as a trisyllable. In
xt line but one, 'bright' is also from the second
but Malone goes the length of contending that
ea' ought to be pronounced *Asteræa*."—Collier.

han Rhodope's, or Memphis"—Knight and Collier
"Than Rhodope's, *or* Memphis." The pyramid
odope, near Memphis, is mentioned by Pliny:—
fairest and most commended for workmanship
uilt at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a very
pet."

Act II.—Scene I.

- half READY, *and half* UNREADY"—i. e. Half *dress-*
d half *undressed*. "Ready" and "unready," in
me of Shakespeare, were the commonest words
essed and *undressed.*

- and lay new PLATFORMS"—i. e. *Plots* or *plans.*
lot of a play was formerly called a "platform."

Scene III.

- give their CENSURE"—i. e. Opinion, judgment,
ner adverse or favourable; a sense common in
writers and used as late as Izaak Walton.

"*— weak and* WRITHLED *shrimp*"—i. e. Wrinkled. So in Spenser:—

Her *writhled* skin, as rough as maple rind.

"*— a riddling* MERCHANT *for the* NONCE"—"For the *nonce*" is for the occasion. "Merchant" was often, of old, used as a term of contempt: thus, in "Jacob and Esau," (1568:)—

What, ye saucy *merchant*, are ye a prater now?

The Morality of "The Conflict of Conscience," (1581,) contains several instances of the same application of the term. See also Romeo and Juliet, act ii. scene 4, where the Nurse calls Mercutio "a saucy merchant."

"*— no less than fame hath* BRUITED"—"Bruited" is *noised*, from the French *bruit*. It is a word of constant occurrence in writers of the time.

"*— nor* MISCONSTER"—So the original. It is ordinarily printed *misconstrue*. In the quarto edition of Othello we find the word:—

And his unbookish jealousy must *conster.*

Scene IV.

"*Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?*"

The meaning is, "Or, *in other words*, was not the wrangling Somerset in error?" Johnson would read, *i' the right* for "in error;" and Hanmer, *And was not*, instead of, "Or else was;" both being in opposition to the plain meaning of Shakespeare, who intended to make Richard Plantagenet assert his own correctness in two different forms of speech. In the old copy, in the prefixes, Plantagenet is called *York;* although near the end of the scene Warwick talks of the justice of creating Plantagenet Duke of York.

"*I love no* COLOURS"—"Colours" is here used ambiguously for *deceits:* as, in Love's Labour's Lost, "I do fear colourable *colours.*"

"*— it is well* OBJECTED"—"Objected" is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed—suggested.*

"*I scorn thee and thy* FACTION"—"The old copies have *fashion*, a word that may possibly be tortured into a meaning, as Warburton attempted; but which was in all probability a mere misprint for 'faction,' to which Theobald changed it. Warburton's notion was, that it referred to the *fashion* of wearing the red rose; but, as Mr. Barron Field observes, the same character, not long afterwards, employs the word 'faction' in precisely the same sense:—

Will I for ever, and my *faction*, wear.

"*His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,*" etc.

Malone pointed out the Poet's mistake. "Plantagenet's paternal grandfather was Edmund of Langley, duke of York. His paternal grandfather was Roger Mortimer, earl of March, who was the son of Philippa, the daughter of Lionel, duke of Clarence. The duke, therefore, was his maternal great great grandfather."

"*— for this* APPREHENSION"—Theobald changed this to *reprehension;* and Warburton explains it by *opinion.* It rather means *conception*, or *a conceit taken* that matters are different from what the truth warrants.

Scene V.

"*Enter* MORTIMER," etc.—Here again Edwards, Stevens, and others, notice a variance from the strict truth of history. Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by Henry V. throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle, at Trim, in Ireland, 1424-5; being then only thirty-two years old. The poet was either led into error by the popular historians of his time, or, as I rather think, intentionally varied from the literal fact, for the purpose of thus more clearly explaining the grounds of the opposing claims, and thus connecting this part with the other plays of the series of the civil wars.

" Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort."

I suppose York meant to rebuke the meanness of that ambition of the house of Lancaster, which, when in possession of the crown, jealously kept Mortimer a perpetual prisoner, instead of treating him with generosity.

" — my ILL *th' advantage of my good"*—The old editions read, " Or make my *will*," etc. Theobald's amendment clears the sense, and preserves the antithesis. Malone properly understands by " ill," *ill usage.*

ACT III.—Scene I.

" Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines," etc.

" This parliament was held in 1426, at Leicester, though here represented to have been held in London. King Henry was now in the fifth year of his age. In the first parliament, which was held in London shortly after his father's death, his mother, Queen Katharine, brought the young king from Windsor to the metropolis, and sat on the throne with the infant in her lap."—Malone.

" — an INKHORN *mate"*—The epithet " inkhorn" was usually applied in derision of pedantry. Thus, Churchyard, in his " Choice," sign. E e 1, has this line :—

As ynkhorne termes smell of the schoole sometyme ;—

and in the comedy " The Weakest goeth to the Wall," (1600,) one of the characters asks—

Is not this better farre than *respice*,
And *precor*, and such ink-horne terms ?

" — the bishop hath a kindly gird"—i. e. The bishop has received a kindly rebuke. Some commentators, not perceiving that *hath* is thus meant, (as we now say, he has got a rebuke,) suppose, without any authority for such a use, that " kindly gird" means " a pang, a yearning of kindness," manifested by the prelate.

" And in REGUERDON"—" Reguerdon" and *guerdon* are the same; viz. *reward* or *recompense*. We have " guerdon" in Love's Labour's Lost. " Reguerdon'd" occurs again in this play.

Scene II.

" — and SOME *soldiers, dressed like countrymen"*—The old stage-direction is, " and *four* soldiers," either because the theatre was unable to afford more for the occasion, or that *four* was a misprint for " some," as here printed.

" Now, Rouen, *I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground."*

It is evident that in this line, and in most others, we must read " Rouen" as one syllable, and it is spelt *Roan* in the old copies.

" — Pucelle, and her PRACTISANTS"—Johnson is supported by frequent ancient usage in explaining, that " practice," in the language of the time, was *treachery*, or insidious *stratagem*. " Practisants" are, therefore, *confederates in treachery.*

" No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd."

That is, There is no way compared to that, or as good as that, by which she entered, on account of its weakness.

" — the PRIDE *of France"*—Theobald read *" prize* of France ;" and Warburton and Stevens explain " pride of France" as *haughty power* of France. Collier refers the epithet to La Pucelle, the " pride of France," from whom Talbot and his friends had " hardly escap'd."

" 'Twas full of DARNEL ; *do you like the taste ?"*

" 'Darnel' (says Gerarde, in his 'Herbal') hurteth the eyes and maketh them dim, if it happen either in corn for bread or drink.' La Pucelle means to intimate, that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem."—Singer.

Scene III.

" Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,"

" The defection of the Duke of Burgundy fro English cause did not take place till 1434, and it that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to Gloster alludes, in the first scene of the fourth act. English chroniclers are totally silent as to any infl exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan in the separation of Burgundy from the interests o land. The actual event, of course, took place Joan's death ; yet it is most remarkable that the sp dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy, in th is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rh in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burg in which she uses arguments not at all unlike th this scene of the play. The letter is published b rante. (*Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne.*) The or is in the archives of Lille ; and Barante says it wa published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinkin the author of this play had access to some French c cler, who gave the substance of the letter."—Knic

Scene IV.

" — whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death"— reference is clearly to the then well-known law whoever drew a sword, within the precincts o palace, was punished with death. Warburton read, " That who so draws a sword *i' th' presen* death ;" but as the king was not present, he was ob to apply his alteration to the *presence chamber*. stone tells us, " By the ancient law, before the Con fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's ju was punished with death ; and at present, by the tute 33 Henry VIII., chap. 12, malicious striking king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punis by perpetual imprisonment and fine, and with th of the offender's right hand ; the solemn executi which sentence is prescribed in the statute at len Stowe gives an account of Sir Edmond Knevet found guilty of this offence, with the ceremonia carrying the sentence into execution. He petit the king to take his left hand, instead of his right the king pardoned him altogether.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

" — at the battle of PATAY"—The old copy has *tiers*—an obvious typographical error. The acti which Shakespeare is speaking happened (accordi Hollingshed) " neare unto a village in Beausse, *Pataie*," in 1428 ; whereas the battle of *Poictiers* fought in 1357. " From this battell (of Patay) dep without anie stroke stricken, *Sir John Fastolfe* same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this b the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the image o George and his garter," etc.

" Pretend *some alteration*"—The verb " preten here used in its etymological sense of *hold out*. I opening of this scene, we have had it employed i kindred sense of *intend*, which was its most com signification in the time of Shakespeare.

" — if I WIST, *he did"*—So Stevens reads, and probability rightly. The folios have " And if I *wis* did." York means to hold out a sort of threat, " if I wist, or *knew*, that he did ;"—but, as we find what follows, he immediately corrects and restrains self, by " suppressing his voice."

Scene II.

" — my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire,"

" The goddess of war, called Bellona, had t handmaids, ever, of necessity, attending on her,—Bl Fire, and Famine ; which three damsels be of that

ength that every one of them alone is able and nt to torment and afflict a proud prince;—and ll joined together, are of puissance to destroy the opulous country and most richest region of the —Hall.

'DUE *thee withal*"—The old copies print *dew*, for ' Some commentators have supposed that it be taken in the sense of *bedew;* others, that it "pay thee as thy *due*." But we prefer John- xplanation, that "'due" is for *endue*. Shake- Milton, and many other writers, have "endue" *st*.

be then in BLOOD"—A term of the forest. So in Labour's Lost:—

The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, blood.

t RASCAL-*like*"—"Rascal" was also a term of raft, for a *lean deer*.

Scene III.

I am LOWTED *by a traitor villain*"—"To *lowt* gnify to *depress*, to *lower*, to *dishonour*," says n; but in his Dictionary he explains it to *over-* Stevens knows not what to make of it—"to *e*, to be *subdued*, or *vanquished*, or *baffled*." "To ted with contempt, like a *lowt*, or country fellow," alone. But the meaning of the word here is ly *loitered, retarded;* and the following quota- om Cotgrave, will show that this was sometimes se of *to lowt*:—"*Loricarder*, to *luske*, *lowt*, or it; to *loyter about* like a masterless man."—

'LONG *of this vile traitor*"—i. e. All *by means*, or on of this traitor. The origin of the phrase is not hough ingeniously and dogmatically examined ne Tooke. (See "Diversions of Purley," vol. i.)

Scene V.

UNAVOIDED *danger*"—"Unavoided" is used in ne way, in Richard II.:"—

And *unavoided* is the danger now,—
g *inevitable*, or not to be *avoided*.

The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood."

what reason this scene is written in rhyme, Dr. Johnson,) I cannot guess. If Shakespeare , in other plays, mingled his rhymes and blank in the same manner, I should suspect that this e had been part of some other poem, which was inished; and that, being loath to throw his labour ne inserted it here." It was a practice common hakespeare's contemporaries.

e the reason to be, as well for this use of rhyme Shakespeare's here and elsewhere, its superior n mere declamatory poetry, especially for the ation of military excitement. Many of the splen- ts of Dryden and of N. Lee are examples of the f rhyme, in swelling and excited declamation.

Scene VI.

o my DETERMIN'D *time thou gav'st new date*."

termine" is the old and still used legal phrase estate ending by a fixed limitation, as by expi- of the period, or the end of a life on which the lepends. Here the end of young Talbot's life is be "determined" (i. e. *fixed*) by the superiority oes, and that date is prolonged by the father's The phrase is used with technical accuracy.

LIKE *me to*"—*Liken* me to, or *compare* me with.

Scene VII.

death, smear'd with captivity"—i. e. Death made epulsive by being associated with captivity.

"TENDERING *my* RUIN"—"Ruin" is used in its primitive Latin sense, for *fall;* as elsewhere in old English poets. "Tendering," for *watching*, or aiding *tenderly*, is, I believe, nowhere else used.

"—*through the* LITHER *sky*"—i. e. "Through the *yielding* sky. Milton's epithet, *buxom*, as applied to the air, has much the same meaning; for the old signification of *buxom* was *obedient*. Chaucer uses it both in the sense of *obedient* and *civil*."—Collier.

"—*raging* WOOD"—i. e. Raging *mad*. "Wood" was the old word for *mad*.

"—*earl of* WASHFORD"—We learn, from Malone, that *Wexford*, in Ireland, was anciently called *Weysford*. In Crompton's "Mansion of Magnanimitie," (1599,) it is written, as here, "Washford." This long list of titles is from the epitaph formerly existant on Lord Talbot's tomb, at Rouen. It is to be found in the work above cited, with one other, "Lord Lovetoft of Worsop," which would not easily fall into the verse. It concludes as here, and adds, "who died in the battle of Burdeaux, 1453."

ACT V.—Scene II.

"*Enter a* Scout"—So called in the old copies, and not a mere *messenger*, as he is termed in modern editions.

Scene III.

"—*ye charming spells, and* PERIAPTS"—"Periapts," or *amulets*, were worn about the neck, as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.

"—*the lordly monarch of the north*"—"The *monarch of the North* (says Douce) was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were Amaimon, king of the East; Gorson, king of the South: and Goap, king of the West. Under these devil-kings were devil-marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier, (*De Præstigiis Dæmonum*,) in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' (book xv. chap. 2, 3.")

"*Fell,* BANNING *hag*"—To "ban" was very commonly used as a synonym to *curse*. It is from the Saxon *abannan*.

"*For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:*
I kiss these fingers," [*Kissing her hand,*] etc.

We follow Knight's restoration of these lines, as they stand in the original. Other modern editors give them thus:—

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, etc.

Malone says that, by the original reading, "Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers—a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example." Knight replies, "We do not see this. Suffolk says—

—— do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

He then adds, kissing the lady's fingers—

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side,—

accompanying the words by a corresponding action. He takes the lady's hand, but, instead of seizing it as the hand of a prisoner, he replaces it, having kissed it, on her tender side."

"*As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,*
Twinkling another counterfeited beam," etc.

"This comparison, made between things which seem sufficiently unlike, is intended to express the softness and delicacy of Lady Margaret's beauty, which delighted, but did not dazzle; which was bright, but gave no pain by its lustre."—Johnson.

"— *there lies a* COOLING CARD"—"A *cooling card* was most probably a card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary. Metaphorically, something to damp or overwhelm the hopes of an expectant."—SINGER.

"— *a* WOODEN *thing*"—i. e. An awkward business, (says Stevens;) an undertaking not likely to succeed. Several instances are adduced of such a sense, in contemporary writers. Thus Lyly, in 1592, speaks of "wooden luck."

"— *such* PEEVISH *tokens*"—i. e. Such *silly* or *trifling* tokens.

"MAD, *natural graces*"—So the old copies; and Stevens explains "mad" as *wild*, with appearance of probability. Monck Mason would convert "mad" into *and*. Collier says, "if change be required, *Mid* is much nearer the letters and the sense: then, the passage would run—

Bethink thee on her virtues, that surmount,
Mid natural graces that extinguish art.

SCENE IV.

"*Decrepit* MISER! *base ignoble wretch!*" etc.

The word "miser" has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature*. Thus Hollingshed, speaking of the death of Richard III.:—"And so this *miser*, at the same very point, had like chance and fortune."

"— *that thou wilt be so* OBSTACLE"—In various wr of the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, "obsta was used for *obstinate;* though I believe always here, when it is meant to indicate a rustic, or illit speaker.

"— MISCONCEIVED *Joan of Arc hath been*
A virgin from her tender infancy," etc.

"Malone, Stevens, and other modern editors, stra ly point this passage as follows:—

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been, etc.—

and add, in a note, that 'misconceived' is to be un stood *misconceivers;* when in fact the meaning cle is, that Joan asserts that she has herself been *mist* and 'misconceived,' as she is not what she has supposed to be."—COLLIER.

"—*that notorious Machiavel!*"—The characte Machiavel seems to have made so deep an impre on the dramatic writers, that he is many times pr turely spoken of. Thus, in the "Valiant Welshm one of the characters bids Caradoc (Caractacus)—

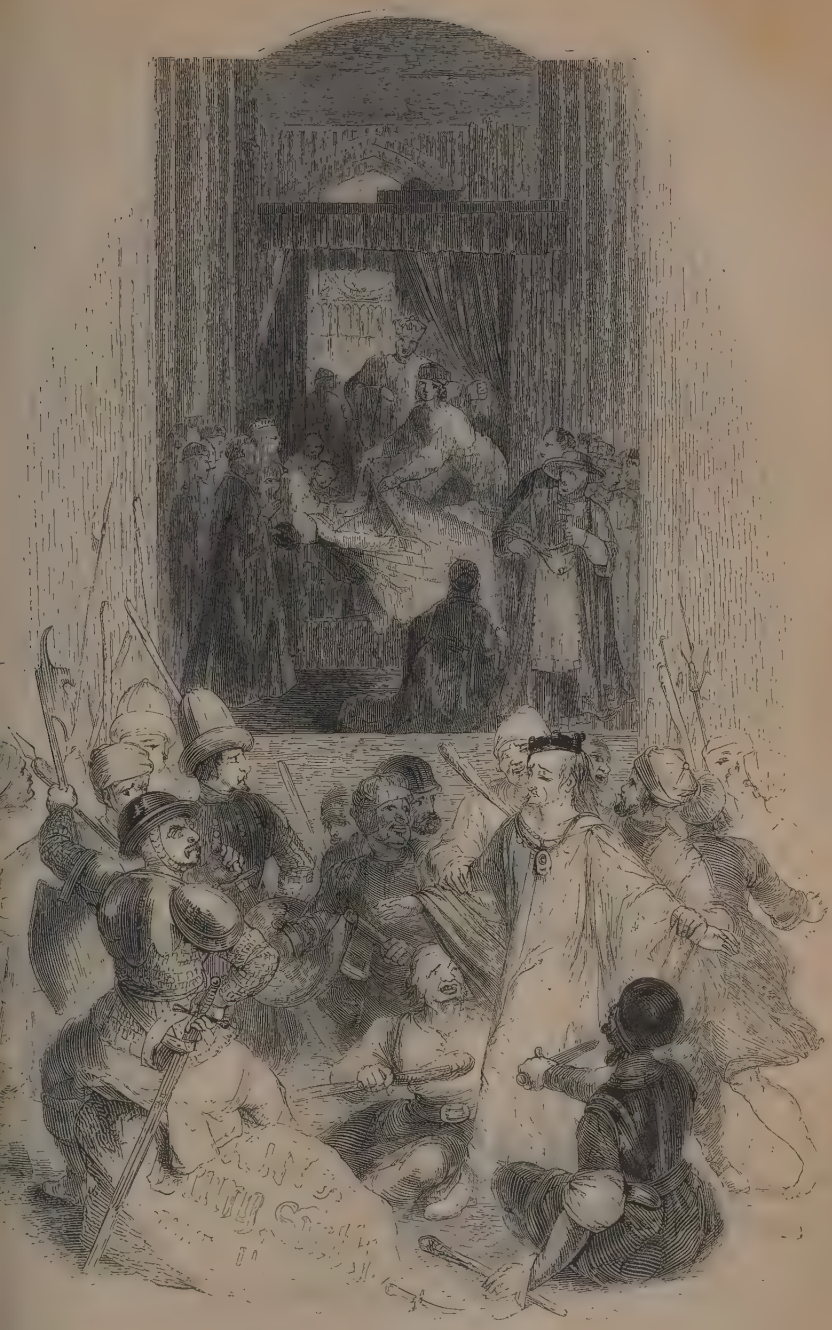
—— Read Machiavel.
Princes that would aspire, must mock at hell.

SCENE V.

"*If you do* CENSURE *me by what you were*"—To "sure" is here simply to *judge*. "If, in *judging* me, consider the past frailties of your own youth."

Act II. Scene 4.—The Temple Garden.

SECOND PART of KING HENRY VI.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

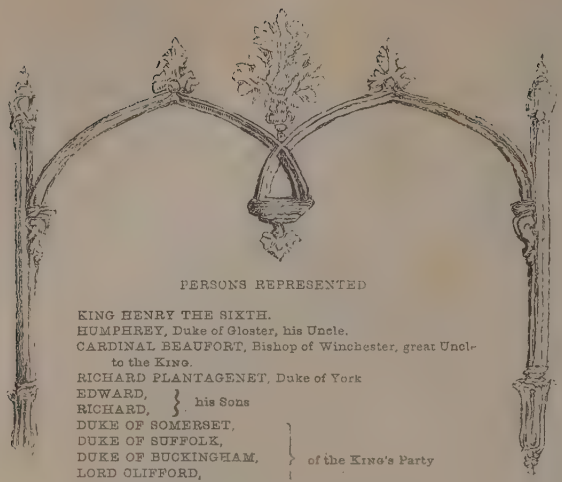
ORIGINAL FORM OF THIS PLAY, AND ITS ENLARGEMENTS—PROPORTION OF THE GROUNDWORK PRESERVED IN THE REVISION, ETC.

THIS play, as we now read it, was first printed in the folio of 1623. But it is a continuous enlargement and improvement of an older play, which it follows, scene by scene, making no material alteration in any character, incident, or sentiment, though very much expanding, developing, and giving effect to all of them. That was printed in 1594, under this title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: he Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the Crowne. London: 1594." It was again published in 1600; and these editions were without any author's name. In 1619 it was reprinted, together with the second part, n bears the same relation to the third part of HENRY VI. as this first part of the "Contention" does to the ow before us. This republication has the title of "The whole Contention betweene the two famous houses, ster and Yorke, with the tragical Ends of the Good Duke Humphrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie xt. Divided into two parts, and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, *Gent.*" is edition of the older plays has been reprinted *verbatim*, with minute accuracy, in Stevens's reprint of the al quartos. The present edition contains, in the Notes, such extracts from several of the most remarkable s, as may enable the reader, who has not access to the older plays in full, to compare their spirit and er with the same scenes, as enlarged and elaborated. Mr. Collier, adopting, as to this part of HENRY VI., ne's theory, (which he rejects as to the first part,) says, "Shakespeare's property, according to our present ns, was only in the additions and improvements he introduced." To my mind, both the old plays give their evidence that they were written by the author of the first part, who was also no other than the author of ARD III.; the same characters, chain of history, allusions, etc., being interwoven throughout. These two lays bear nearly the same relation to their enlargement, in the HENRY VI. of the folio, that the first quarto OMEO AND JULIET does to that which appeared in 1599, "newly corrected and enlarged," and still more y the same relation which the first editions of HENRY V. and of the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR do to the same in the folio; the first editions being but the mere sketch and groundwork of the later ones, but showing the cteristics of the same mind. The enlargements and alterations in this instance, just as in those undisputed gements, have all the indications of an author expanding and improving his own first conceptions, and are y unlike those alterations which Shakespeare made when, as in KING JOHN, or the TAMING OF THE SHREW, -constructed the popular work of a predecessor, preserving the same characters and incidents.

lone, following out his theory that Shakespeare, taking possession of these two plays written by Greene and e, converted them bodily to his own use, and "new-versified, new-modelled, transposed many parts, and am- d and improved the whole," has calculated that "the total number of lines in our author's second and third of KING HENRY VI. is 6043: of these, 1771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakespeare: were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1800 lines were entirely his own com- ion." These lines in his edition, and in many others on his authority, are variously marked: those found in ld play being printed in the usual manner; those altered are distinguished with inverted commas; and those d are marked with asterisks. Now this calculation, with the show of stars and commas, gives an erroneous ession of the proportion of the original plays preserved in the revision. In fact, of the 2373 lines marked as ed, the alteration of more than half is so slight as not to vary the style or sentiment. Besides, the conception, haracter, the leading ideas as well as incidents, are all in the older plays.

is circumstance is of no small weight as to the internal evidence of authorship. If we assume this very large rtion of these two plays to have been from the hand of the revising Shakespeare, then we have at once an nation of that Shakespearian character which, though fainter than in his nobler histories, was yet so strong have carried conviction of the authorship to minds of generations of readers, including critics as acute, as ent in tastes, and as little inclined to yield to authority, as Johnson and Hazzlit. But if, as is actually the the whole spirited conception of character, and the outline of much of the dramatic effect and interest is all older plays; if the largest portion of the language and dialogue is substantially there; if the effect and spirit whole are such as none in that day could produce but Shakespeare, even in his earliest and unpractised s, then we must be constrained to ascribe alike the first timid outline, and the subsequent filling out of these fect sketches, to the same hand—that hand which was soon to contrast the feeble royalty of Richard II. he gentle and sweet weakness of Henry VI., and to reproduce the bold and bloody Margaret in the more e majesty of Lady Macbeth.

must defer a further examination of Malone's theory until the next part



PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, great Uncle to the KING.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York
EDWARD, } his Sons
RICHARD, }
DUKE OF SOMERSET, }
DUKE OF SUFFOLK, }
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } of the KING's Party
LORD CLIFFORD, }
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son, }
EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.
EARL OF WARWICK, }
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
LORD SAY.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his Brother
SIR JOHN STANLEY
A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with SUFFOLK.
A Herald.
VAUX.
HUME, } two Priests
SOUTHWELL, }
BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer
A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer
PETER, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Albans
SIMPCOX, an Impostor.
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, a Rebel.
GEORGE, }
JOHN, }
DICK, } his Followers
SMITH, the Weaver, }
MICHAEL, &c. }
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman

MARGARET, Queen to KING HENRY
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch
Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE—Dispersedly in various parts of ENGLAND

ACT I

ENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

rish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on e side, King HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SAL-BURY, WARWICK, *and Cardinal* BEAUFORT; *the other, Queen* MARGARET, *led in by* SUF-LK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and ers, following.*

f. As by your high imperial majesty
I in charge at my depart for France,
rocurator to your excellence,
arry princess Margaret for your grace;
n the famous ancient city, Tours,
esence of the kings of France and Sicil,
dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
n earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
e perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
humbly now upon my bended knee,
ght of England and her lordly peers,
er up my title in the queen
our most gracious hands, that are the substance
at great shadow I did represent;
happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderlievest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles.
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of

England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.——Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father"—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—"It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league:
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son

War. For grief, that they are past recovery
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no te
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conque
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffoca
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very hea
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wiv
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd
France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too h
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mi
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long. [*E*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice
"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sov
reign,
He being of age to govern of himself?—
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his se

Car. This weighty business will not brook dela
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Ex*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey
pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protect
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *and* SOMERSE

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

le these do labour for their own preferment,
ves it us to labour for the realm.
er saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,
bear him like a noble gentleman.
ave I seen the haughty cardinal,
e like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
out, and proud, as he were lord of all,
ar like a ruffian, and demean himself
e the ruler of a common-weal.—
wick, my son, the comfort of my age,
deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
e won the greatest favour of the commons,
epting none but good duke Humphrey:—
brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
inging them to civil discipline;
late exploits, done in the heart of France,
en thou wert regent for our sovereign,
e made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people.—
we together, for the public good,
hat we can to bridle and suppress
pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
n Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
le they do tend the profit of the land.

Var. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
common profit of his country.

ork. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

l. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

Var. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost;
Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* WARWICK, *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost: the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Scene 1.—Room of State

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *A Room in the Duke of* GLOSTER'S *House.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and the Duchess.*

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious gold.—
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so chole
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pl
sure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presentl
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and Messeng*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear n
man,
We are alone; here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am
grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hum
advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as
conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show yo
highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questio
When from St. Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, ma
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit* DUCHES

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duc
ess' gold,
Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hum
Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffol
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.

y say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
am I Suffolk, and the cardinal's broker.
ne, if you take not heed, you shall go near
all them both a pair of crafty knaves.
l, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
ie's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
her attainture will be Humphrey's fall.
how it will. I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

NE III.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PETER, *and others, with Petitions.*

Pet. My masters, let's stand close: my lord
ector will come this way by and by, and then
nay deliver our supplications in the quill.
Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a
man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET.

Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
him. I'll be the first, sure.
Pet. Come back, fool! this is the duke of
olk, and not my lord protector.
f. How now, fellow! would'st any thing with

Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for
ord protector.
Mar. "To my lord protector!" are your
lications to his lordship? Let me see them.
t is thine?
Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against
Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping
ouse, and lands, and wife and all, from me.
f. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.—
t's your's?—What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against
uke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of
ord."—How now, sir knave?
Pet. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of
whole township.
eter. [*Presenting his Petition.*] Against my
er, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke
ork was rightful heir to the crown.
Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of
say, he was rightful heir to the crown?
t. That my master was? No, forsooth: my
er said, that he was; and that the king was an
per.
f. Who is there?—[*Enter Servants.*]—Take
ellow in, and send for his master with a pur-
nt presently.—We'll hear more of your matter
e the king. [*Exeunt Servants with* PETER.
Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
er the wings of our protector's grace,
n your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the Petition.*
y, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.
l. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*
Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
is the fashion in the court of England?
is the government of Britain's isle,
this the royalty of Albion's king?
t! shall king Henry be a pupil still,
er the surly Gloster's governance?
I a queen in title and in style,
must be made a subject to a duke?
l thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
I ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
ought king Henry had resembled thee,
urage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome.
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.
Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we
Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury, and Warwick, are no simple peers.
Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so
much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of
ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET; *Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not
which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in
France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, War-
wick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buck-
ingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women's matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[*Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will.
Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit Duchess.*
Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.
Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.
York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, *bringing in* HOR *and* PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treaso
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traito
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell what are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—that Richard, duke York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I ne said nor thought any such matter. God is my w ness, I am falsely accused by the villain.
Pet. By these ten bones, my lords,—[*Hold up his hands.*]—he did speak them to me in garret one night, as we were scouring my lord York's armour.
York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I spa the words. My accuser is my prentice; and wh I did correct him for his fault the other day, he vow upon his knees he would be even with me. have good witness of this: therefore, I beseec your majesty, do not cast away an honest man a villain's accusation.
K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in la
Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doo
Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.
Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for Go sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevail against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, heart!
Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang
K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
[*Exeu*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *The Duke of* GLOSTE *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME. SOUTHWE *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters: the duchess, I you, expects performance of your promises.
Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore p vided. Will her ladyship behold and hear exorcisms?
Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her coura

ling. I have heard her reported to be a woman
invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient,
er Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we
sy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's
, and leave us.—[*Exit* HUME.]—Mother Jour-
be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—
Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

ch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all.
is geer; the sooner the better.
ling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their
times.

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs
howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.
[*Here they perform the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* Conjuro te, *&c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*
Spir. Adsum!

SPIRIT. Ask what thou wilt.

Jourd. Asmath!
e eternal God, whose name and power
tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
ill thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.
ir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and
done!
ling. First, of the king: what shall of him
become?
ir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall
depose;
im outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the Spirit speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*
ling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
ir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
ling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning
lake:
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK, *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their Guards.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their
trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What! madam, are you there? the king and com-
mon-weal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All.—Away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with* SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

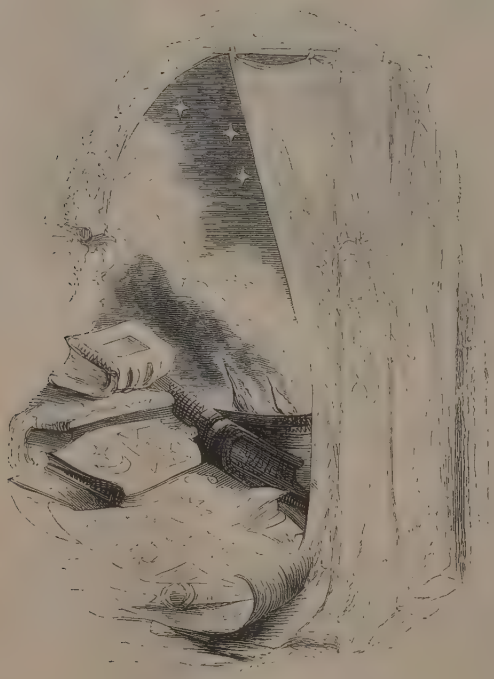
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk
By water shall he die, and take his end."—
"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alba
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can ca
them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my l
of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Wh
within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away. [*Exe*



ACT II.

Scene I.—Saint Albans.

r King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, Glos
a, Cardinal, and Suffolk, *with Falconers*
laing.

Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the
brook,
not better sport these seven years' day:
by your leave, the wind was very high,
ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon
made,
vhat a pitch she flew above the rest.
e how God in all his creatures works!
man and birds, are fain of climbing high.
f. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
rd protector's hawks do tower so well:
know their master loves to be aloft,
ears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
b. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
r. I thought as much: he'd be above the
clouds.
b. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by
that?
it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!
r. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and
thoughts
on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
cious protector, dangerous peer,
smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
b. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown
peremptory?
æne animis cœlestibus iræ?
chmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
such holiness can you do it.
f. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
od a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
b. As who, my lord?
f. Why, as you, my lord;
ike your lordly lord-protectorship.
b. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine in-
solence.
Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
lessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to
that! [*Aside to the Cardinal.*
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou
dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-
hand sword. [*Aside to* Gloster.
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my
lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*
Car. Medice teipsum:
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans' shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to belie souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Breth and Simpcox, *borne between two persons chair; his Wife, and a great multitude follow*

Car. Here come the townsmen on processio
To present your highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this ear vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near king:
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

Glo. Sirrah, beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick, in the north, an't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee!
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said,—"Simpcox, c
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What! art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a t
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been bl
Simp. O! born so, master.
Glo. What! and would'st climb a t
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a y
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing dear.
Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wou venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd damsons,
And made me climb with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not ser

ne see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—
y opinion yet thou seest not well.
np. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.
o. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
np. Red, master; red as blood.
o. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?
np. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?
f. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
o. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.
ife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
o. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
np. Alas! master, I know not.
o. What's his name?
np. I know not.
o. Nor his?
np. No, indeed, master.
o. What's thine own name?
np. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, er.
o. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave ıristendom. If thou hadst been born blind, might'st as well have known all our names, as o name the several colours we do wear. Sight distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nom- them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint here hath done a miracle; and would ye not that cunning to be great, that could restore ripple to his legs again?
np. O, master, that you could!
o. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not es in your town, and things called whips?
ıy. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
o. Then send for one presently.
ıy. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*
o. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.—*ool brought out.*]—Now, sirrah, if you mean e yourself from whipping, leap me over this and run away.
np. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
go about to torture me in vain.

-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

o. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. h beadle, whip him till he leap over that same

ad. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off your doublet quickly.
np. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not o stand.
[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A miracle!"*
Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
o. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
ife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.
o. Let them be whipp'd through every market town,
they come to Berwick, from whence they came. [*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*
r. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of* YORK's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third;

Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son;
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmond had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords! But I am not your king,
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off: we know your r
at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of V
wick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwicl
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exe*

Scene III.—The Same. *A Hall of Justic*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King Henry, *Q*
Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk,
Salisbury; *the Duchess of* Gloster, M
gery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, *and*
lingbroke, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobl
Gloster's wife.
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* Jourdain,
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ash
And you three shall be strangled on the gallow
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome v
my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath juc
thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Priso*
guarded.
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster.
thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of year
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and king Henry govern England's helm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my st
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine:
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gon
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*E*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Ma
ret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himse
That bears so shrew'd a maim: two pulls at once
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

f. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
rk. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
is the day appointed for the combat;
ready are the appellant and defendant,
armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
lease your highness to behold the fight.
Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore,
I the court to see this quarrel tried.
Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
let them end it, and God defend the right!
rk. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
nore afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
servant of this armourer, my lords.

r, on one side, HORNER, *and his Neighbours,*
inking to him so much that he is drunk; and
enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fast-
ed to it; a drum before him: at the other side,
TER, *with a drum and a similar staff; accom-*
nied by Prentices drinking to him.

Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you do well enough.
Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of neco.
Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, bour: drink, and fear not your man.
or. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all;
a fig for Peter!
Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be fraid.
Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy mas- fight for credit of the prentices.
ter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?
Peter. Peter, forsooth.
Sal. Peter! what more?
Peter. Thump.
Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.
York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.
[*Alarum. They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his Master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*
York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.
Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.
K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt.*

The Bar-Gate, Southampton.

SCENE IV.—The Same. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and Servants, in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

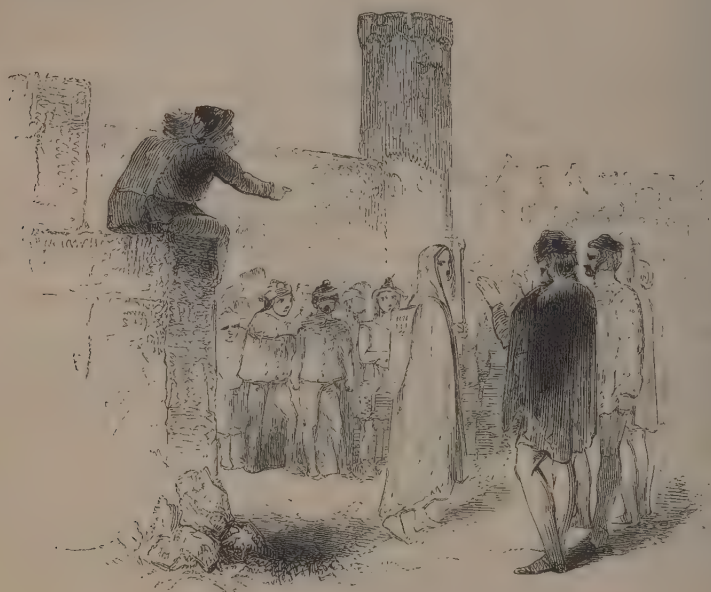
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels.
When thou didst ride in triumph through
streets.
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepar
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white s*
with verses written upon her back, her feet
and a taper burning in her hand; Sir J
STANLEY, *a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her
the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pas

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my
shame?



DUCH. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they
gaze:
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false pr
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle th
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear; thou aimest all awr
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their powe
All these could not procure me any scathe,

long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
uld'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
y, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
I in danger for the breach of law.
r greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
ay thee, sort thy heart to patience:
se few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's
iament, holden at Bury the first of this next
th.
Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
s is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sher. An't please your grace, here my commis-
sion stays;
sir John Stanley is appointed now
ake her with him to the isle of Man.
Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please
your grace.
Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
use her well.
world may laugh again; and I may live
lo you kindness, if you do it her:
so, sir John, farewell.
Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not
farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, *and Servants.*
Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with
thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.
Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's
lady:
According to that state you shall be used.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?
Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet:
No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury.*

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham, and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into
duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is dee
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal
lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolte
Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults
known,
Which time will bring to light in smooth d
Humphrey.
K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you
of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our fo
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my
science?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than
fond affiance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter SOMERSET.

m. All health unto my gracious sovereign!
Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?
m. That all your interest in those territories erly bereft you: all is lost.
Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset; but God's will be done.
rk. Cold news for me;—[*Aside.*]—for I had hope of France,
rmly as I hope for fertile England.
are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
caterpillars eat my leaves away;
will remedy this gear ere long,
ll my title for a glorious grave.

Enter GLOSTER.

o. All happiness unto my lord the king!
on, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
f. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
ss thou wert more loyal than thou art.
arrest thee of high treason here.
o. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
change my countenance for this arrest:
art unspotted is not easily daunted.
purest spring is not so free from mud,
am clear from treason to my sovereign.
can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
rk. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
being protector, stayed the soldiers' pay;
neans whereof his highness hath lost France.
o. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
er robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
ever had one penny bribe from France.
elp me God, as I have watch'd the night,
night by night, in studying good for England!
doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
ny groat I hoarded to my use,
rought against me at my trial day!
many a pound of mine own proper store,
use I would not tax the needy commons,
I dispursed to the garrisons,
never ask'd for restitution.
r. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
o. I say no more than truth, so help me God!
rk. In your protectorship you did devise
ge tortures for offenders, never heard of,
England was defam'd by tyranny.
o. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
was all the fault that was in me;
I should melt at an offender's tears,
lowly words were ransom for their fault:
ss it were a bloody murderer,
ul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
er gave them condign punishment.
der, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
e the felon, or what trespass else.
f. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd;
nightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
reof you cannot easily purge yourself.
arrest you in his highness' name;
here commit you to my lord cardinal
ep, until your further time of trial.
Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspense:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play,
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.
Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady, here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed.
Beshrew the winners, for they played me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exeunt Attendants with* GLOSTER.
K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.
Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?
K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowering star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none." [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Wer't not all one an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and wer't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed?
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lor
Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy d

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spok
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come a
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betim
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expe
stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thi
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast do
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove
ging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be st
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent th
Might happily have proved far worse than his

York. What, worse than naught? nay, th
shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wi
shame.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortu
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majest

Suf. Why our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see
form'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humph

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that eve

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York
[*Exeunt all but Y*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
d change misdoubt to resolution:
that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
sign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
t pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
d find no harbour in a royal heart.
ster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
d not a thought but thinks on dignity.
brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
eaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
ell, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
send me packing with an host of men:
ear me you but warm the starved snake,
ho, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
vas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
ke it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,
u put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
niles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
ill stir up in England some black storm,
ll blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
d this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
til the golden circuit on my head,
e to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
d, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes:
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

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Parliament in Abbey of Bury. 25

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter two or three, running from the murder of Duke HUMPHREY.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king, and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *Cardinal* BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, *Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The King swoons.*
Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are woundin
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Su thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groan
Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sig
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be woun
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretc man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched t he is.
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's ba
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen cave
And bid them blow towards England's blessed sh
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindnes
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land. The sea receiv'd
And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK, *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O, thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered, dead in his bed; and* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men:
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal,* SOMERSET, *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.
[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart;—[*Speaking to those within.*]—the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your re
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,
Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary, you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the ki
my lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolis
hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the ki
or we will all break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all fr
me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* SALISBU

Bury St. Edmund's. 28

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.
K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
o more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
ou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
ad I but said, I would have kept my word,
t, when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
after three days' space thou here be'st found
any ground that I am ruler of,
e world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
me, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
ave great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt K.* Henry, Warwick, *Lords, &c.*
Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you!
eart's discontent, and sour affliction,
playfellows to keep you company!
ere's two of you; the devil make a third,
d threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
d let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Q. Mar. Fie, coward, woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
st thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
ould curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
would invent as bitter-searching terms,
curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
eliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
ith full as many signs of deadly hate,
lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
y tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
ine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
y hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
d even now my burden'd heart would break,
ould I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
ll, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
eir sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
eir chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
eir softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
eir music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,
d boding screech-owls make the concert full!
l the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—
Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself;
d these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
like an overcharged gun, recoil,
d turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
w, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
ell could I curse away a winter's night,
ough standing naked on a mountain top,
here biting cold would never let grass grow,
d think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,
at I may dew it with my mournful tears;
r let the rain of heaven wet this place,
wash away my woeful monuments.
! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
at thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
rough whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
s one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
dventure to be banished myself;
d banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone.—
O! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pr'ythee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[*Exit* Vaux.
Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torture more than death.
O! let me stay, befal what may befal.
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me.
[*Exeunt, severally*

SCENE III.—London. *Cardinal* BEAUFORT'S *Bed-chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upri
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heave
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make
grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good p
sure be.
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive h

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinn
all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exe*

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore near Dover.*

'iring heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
s crept into the bosom of the sea,
nd now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
'hat drag the tragic melancholy night;
Vho with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
'lip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
reathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
'herefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
'or whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Iere shall they make their ransom on the sand,
r with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Iaster, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
nd thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
'he other,—[*Pointing to* SUFFOLK.]—Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
nd bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
ut both the villains' throats!—for die you shall:
'he lives of those which we have lost in fight,
e counterpois'd with such a petty sum?

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die;
[*To* SUFFOLK.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what! doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot:
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* SUFFOLK.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke: Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.
Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?
Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?
Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus.*
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence.
Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.
Cap. Walter!—
Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to th death.
Suf. Penè gelidus timor occupat artus:—it thee I fear.
Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before leave thee.
What! are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop
1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, spe him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and roug
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no mor
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye ca
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exit* SUFFOLK, *with* WHITMORE, *and other*
Cap. And as for these whose ransom we hav set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the first Gentlema*

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'S *body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Ex*
1 *Gent.* O, barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the bod*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though mad of a lath: they have been up these two days.
John. They have the more need to sleep no then.
Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, mean to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set new nap upon it.
John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Wel I say, it was never merry world in England, sinc gentlemen came up.
Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarde in handicrafts-men.
John. The nobility think scorn to go in leathe aprons.
Geo. Nay more; the king's council are no goo workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy ocation: which is as much to say, as,—let the agistrates be labouring men; and therefore should e be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign a brave mind, than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's n, the tanner of Wingham.

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to ake dog's leather of.

John. And Dick, the butcher.

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

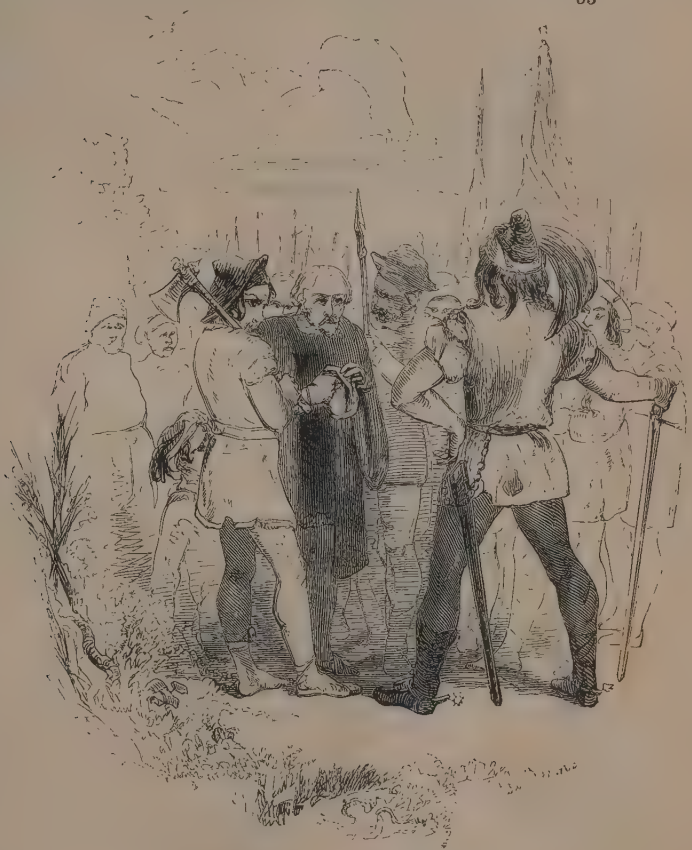
Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the Butcher*, SMITH *the Weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade. —For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

33



CADE. Come hither sirrah; I must examine thee. 33

ick. Silence!

ade. My father was a Mortimer,—

ick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-. [*Aside.*

ade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

ick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

ade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

ick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and many laces. [*Aside.*

ith. But, now of late, not able to travel with urred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be,)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. —'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently.—[*Kneels.*]—Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and* WILLIAM *his Brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons dow
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd
blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I
not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, ear
March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter, did he n

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one bir

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say,
true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore, he shall
king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my fath
house, and the bricks are alive at this day to tes
it: therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drud
words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye go

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath tau
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself.—[*Asi*
Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for
father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time b
went to span-counter for French crowns, I
content he shall reign; but I'll be protector o
him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the
Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is Engl
maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that
puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell
that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwea
and made it an eunuch; and more than that,
can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchn
are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this;
he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy b
good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his he

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not
vail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and, throughout every to
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—
And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and For*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, fol
me.—

ow show yourselves men: 'tis for liberty.
e will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
are none but such as go in clouted shoon,
or they are thrifty honest men, and such
would (but that they dare not) take our parts.
Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.
Cade. But then are we in order, when we are
ost out of order. Come: march! forward!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

larums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?
Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

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Scene 3.—Blackheath. 35

SCENE IV.—London. *Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, *reading a supplication; the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* SAY *with him: at a distance, Queen* MARGARET, *mourning over* SUFFOLK'S *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How, now, madam!
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge: the citizens
Fly and forsake their houses.
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,
To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, t
horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, v
succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord:—[*To Lord* Sa
trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeu*

SCENE V.—The Same. *The Tower.*

Enter Lord SCALES, *and others, walking on th Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; they have won the bridge, killing all those t withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid your honour from the Tower, to defend the c from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall co mand,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your live
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeu*

SCENE VI.—The Same. *Cannon Street.*

Enter JACK CADE, *and his Followers. He stri his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. A here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and co mand, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-cond run nothing but claret wine this first year of reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treas for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill hi*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call y Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very f warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered gether in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with the But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; a if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, le away. [*Exeu*

SCENE VII.—The Same. *Smithfield.*

Alarum. Enter, on one side. CADE *and his Co pany; on the other, the Citizens, and the Kin Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *Th fight; the Citizens are routed, and* MATTH GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull do the Savoy; others to the inns of court: down w them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for t word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may co out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not thole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away! burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, *with the Lord* SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be thought to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the pap of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[*Exeunt some, with Lord* SAY.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY, *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France.

Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*]—What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee.
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost.
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and ma them leave me desolate. I see them lay th heads together, to surprise me: my sword m way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite the devils and hell, have through the very midst you; and heavens and honour be witness, that want of resolution in me, but only my follow base and ignominious treasons, makes me bet me to my heels. [*E*

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and fol him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of th*
Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exe*

SCENE IX.—*Kenilworth Castle.*

Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* M GARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the Terrace of Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an eart throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majes
K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Ca surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S *Followers, halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlas gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives
And show'd how well you love your prince country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant, and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traito

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirat
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd
And now is York in arms to second him.—

pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
nd ask him, what's the reason of these arms?
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
nd, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.
Som. My lord,
'll yield myself to prison willingly,
)r unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.
Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.
K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a number of CADE's Followers, with halters about their necks.

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN's *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have
sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five
ays have I hid me in these woods, and durst not
eep out, for all the country is laid for me; but
ow am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease
f my life for a thousand years, I could stay no
nger. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed
nto this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a
allet another while, which is not amiss to cool a
an's stomach this hot weather. And, I think,
is word sallet was born to do me good: for, many
time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft
ith a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have
een dry and bravely marching, it hath served me
nstead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the
ord sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with Servants.*

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the
court,
nd may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
his small inheritance, my father left me,
ontenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
seek not to wax great by others' waning;
)r gather wealth I care not with what envy:
ufficeth that I have maintains my state,
nd sends the poor well pleased from my gate.
Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
leave. A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a
thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head
to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich,
and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou
and I part.
Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?
Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on
me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,
come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may
never eat grass more.
Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. —[*They fight.* CADE *falls.*]—O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for that never feared any, am vanquished by famine not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bore thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

Between Dartford and Blackheath.

SCENE I.—The Same. *Fields between Dartford, and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter YORK, *with his Forces, with drum and colours.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.
Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?
Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.
York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
[*Aside.*
O Buckingham, I pry'thee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.
Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?
Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.
York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.
Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, *with* CADE'S *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.
K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.
K. Hen. Iden, kneel down:—[*He kneels.*]—rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traito
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of min
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

IDEN. Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head.

And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O! blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *one side; at the other, Old* CLIFFORD *and Son.*

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll mak
good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny th
bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord
king! [*Kne*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what ne
with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

Ve are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
or thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
ut thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
o Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?
K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
akes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
nd chop away that factious pate of his.
Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
is sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—
all hither to the stake my two brave bears,
hat with the very shaking of their chains
hey may astonish these fell lurking curs:
id Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
nd manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
un back and bite, because he was withheld;
Vho, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
ath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
nd such a piece of service will you do,
you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.
Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
s crooked in thy manners as thy shape!
York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.
K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—
ld Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
hou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
Vhat, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
nd seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Vhere shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Vilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
nd shame thine honourable age with blood?
Vhy art thou old, and want'st experience?
r wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
or shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
hat bows unto the grave with mickle age.
Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
he title of this most renowned duke;
nd in my conscience do repute his grace
he rightful heir to England's royal seat.
K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?
Sal. I have.
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
ut greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Vho can be bound by any solemn vow
o do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
o force a spotless virgin's chastity,
o reave the orphan of his patrimony,
o wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.
K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.
Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.
Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Saint Albans.

Alarums: Excursions. *Enter* WARWICK.

War Clifford of Cumberland! 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed:
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—
York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.
Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou
art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will! [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world e
[*Seeing his Father's*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, th

Field near St. Albans.

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then, Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and* SOMERSET,
fighting; SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King HENRY,
MARGARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow
shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens?
Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'l
fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum af*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the botto
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get; where you are lov'
And where this breach, now in our fortunes n
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
vould speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
t fly you must: uncurable discomfit
igns in the hearts of all our present party.
vay, for your relief; and we will live
see their day, and them our fortune give.
vay, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

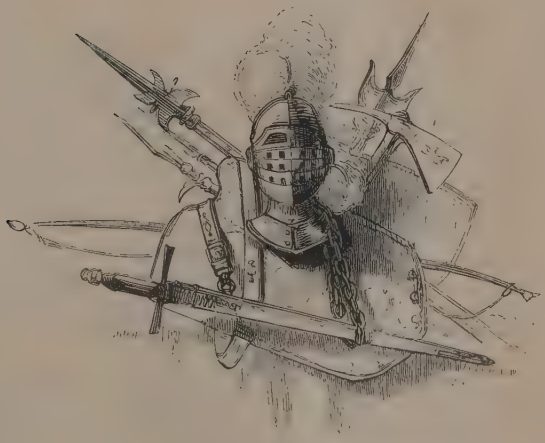
SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Albans.*

arum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, *and Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?
at winter lion, who in rage forgets
ed contusions and all brush of time,
d, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
pairs him with occasion? this happy day
not itself, nor have we won one foot,
Salisbury be lost.
Rich. My noble father,
ree times to-day I holp him to his horse,
ree times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
rsuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*



Ancient View of a Street in Southwark.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE SIXTH.—PART II.

ACT I.—Scene I.

"— *mine* ALDERLIEVEST *sovereign*"—"Alderlievest" is a compound word, derived from *alder*, or *aller*, (of all,) and *liefest*, (an old English word, used by Hall and others, for *dearest*—the superlative of *lieve*.) It means *dearest of all*. The Germans still use the word *allerliebst*, and the Dutch *allerliefste*, in precisely the same sense. In English, "alderlievest" is met with in Chaucer, in Gascoigne, and in Marston; but the latter gives it to his Dutch courtesan, who may be supposed to use it as her native word. It had become antiquated, though not yet obsolete, in Shakespeare's time.

"*And* WAS *his highness in his infancy*," etc.

With Collier, we have substituted "was" for *hath* of the folio, (1623,) as preferable to the ordinary insertion of *been*, before "crowned," which is of course to be read as a dissyllable.

"— *the poor king Reignier, whose* LARGE *style,*
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse."

"King Reignier, her father, for all his *long style*, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king, her spouse."—HOLLINGSHED.

"— *on a* TICKLE *point*"—Old English writers, from Chaucer to Spenser and Heywood, and North, in his "Plutarch," use "tickle" for *unsteady, uncertain, doubtful*. We still retain *ticklish*, in something of the same sense, while "tickle," obsolete as an adjective in English, is still used colloquially in Scotland. I have heard a Scotch theologian call a doubtful question of divinity "a tickle point."

"*As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,*
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon."

According to Ovid, Meleager, prince of Calydon, died in great torments when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.

Scene II.

"— ILL-NURTUR'D *Eleanor*"—i. e. *Badly brou*
So, in VENUS AND ADONIS:—

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old.
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice.

"WHEREAS *the king and queen*"—"Whereas"
used in the sense of *where*, as it frequently is by
speare's contemporaries. Thus, in Daniel's trag
"Cleopatra," (1594,) we have—

That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands
To view my misery.

"SIR *John*"—i. e. Sir John Hume: he was a
and to persons of his profession the title of "si
of old frequently applied. (See TWELFTH N
In Davenport's "New Trick to cheat the Devil," (
we meet with this expression:—"Sir me no *sirs*
no *knight* or *churchman*."

"*With* MARGERY JOURDAIN"—It appears (says
"Illustrations of Shakespeare,") from Rymer's "
ra," that in the tenth year of King Henry the
Margery Jourdemayn, John Virley, clerk, and fria
Ashwell, were, on the 9th of May, 1433, brough
Windsor by the constable of the castle, to whic
had been committed for sorcery, before the cou
Westminster, and afterwards, by an order of c
delivered into the custody of the lord chancellor.
same day it was ordered by the lords of counci
whenever the said Virley and Ashwell should f
curity for their good behaviour, they should be
liberty; and in like manner that *Jourdemayn* sho
discharged on her husband's finding security.
woman was afterwards burned in Smithfield, as
in the play, and also in the chronicles.

Scene III.

"— *our supplications in the* QUILL"—The comm
tors vary in their solution of this phrase. The

nerally received one is, that it means *in writing*, just we say "in print." Tollet thinks it means *with great actness and observance of form*, in allusion to the *illed* or plaited ruffs. Hawkins suggests, that it may the same with the French *en quille*, said of a man nen he stands upright upon his feet, without moving m the place; in allusion to *quille*, (a ninepin.) Singer serts it to be nothing more than an intention to mark e vulgar pronunciation of *in the coil*, (i. e. in the stle.) The word is spelled, in the old dictionaries, *oil*, and was no doubt often pronounced, by ignorant rsons, *quile*, or "quill."

"SORT *how it will*"—i. e. Let it *happen* as it will—an ymological use of the word "sort" very common in l writers.

"*That my* MASTER *was*"—In the original this is inted *mistress*. The words are similarly confounded other passages of our Poet, *M.* having been the ridged form of writing both "master" and *mistress*.

"*— base-born* CALLAT"—"Callat" was a term of use applied to women, of frequent occurrence in iters of the time of Shakespeare, as well as earlier.

"— DENAY'D *the regentship*"—The verb "to denay," *to deny*, was not unusual. In TWELFTH NIGHT, we ve "denay" used as a substantive—"bide no *denay*."

"*I'd set my* TEN COMMANDMENTS *in your face*."
This phrase, which might more worthily fill the mouth a lady of the fish-market, was common to the drama- ts who wrote before the date of this play, and after. us, in "The Four P.'s," (1569:)—

Now ten times I beseech him that hie sits,
Thy wifes X. *com.* may serche thy five wits.

d in "Westward Hoe," (1607:)—"Your harpy has his *ten commandments* on my back."

"*— gallop* FAR *enough*"—So the original. The com- on altered reading is *fast*.

"*By these* TEN BONES"—This is an ancient adjuration. the mystery of "Candlemas Day," (1512,) we have—

But by their *bonys ten*, thei be to you untrue.

is form of words, like that of the *ten commandments*, as retained in the time of Shakespeare, and indeed er. In "Monsieur Thomas," by Fletcher, (1637,) e have—

By these *ten bones*, sir, by these eyes and tears.

"*This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.*"
In this place the following two lines are usually in- rted:—

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

he lines were found, by Theobald, in "The First Part the Contention," and he introduced them because thought that "duke Humphrey's doom" required e confirmation of King Henry. But Henry, having ven the power of deciding to Gloster, both in the case the armourer and of the regency, might be intended the Poet to speak by the mouth of the Protector. he scene, as it stands, is an exhibition of the authority Gloster immediately before his fall. Malone suggests at the King assents by a nod.

SCENE IV.

"*— and* BAN-*dogs howl*"—"*Ban*-dog" is properly *nd-dog*, or *bound* dog, and was applied to dogs kept ained for their fierceness. Coles, in his contemporary atin dictionary, translates it *canis catenarius*.

"*Deep night, dark night, the* SILENT *of the night*," etc. In the "First Part of the Contention," this line thus ppears:—

Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night.

he use of "silent" as a noun is wonderfully fine; and minds one of "the *vast* of night," in the TEMPEST.

"*First, of the king: what shall of him become?*"
Most modern editions here insert "Reading out of a paper;" but it is wanting in the old copies, and is not necessary. Malone objects that Bolingbroke reads, and not Southwell, who had been told by Bolingbroke to read; but what Southwell was to read was the charm, *Conjuro te*, etc. We need not suppose that Bolingbroke's questions were written in the first instance, though Southwell must have written down both Bolingbroke's questions and the answers of the spirit, as Buckingham afterwards seizes and reads them.

"*— this is just*
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse."

That is, This is just like the old oracle of double meaning, "I say that you, the son of Æacus, the Romans will conquer;" which might be taken either way, as to the result.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"*— Queen Margaret*"—"With her hawk on her fist" is the direction of the quarto "Contention;" showing the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. The folio (1623) omits the words; and possibly, when the play was acted, as it is there printed, the queen had no "hawk on her fist."—COLLIER.

"*— flying at the brook*"—i. e. Flying at *birds* of the brook; hawking at waterfowl.

"*— ten to one old Joan had not gone out*"—Percy explains, that "the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game."

"— FAIN *of climbing high*"—Stevens says that "fain" here signifies *fond*; and he quotes Heywood's "Epigrams on Proverbs:"—

Fayre words make fooles *faine*.

Knight insists that, in this quotation, "fain" means *glad*—the Saxon meaning.

"BEAT *on a crown*"—i. e. Are *intent* on a crown. This fine expression may be explained by a passage in the TEMPEST:—

Do not infest your minds with *beating on*
The strangeness of this business.

"*A miracle! a miracle!*"
The miracle scene at St. Alban's is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The Poet probably found it in More's works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton, in his Chronicle:—

"In the time of King *Henry* VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the town of *Saint Alban's* a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek *Saint Alban*. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at *Saint Alban's* shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen: so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke *Humphrey*, Duke of *Gloucester*, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the

duke: what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks."

"— *and would ye not think that cunning to be great, that would restore this cripple to his legs again?*"

Stevens prints this speech metrically, with certain changes, after his fashion of making verses. In this he is followed by all the later editors, except Knight, with whom we concur in returning to the prose, as it stands in the original.

"— SORT *of naughty persons,* LEWDLY *bent*"—i. e. A *company* of naughty persons, *wickedly* inclined.

SCENE II.

"— *as all you know*"—"All you," for *both* of you, is said to be a mode of speech peculiar to Shakespeare.

"*Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March,*" etc.

In act ii. scene 5 of the last play, York, to whom this is spoken, is present at the death of Edmond Mortimer in prison; and the reader will recollect him to have been married to Owen Glendower's daughter in the First Part of KING HENRY IV.

"*And but for Owen Glendower had been king,*
Who kept him in captivity, till he died."

"Some of the mistakes of the historians and the drama concerning Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, are noticed in a note to the former play; where he is introduced an aged and grey-haired prisoner in the Tower, and represented as having been confined 'since Harry Monmouth first began to reign.' Yet here we are told he was kept in captivity by Owen Glendower till he died. The fact is, that Hall having said Owen Glendower kept his *son-in-law,* Lord Grey of Ruthvin, *in captivity till he died,* and this Lord March having been said by some historians to have married Owen's daughter, the author of this play has confounded them with each other. This Edmund being only six years of age at the death of his father, in 1398, he was delivered by King Henry IV., in ward to his son Henry prince of Wales, and during the whole of that reign, being a minor, and related to the family on the throne, he was under the particular care of the king. At the age of ten years, in 1402, he headed a body of Herefordshire men against Owen Glendower, and was taken prisoner by him. The Percies, in the manifesto they published before the battle of Shrewsbury, speak of him as rightful heir to the crown, whom Owen had confined, and whom, finding for political reasons that the king would not ransom him, they at their own charges had ransomed. If he was at the battle of Shrewsbury, he was probably brought there against his will, to grace their cause, and was under the care of the king soon after. Great trust was reposed in this earl of March during the whole reign of King Henry V. In the sixth year of that king he was at the siege of Fresnes, with the earl of Salisbury; and soon afterwards with the king himself at the siege of Melun. In the same year he was made lieutenant of Normandy; was at Melun with Henry to treat of his marriage with Catharine; and accompanied that queen when she returned from France with the corpse of her husband, in 1422, and died two years afterwards at his castle of Trim, in Ireland."—MALONE.

"— *in this private* PLOT"—This phrase has a modern sense, which the author did not mean. He uses "plot" for a piece of ground, (as we yet say a *grass-plot;*) and means this *sequestered place,* or what York has just termed "this close walk."

SCENE III.

"— *govern England's* HELM"—In the original this is *realm.* Johnson rightly suggested, that the repetition was a typographical error. To "govern the helm" a Latinism quite in Shakespeare's manner, and we besides, in a preceding scene, the phrase—

And you yourself, shall steer the happy helm.

"*This staff of honour* RAUGHT"—This is used Chaucer and Spenser, in the sense of *reached;* it tainly means here *taken away,* as in Peele's "Arr ment of Paris:"—

How Pluto *raught* queen Ceres' daughter thence.

It is here, probably, (as Ritson observes,) the pret of the verb *to reave,* or *bereave*—now printed *re bereft.*

"— *let him go*"—i. e. Dismiss him from your thou The Duke had already gone off in person.

"— *worse* BESTEAD"—i. e. In a worse *plight.*

"*Enter, on one side,* HORNER, *and his Neighbours,*"

"The Poet found the picturesque story of the tri battle, between the armourer and his servant, briefly told in Hollingshed:—'In the same year a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a se of his own. For proof thereof a day was given the fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by mis erning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he sh come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in suc cessive sort that he was therewith distempered, reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished being convict of felony in court of assize, he was ju to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn.'

"The event is dramatically connected by the with the main plot, by his exact description of the son of which 'a certain armourer was appeached:'

His words were these,—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

The poetical variations of the incident told by Holl hed greatly heightens the dramatic effect. The s in all probability, presents an accurate represent of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In remarkable case of the battle between the armourer his servant, some very curious particulars, not det by the chroniclers, have been found in the original cept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses o occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exche The names of the combatants were John Davey William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were bro to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantit sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses tains the following item: 'Also paid to officer watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doyng, and f hangman's labor, xjs. vid.' The 'hangman's labor' subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree the armourer was slain by his servant; but the monies attending the punishment of a traitor were through with the dead body. (See Douce's 'Illu tions.') It is remarkable that the trial of battle only abolished by law (in England) as recently as 1 and that in the previous year there was every p bility that a somewhat similar scene to that dramatized would have been acted by the authori the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Th ton."—KNIGHT.

"— *bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to* As, according to the old law of duels, knights we to fight with the lance and the sword, so those of rior rank fought with an ebon staff, or battoon, t further end of which was fixed a bag crammed with sand.

"— *here's a cup of* CHARNECO"—"Charneco, *charnico,* is a species of wine, named from the

manufacture near Lisbon. It is mentioned by comic writers of the time of Shakespeare.

— *have at thee with a downright blow*"—"After words, modern editors have introduced 'as Bevis uthampton fell upon Ascapart,' from the quarto of First Part of the Contention,' etc. But there are ges more important, sometimes to the extent of ten elve lines, omitted in the folio, which we should ithout excuse for leaving out in our text, if we did xclude this needless reference to the old romance. presumption is, that Shakespeare himself rejected COLLIER.

Ve have been unwilling to part with these words, igh they are wanting in the text as revised by espeare. The allusions in our old poets to the older nces, form a chain of traditionary literature of which ot pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt our greatest Poet was a diligent student of those nt legends, upon which one who in many respects ly resembled him chiefly formed himself. Scott one more than any man of our generation to send ck to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the y of the Lake, illustrate the passage before us:—

> My sire's tall form might grace the part
> Of Ferragus, or Ascapart.

ir Bevis has had monuments of stone, (as the Gate uthampton,) and more enduring monuments of ture. He earned these honours, as the legend says, e conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet s by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person y reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we he modernized version of Ellis) tells us something ent:—

> This giant was mighty and strong,
> And full thirty feet was long.
> He was bristled like a sow;
> A foot he had between each brow;
> His lips were great and hung aside;
> His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;
> Lothly he was to look on than,
> And liker a devil than a man:
> His staff was a young oak,—
> Hard and heavy was his stroke." KNIGHT.

SCENE IV.

NEATH *may she endure*"—"Uneath" is *scarcely, t easily;* from *un* and *eath*, (easy.)

With ENVIOUS *looks*"—"Envy" and "envious" are used, by old writers, for *hatred* and *hateful*, or *ious.*

— BAN *thine enemies*"—i. e. *Curse* thine enemies: ban" and to *curse* were synonymous; (from the n *abannan.*)

AIL'D *up in shame*"—In LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, ave "mail," or *male*, used for a *bag*, or *wallet;* ohnson tells us, that "mail'd up in shame" means pped up, bundled up in disgrace." Collier sug- that "mail" is here to be taken in the sense of ur, as if the shame of the duchess enclosed her a coat of mail. This is explained, by Dyce and s, from the ancient terms of hawking, "wrapp'd a hawk is in a cloak, to prevent her stirring her s." Probably, however, the author meant the use e phrase as applied to armour, meaning, as used in mporary writers, completely enclosed with shame, knight was with his mail.

— DEEP-FET *groans*"—i. e. *Deep-fetched.*

NTREAT *her not the worse*"—"Entreat" was of requently put for *treat*, especially when, as here, able was wanted in order to complete the line.

"*Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.*"

his impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It t so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable, tate of disgrace, to be sheltered from the scorn of s."—JOHNSON.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*A* SENNET"—"'Sennet' meant a *sounding* of trumpets, and may have been derived from the French *sonner*, and perhaps ought strictly to have been spelled *sonnet*, but altered to 'sennet' for the sake of distinction. It is a term constantly used by early dramatists, in their stage-directions, and it is variously spelled by old printers. In Marlowe's 'Edward II.' and in 'Jeronymo,' it is given *signate*, which might lead us to a different derivation of the word. In HENRY VIII., (act ii. scene 4,) the stage-direction begins, 'Trumpets *Sennet* and Cornets.' In the folio, (1623,) the word is printed *sennet*, or *senet.*"—COLLIER.

"*If it be* FOND"—i. e. *Foolish*, or *weak*. So, further on in this scene, we have "*fond* affiance," used by Queen Margaret for *foolish confidence*.

"— REPUTING *of his high descent*"—The meaning of "reputing" here seems to be *valuing* himself upon his high descent.

"— *I will remedy this* GEAR"—"Gear" is generally used for *matter*, or *affair*. (See MERCHANT OF VENICE.)

"*My* LIEFEST *liege*"—i. e. My *dearest* liege. (See note on "*alderlievest* sovereign," act i. scene 1.)

"— *well* EFFECTED"—i. e. Well *carried into effect.* The old reading ("effected") is restored by Collier, in place of the modern alteration, (*affected,*) which, in the language of the time, meant *beloved*. "The First Part of the Contention" reads *performed*, for "effected," showing the sense intended.

"FREE *lords*"—Warburton thinks, that by "*free* lords" Margaret means, "you who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live." It is shown, in a note on TWELFTH NIGHT, (act ii. scene 4,) that "free" meant *pure, chaste*, and consequently *virtuous*. This may be the meaning here; unless the reader would rather believe that it means *free-born, noble*, which was the sense of its Saxon original.

"— MATES *him first*"—To "mate" is to *destroy*, or *confound*, and in that sense it is often used by Shakespeare, as well as by Greene, Peele, Drayton, etc.

"— *I will be his* PRIEST"—i. e. I will attend to his last offices, his death-bed and his funeral.

"— CENSURE *well the deed*"—i e. *Judge* the deed to be right.

"*It* SKILLS *not*"—An idiomatic phrase for "it *matters* not," as in TWELFTH NIGHT, (act v. scene 1,) and TAMING OF THE SHREW, (act iii. scene 2.)

"— *like a wild* MORISCO"—Or, as he was familiarly termed, a *Morris-dancer*. *Moresco* is Italian for a *Moor*, and the Morris-dance has been supposed to be the same as the *Tripudium Mauritanicum*. *Morris-dancing* (we learn from Mr. Collier) is still kept up in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, (England.)

SCENE II.

"*Enter two or three running from the murder*"—This edition varies from the modern ones, by restoring the old stage-direction in the folio. According to the quarto "Contention," the murder was first exhibited in dumb show before the audience. The stage-direction, and what immediately follows it, are there thus given:—

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest, and smothering him in his bed; and then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.

Suff. How now, sirs! what have you dispatcht him?
One. Yea, my lord: he is dead, I warrant you.
Suff. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him stil,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.
2. All things is handsome now, my lord.
Suff. Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward anon.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*

"*I thank thee,* MEG"—In the folio, (1623,) it is printed, "I thank thee, *Nell,*" etc., which suits the metre, but not the person; and accordingly the later editions have inserted the Queen's name, Margaret. We adopt Collier's opinion, that *Nell* was misprinted for "Meg.," the abbreviation of Margaret.

"*Erect his statue, and worship it,*" etc.

Collier reminds us, that "statue" was sometimes pronounced as three syllables. Other late editors, forgetting this, have interpolated *then* into this line, after "statue," without authority or notice. The old editions are without it.

"—*by* AWKWARD *wind*"—The same epithet is used by Marlowe, and by Drayton, for *adverse, untoward.*

"—PERISH *Margaret*"—Used actively, as *destroy*—a use of the verb found also in Beaumont and Fletcher.

"—*sit and* WITCH *me*"—The folio (1623) has *watch;* but the misprint is proved by the antithesis, in the next line but two—"Am I not *witch'd* like her?"

"*Warwick goes into an inner Room*"—In the simplicity of the old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain; therefore, in the quarto "Contention," the stage-direction is, "Warwick draws the curtain, and shows Duke Humphrey in his bed."

"*Warwick and others standing by it*"—This stage-direction is an editorial, though useful insertion of Malone's. That of the folio shows the humble scenery of the Shakespearian stage, it being merely "Bed put forth."

"—*I see my life in death*"—The King says, "With his life all my earthly comfort has fled. He was my life, and seeing him dead, I see my own life surrounded by death." The thought seems suggested (as Singer observes) by the scriptural phrase used in the Anglican burial service—"In the midst of life we are in death."

"—*a timely-parted* GHOST"—The word "ghost" was used somewhat vaguely by the old writers; it here undoubtedly means a *body* recently parted from the soul. The use of "ghost," for a dead *corpse,* was not peculiar to this place, and continued until the times of Charles I. The "*timely*-parted ghost" is clearly the corpse of one that has died in due course of nature, from which the appearance of the Duke's face, "black and full of blood," quite differed. This passage has been spiritedly and literally translated into Italian, by Monti, and incorporated in one of his tragedies—the "Aristodom," if I recollect rightly.

"*Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just,*" etc.

Here the commentators would make out, that Shakespeare was indebted to what they call "Marlowe's" *Lust's Dominion,* in the following passage:—

> Come, Moor: I'm arm'd with more than complete steel,
> The justice of my quarrel.

Collier shows that "Lust's Dominion" could not have been written until five years after Marlowe's death. The authors of "Lust's Dominion" imitated Shakespeare, if there were any imitation.

"*A Noise within*"—So the folios. The old play is more explanatory: "Then all the Commons within cry, Down with Suffolk! down with Suffolk! And then enter again the duke of Suffolk, and Warwick, with their weapons drawn."

"*A* SORT *of tinkers*"—i. e. A *company,* or *body* of tinkers.

'*Would curses kill, as doth the* MANDRAKE'S GROAN," etc.

Reed appositely quotes from Bulleine's "Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness," (1579.) where, speaking of Mandragora, he says:—"They do affyrme that this herbe cometh of the seede of some convicted dead men: and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof with a corde, and digged th
in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme
their own eares for feare of the terrible shr
cry of this *Mandrack.* In whych cry it doth
dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the d
beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

"*You bade me ban, and will you bid me leav*

"This inconsistency is very common in r
Those who are vexed to impatience, are angr
others less disturbed than themselves; but whe
begin to rave, they immediately see in them wh
could not find in themselves,—the deformity a
of useless rage."—JOHNSON.

"—*think upon these by the*
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd fo

Shakespeare recurs several times to this idea
being the "*seals* of love," as he calls them in t
in MEASURE FOR MEASURE; but here the *lips*
seal which stamps or prints the *seal* of a kiss
Queen's hand.

"*But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss*

"Why do I lament a circumstance of which
pression will pass away in an hour; while I ne
think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for w
time will efface?"

This is Malone's comment, adopted by most
I rather concur with Stevens in thinking that sh
to Beaufort, (an aged man,) who by death wo
but an hour of life.

"WHERE, *from thy sight*"—i. e. *Whereas*
words were convertible. (See note on act i.)

"*I'll have an* IRIS"—i. e. A *messenger:* thu
priating to herself the style of Juno, whose rap
senger Iris was.

SCENE III.

"*How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sove*

"Schlegel says of this exquisite scene of the
Cardinal Beaufort, 'It is sublime beyond all prai
any other poet be named who has drawn aside
tain of eternity, at the close of this life, in such
powering and awful manner? And yet it is n
horror with which we are filled, but solemn e
we have an exemplification of a blessing and a
close proximity. The pious King is an image
heavenly mercy which, even in his last mom
bours to enter into the soul of the sinner.'

"In order that the reader may form some n
the manner in which Shakespeare has in the
Parts II. and III., improved upon his predece
upon himself, the skeleton of this celebrated
subjoined, as in the original quarto:—

Enter the KING *and* SALISBURY, *and then the curtains*
and the CARDINAL *is discovered in his bed, raving an*
as if he were mad.

Card. O, death, if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.
King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubl
Lord Cardinal, remember Christ must save thy soul.
Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do, then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?—
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sen
Oh, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face!—Look, look! comb down hi
So, now he's gone again.—Oh, oh, oh!
Sal. See how the pangs of death do gripe his heart!
King. Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heavenly
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us.—
[CARDIN
Oh see he dies, but makes no sign at all!
Oh God forgive his soul!
Sal. So bad an end did never none behold:
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury; forbear:
For God will judge us all.
Go take him hence, and see his funerals performed.
KI

"*Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.*"

Peccantes culpare cave, nam labimur omnes
Aut sumus, aut fuimus, vel possumus esse, quod hic est.

is one of the scenes which have been applauded
ne critics, and which will continue to be admired
n prejudices shall cease, and bigotry give way to
rtial examination. These are beauties that rise out
ature and truth; the superficial reader cannot miss
, the profound can image nothing beyond them."—
SON.

ight well remarks, that "the death of Cardinal
fort is one of those scenes of the Shakespearian
a which stand in the place of real history, and al-
supersede its authority." Shakespeare found the
re outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—
ring these doings, Henry Beauford, Bishop of Win-
er, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of
world, and was buried at Winchester. This man
son to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, descend-
an honourable lineage, but born in Baste, more
e of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomack
igh in countenance, rich above measure of all men,
o few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to
overs, preferring money before friendship, many
s beginning and nothing performing. His covetous
iable, and hope of long life, made him both to for-
God, his prince, and himself, in his latter days; for
or John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chap-
wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these
s: 'Why should I die, having so much riches? I
e whole realm would save my life, I am able either
olicy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will
eath be hired, nor will money do nothing? When
nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up
wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Glos-
eceased, then I thought myself able to be equal
kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in
to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the
d faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you
pray for me.'"

ACT IV.—Scene I.

The gaudy, BLABBING, *and remorseful day*," etc.

is poetical use of so prosaic a word as "blabbing"
inently Shakespearian. It comes, however, from
ser, with whose diction Shakespeare was very
iar. He says of the sun—

For Venus hated his all-*blabbing* light.

he next generation, Milton, whose memory was
d with the beauties of poetical diction of all the
t poets who had preceded him, and who never
ated, from mere ambition of novelty, to use what
best, though it had been used before him, has—

Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout.—(*Comus.*)

hnson well remarks, "The epithet 'blabbing,' ap-
l to the day by a man about to commit murder, is
isitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers
ness as a natural shelter, and makes night the con-
t of those actions which cannot be trusted to the
ale day."

"—*the jades*
That drag the tragic melancholic night," etc.

he chariot of the night is supposed, by Shakespeare,
e drawn by dragons. (See CYMBELINE, act ii.
e 2.) So too we have, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S
AM, "night's swift dragons."

CLIP *dead men's graves*"—i. e. *Embrace* dead men's
es, in the sense of overshadowing them. The word
ployed by our oldest writers.

"*The lives of those which we have lost in fight,*
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum?"

ith Knight and Collier, we restore the reading of
olio, which all the other modern editors have thus
ed:—

The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Cannot be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

This emendation weakens the force of the passage. Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the Captain exclaims, "*What*, think you much," etc. He then, parenthetically, threatens death; and continues his half interrogative sentence, *What*, "The lives of those which we have lost in fight be counterpois'd," etc.

"*And told me that by* WATER *I should die.*"

In the incantation scene, in act i., we have this prophecy:—

What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
By *water* shall he die, and take his end.

It appears from this passage that *Walter* was commonly pronounced "Water."

"*Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?*"

This line is derived from the "First Part of the Contention," and, being necessary for the sense of the next speech, seems to have been accidentally omitted.

"*Poole?*"—This name, and the preceding "Yes, Poole," are from the quarto "Contention," and, being clearly necessary to the sense, seem to have been omitted, in the enlarged play, by a typographical error.

"—*daring to* AFFY"—i. e. To *betroth*.

"*Advance our half-fac'd sun*"—"Edward III. (according to Camden's 'Remains') bare for his device the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

"—BARGULUS *the strong Illyrian pirate*"—"Bargulus, Illyrius latro, de quo est, apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit." (*Cicero de Offic.*, lib. ii. cap. 11.) Dr. Farmer informs us, that there were two English translations of Cicero's *Offices*, which the author might have read. For "Bargulus," of the folio, we have another hero in the quarto "Contention." The captain (says Suffolk,)—

Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
The great Macedonian pirate.

Abradas is mentioned by Greene, in his "Penelope's Web," of which the only known edition bears date in 1601; but no doubt it was printed about ten years earlier. This circumstance, in Malone's opinion, connects the old play with Greene.

"*Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*"—The commentators have not been able to trace the source of this line. I suspect it to be from Mantuan, the modern Latin poet used in schools, in the days of Shakespeare, and lauded and quoted by the Pedant in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. He was a mere imitator of the classical poets, and may have adopted the words of the following lines, which are the nearest which have been found in the classic poets:—

Subitus tremor occupat artus.—(*Virg. Æn.* v. 446.)
Ille quidem *gelidos* radiorum viribus *artus*.
(*Ovid. Metam.* iv. 247.)
Navitæ, confessu gelido pallore timorem.
(*De Tristib.* El. iii. 113.)

"—*vile* BEZONIANS"—"Bezonian" was a term of contempt, of somewhat uncertain derivation. Pistol uses it insultingly in HENRY IV. (Part II.:)—

Under which king, *Bezonian?* speak or die.

"—*Brutus' bastard hand*
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar," etc.

The reference is to the ancient piece of scandal, on which Alfieri and Voltaire both afterwards founded their dramas of the younger Brutus, that he was the illegitimate son of Julius Cæsar.

"—*savage islanders*
Pompey the great," etc.

"Pompey was killed by Achillas and Septimus, at the moment that the Egyptian fishing-boat, in which they were, reached the coast, his head being thrown into the sea—a circumstance sufficiently resembling Suffolk's death to bring it to the Poet's memory, though his mention of it is not quite accurate. In the old play Pompey is not named."—STEVENS.

This inaccuracy indicates, (what is evident from other circumstances,) that the Poet was not yet acquainted with North's "Plutarch," to which he was afterwards so much indebted.

Scene II.

"— *others in* GREAT NUMBER"—"With *infinite numbers*," (says the folio,) with a liberality which is quite unusual in its stage-directions, which, suiting themselves to the humble appliances of the ancient theatre, are generally confined to "two or three" soldiers, or attendants, as the case may be; but here we are to suppose it to mean as many as the company could afford to send on as rebels.

"— *For our enemies shall fall before us*"—Alluding to his name, Cade, as if derived from the Latin *cado*. A "cade of herrings," mentioned by Dick, the butcher, was a cask, (*cadus*, Latin,) smaller than a barrel, and containing six hundred herrings. Johnson justly says of the Latin allusion, that Cade "has too much learning for his character."

"— *never a house, but the* CAGE"—"Little places of prison, (says Baret,) set commonly in the market-place for harlots and vagabonds, we call *cages*." Hence we still say *jail birds*.

"— *the three-hooped pot*"—These drinking vessels of our ancestors were of wood. Nash, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," (1595,) says, "I believe *hoopes* in quart pots were invented to that end, that every man should take his *hoope*, and no more."

"*There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score*"—"To mend the world by banishing money, is an old contrivance of those who do not consider, that the quarrels and mischiefs which arise from money as the signs or tickets of riches, must, if money were to cease, arise from riches themselves, and could never be at an end till every man was contented with his own share of the goods of life."—JOHNSON.

"*They use to write it on the top of letters*"—i. e. Letters missive, and similar public acts. It was also common, in the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, to put the name of the Saviour, or a small cross, at the commencement of private letters.

"— *I* PASS *not*"—An idiomatic phrase of the time for "I *care* not," or I pay them no regard.

Scene III.

"— *The Lent shall be as long* AGAIN *as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.*"

Malone added *a week* after "lacking one," because it is found in the quarto "Contention;" but it rather obscures than explains the meaning, which has reference to the prohibition of butchers to kill flesh-meat during Lent, from which, for his services, Dick was to be exempted. The granting license to kill and sell butchers' meat, during Lent, was a common mode of favouritism during Elizabeth's reign. The words of the quarto "Contention" are—"Thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was: thou shalt have license to kill for four-score and one a week." That would seem to give Dick a right to kill for four-score and one persons every week. Here he is to be allowed exclusively to serve ninety-nine persons with meat, during a Lent of twice the old term of forty days.

"— *This monument of the victory will I bear*"—Cade must be supposed to put on part of Stafford's armour. Hollingshed tells us, "Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, appareled himself in Sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails, and so in some glory returned again toward London."

Scene IV.

"— *retire to* KILLINGWORTH"—This was the old form of the name *Kenilworth*, made more familiar to modern readers by history and romance; which, howeve reason for changing the ancient name here, as ma editors have done.

Scene V.

"— *thither will I send you Matthew Gough*

It is stated by Hollingshed, that this Matthew was "a man of great wit, and much experience of chivalry: the which, in continual wars, had sp time in serving of the king his father."

Scene VII.

"— *one and twenty* FIFTEENS"—"This capteine assured them, that if either by force or policy the get the kinge and queene into their hands, he cause them to be honourably used, and take suc for the punishing and reforming of the misdem of their bad councellours, that neither *fifteens* hereafter be demanded, nor anie impositions or t spoken of."—HOLLINGSHED.

A "fifteen" was a tax of one-*fifteenth* of all t sonal property in the kingdom; and, large as seem, was no unusual grant to the crown, for purposes.

"— *thou hast caused* PRINTING *to be used*"— branded by Stevens and others as an anachroni cause, though printing had been already invent used on the continent at the date of this scene not introduced into England until 1470; and they what they call the Poet's absurdities, by simila of his contemporaries, such as Salvator Rosa p cannon before the tent of Holofernes. The e one, is however not such as to shock probabili that of the painter, and perhaps is no error at we learn from Judge Blackstone, that Mierma "Origines Typographicæ," mentions that printi introduced into England in the reign of Henry Frederic Corsellis, a Dutch printer, many years Caxton, who has generally the reputation of it duction.

"— *Thou dost ride in a* FOOT-CLOTH"—A "foo was a kind of *housing*, which covered the body horse, and almost reached to the ground.

"— *the civil'st place of all this isle*"—"Ex hi bus sunt humanissimi qui *Cantium* incolunt."—("Commentaries," book v.) The passage is thu lated, by Arthur Golding, in 1565:—"Of all the itants of this isle, the *civilest* are the *Kentishfolk*

"*When have I aught exacted at your hands,*
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you

We agree with Collier that, with this punc there is not the difficulty in this passage which s the commentators have found. Lord Say is add a multitude from Kent, and he asks them, speal them collectively as Kent, when he had exacte for the maintenance of the king, etc. Johnson mended the substitution of *But* for "Kent;" question is, when Say had *exacted* any thing, maintain the king, etc. If he had asked—

> When have I aught exacted at your hands,
> *But* to maintain the king, etc.;—

it would have been an acknowledgment that been guilty of exaction, which would have expos to the fury of the rebels. In the next lines, we Knight's punctuation. They are usually pointe to close the sentence at "preferr'd me to the He not only bestowed gifts on learned clerks his own book had preferred him, but from a conviction that ignorance is the curse of God, etc declaration has little connexion with the exh not to murder him.

"— FOR *watching*"—i. e. In *consequence* of wa

"— *a hempen caudle, then, and the* PAP *of hat* This is "*help* of hatchet" in the original text.

s edition, we first read, upon the suggestion of ner, the "*pap* of hatchet." There is every reason nk that the correction is right. "Caudle of hemp" "pap of hatchet" were to cure Say's "sickness diseases," according to Cade's prescription. We no authority for the phrase "hempen caudle;" but is no doubt that "pap of hatchet" was a common phrase. Lyly's pamphlet, so celebrated in the history of controversy, bears this title: "Pap with an het; alias, a Fig for my Godson; or, Crack me this or, a Country Cuff; that is, a sound Box of the et cætera." A title such as this must have been ded upon common sayings which, in those days, the ed did not disdain to pick up.

ese hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding," etc. Guiltless" is used as the epithet of blood, not of the e compound word. It means, "These hands are from shedding guiltless blood."

—*a* FAMILIAR *under his tongue*"—A familiar spirit; non who attended his bidding.

—*upon our* BILLS"—This is an equivoque. The s" of Cade were not *bills of debt*, (as bonds for the nent of money, executed in the simplest form, were ntly called,) but the *brown bills* of the rabble sol-.

SCENE IX.

—GALLOWGLASSES, *and stout* KERNES"—"The *gallasse*, (says Stanyhurst, in his 'Description of Ire-') useth a kind of pollax for his weapon. These are grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of e, and lusty of body, wel and strongly timbered. *kerne* is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his d and target, and sometimes his peece, being comy good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of because they are taken for no better than for rake-, or the devils blacke garde."

His AIMS *are only to remove from thee*"—The first has "his *arms*;" and this is the common reading. second folio has "his *armies*." There can be no t that both are misprints for "aims,"—an error h more than once occurs in the folios.

BUT NOW *is Cade driven back*"—"But now" is used RICHARD II. and elsewhere, for *only just now*.

SCENE X.

—*this word* SALLET *was born to do me good*"—Cade upon the word "sallet," which meant a *helmet*, as as a composition of herbs. The same joke occurs e Interlude of "Thersites," written in 1537. The applies to Mulciber for a suit of armour, and among things mentions a "sallet." Mulciber pretends to nderstand Thersites:—

Thersites. Nowe, I pray Jupiter that thou dye a cuckold: ean a sallet with which men do fyght.
Mulciber. It is a small tastinge of a mannes might, t he should for any matter
ght with a fewe herbes in a platter.

—*by others'* WANING"—The old copies have "by s' *warning*," corrected by Pope. In the preceding *is* must be understood: to insert it, with Rowe, s the metre.

"—*words, whose greatness answers words.*"
hnson explains this, "As for words, whose pomp rumour may answer words, and only words, I shall ear them, *and refer the rest to my sword.*"

ACT V.—SCENE I.

—*have I a* SOUL"—York means to say, "If I have l, my hand shall not be without a sceptre."

First let me ask of THESE"—The original has "of " which is thought by all editors except Collier to be a misprint for "these." "These" and *they* refer to his troops, who have followed the Duke from the Irish wars.

"—*my two brave bears*"—The *bear and ragged staff* was the cognizance of the Nevils. (See, in this scene, Warwick's speech.)

"*As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!*"
In the stage-direction of the quarto "Contention," he is called "crook-back Richard," on his entrance.

"*Foul* STIGMATIC"—This was the appellation of an offender who had been branded—upon whom a *stigma* had been set. Young Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his deformity.

SCENE II.

"YORK. *A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.*
[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls and dies.*"

Dr. Percy observes that "the author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the third part of this drama the Poet forgot this circumstance, and there represents Clifford's death as it really happened:—

Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."

"*And the* PREMISED *flames*"—Flames sent before their *appointed* time—a use of the word in its literal Latin sense similar to those Latinisms remarked upon by Hallam, and used in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM. (See his note at the end of that play in this edition.)

"*And, in thy* REVERENCE"—"In that period of life which is entitled to command reverence. Reverenda canities. Shakespeare has used the word in the same manner in AS YOU LIKE IT, where Orlando says to his brother, (speaking of their father,) 'thou art indeed nearer to his *reverence*.'"—SINGER.

"*As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.*"
Ovid relates, that when Medea fled with Jason, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her.

"—*made the wizard famous in his death*"—Referring to the prophecy in act i. scene 4, of this play—"Let him shun *castles*."

"—*our present* PARTY"—The old text has *present parts*, and as *parts* was an old phrase for parties, that gives a good sense. But (as Stevens suggests) it is improbable that the jingle between *hearts* and *parts* was intended, and this is avoided by the slight typographical correction proposed by Tyrwhitt, and here adopted.

SCENE III.

"—*and all* BRUSH *of time*"—i. e. The gradual wear of time, as in TIMON, "one winter's *brush*." There is no reason for adopting Warburton's alteration to the "*bruise* of time."

"—OPPOSITES *of such* REPAIRING *nature*"—i. e. Being *adversaries* so able to repair the loss they have sustained.

"—*by my* HAND, *lords*"—Malone, followed by most modern editors, substitutes *faith* for "hand," as it stands in the folio, (1623,) on the ground that the old "Contention" has "by my *faith*;" but by the same rule Malone ought to have made many other changes. "By my hand" was a usual asseveration, and is more appropriate in a soldier than "by my faith." This might be Shakespeare's reason for changing it.

"Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come."

The following passage is from Hall's account of the first of those unnatural encounters which so long afflicted the kingdom:—

"The King being credibly informed of the great army coming toward him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London: and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford, and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster the 20th day of May, toward the town of St. Albans. Of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The King, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, strictly charging and commanding him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation.

"While King Henry (more desirous of peace than of war) was sending forth his orators at one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the King's foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords, with the king's power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life. But the Duke of York sent over fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons; by which policy the King's army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain, and brought to confusion."

It thus appears that poor Henry's peaceable disposition proved from the outset the bane of himself and his party. He went to the trade of a lion with the heart of a dove.

The scenes of Cade's insurrection are all from the old play,—a little, but not much amplified and heightened. It is very curious that, though these scenes and incidents are all drawn from the chroniclers, so far as relates to the opinions and avowed objects of Cade and his followers, the dialogue, though drawn from history, is not from the history of Cade, but from the accounts given by Hollingshed of the rising of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, in the reign of Richard II., about seventy years before. I am indebted to Courtenay's "Commentaries on the Historical Plays" for pointing out the following extracts from Hollingshed, which are clearly the origin of many of these scenes:—

"They began to shew proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds,—beheading all such men of law, justices, and jurors, as they might catch and lay hands upon, without respect of pity, or remorse of conscience, alleging that the land could never enjoy her nature and true liberty, till all those sorts of people were dispatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common uplandish people, and by the less conveying the more, they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court rolls, and other muniments, that the remembrance of ancient matters being removed out of mind, their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. * * * * . In furious wise they ran to the city, and at the first approach they spoiled the borough of Southwark, brake up the prisons of the Marshalsea and the King's Bench, set the prisoners at liberty, and admitted them into their company. * * * * * What wickedness was it, to compell teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in thei Again, could they have a more mischievous m than to burn and destroy all old and ancient monu and to murder and dispatch out of the way all s were able to commit to memory either any new records? For it was dangerous among them known for one that was learned; and more dan if any one were found with a penner and inkhorn side; for such seldom or never escaped from ther life. * * * * At Blackheath, when the g multitude was there got together, (as some v John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying o mon proverb for his theme, whereupon to entrea

When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

There is no historic evidence that Cade enter any views or opinions, such as would now be revolutionary. On the contrary, his demands moderate and reasonable. Hollingshed says:— captain, assembling a great number of tall perso assured them that the enterprize was honourabl to God and the King, and profitable to the whole For if, either by force or policy, they might get th and Queen into their hands, he would cause them honourably used, and take such order for the pur and reforming of the misdemeanors of their bad sellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be de ed, nor once any impositions nor taxes spoken of

Cade's petitions said, that "the King purpo punish the men of Kent for the murder of the D Suffolk, of which they were not guilty; they comp that the King gave away his revenue, and live the 'Commons,' (that is, upon taxes;) they se many abuses in the administration of the law a collection of the revenue, some general and some How far these complaints were well founded, w not now judge, but they are all plausible and *co tional*. Two of the articles are remarkable:—

"'3. *Item.* That the lords of his royal blood s from his daily presence, and other *mean perso lower nature* exalted, and made chief of his privy cil, the which stoppeth matters of wrongs done realm from his excellent audience, and may not dressed as law will, but if bribes and gifts be m gers to the hands of the said council.'

"'13. *Item.* The people of the said shire of Ker not have their free election in choosing knights shire; but letters have been sent from divers to the great rulers of all the country, the whi forceth their tenants and other people by force to other persons than the common will is.'

"The precise nature of the interference or *int tion* complained of, in this thirteenth article, do appear; but the fourth article certainly does no plain that the king's counsellors are not men of 'hand,' but rather that such hands are apt to take bi

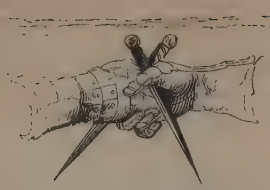
So fair were the requisitions of the rebels, tha demanded justice alike on the enemies of York, a murderers of Good Duke Humphrey.

In all this Cade was supported by the burgh London who opened the city gates to him. After when his followers ran into excess, that great mi interest of the times turned against him, and, "pe ing themselves neither to be sure of goods nor li termined to expell this mischievous head and his cious company." This seems to have been don with great gallantry, by the citizens themselves, h by the mayor and aldermen, without aid of the troops or the nobles.

The other incidents of Cade's victory over the fords, beheading Lord Say, his being suddenly doned by his followers, and death by the hand of are all from the chronicles.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PART III



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

HISTORY OF THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI. IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM, AND AS IMPROVED—VIEW OF THE QUESTION AS TO SHAKESPEARE'S AUTHORSHIP OF THE THREE PARTS—SUBSTANCE OF MALONE'S ARGUMENTS—THEIR WEAKNESS SHOWN—STATE OF THE TEXT OF THE THREE PARTS, ETC.

THIS play, like its two preceding parts, was first printed in full, in its present form, in the folio of 1623; but, like the second part, it is the enlargement and improvement of a much shorter play, which had been printed twenty-eight years before, and which, with Johnson, Knight, and all the older and many later editors and commentators, I think was undoubtedly one of Shakespeare's earlier works,—while Malone, followed by Hallam, Collier, and many recent English critics, maintains it to have been the work of Marlowe, or Greene, or some other of Shakespeare's immediate dramatic predecessors. The first edition of the old play was printed in 1595, entitled—"The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington." This first edition has now become one of the rarest of English bibliographical curiosities, there being but one known copy of it, which formerly belonged to the editor Chalmers, and, until Collier's edition, had never been seen by any one of the commentators. This was reprinted, by the same publisher, in 1600, as the second part of the "Contention of the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster;" and again, some years after, a re-impression of both plays, without date, (but supposed to be about 1619,) was issued, "as newly corrected and enlarged." To this was added in the title, for the first time, "Written by William Shakespeare;" no author's name having before been prefixed to either of the histories. The two parts of the "Contention" were reprinted by Stevens, from this last edition, with literal accuracy, in his excellent and now somewhat scarce reprint of the original quartos. These originals of the second and third parts of HENRY VI. are also reprinted by Knight, in his Pictorial edition; who has facilitated the comparison of them with the enlarged plays, by modernizing the old orthography, correcting the misprints, and dividing the plays into acts and scenes, which are wanting in the old editions and Stevens's reprint.

The alterations and enlargements of the old play, which is the groundwork of this third part, are of the same kind with those of the former part, already noticed. They, however, differ from them in this,—that the alterations of the former part are carried regularly through the play, the corrections and insertions pervading the whole, without much of entirely original additions, while, in this concluding part, larger portions of the older drama are preserved untouched; but there are also larger omissions of passages, and much larger insertions of original matter. There are also, in the last two acts, some slight variations in the details of the conduct of the story, though not at all varying the incidents.

I have already presented (see Introductory Remarks to HENRY VI., Parts I. and II.) my general views of the poetic and dramatic characters of this "dramatic trilogy," (as the German critics delight to style it,) and of the strong evidence of their having been, in all their forms, the productions of Shakespeare alone,—the positive external testimony being supported by the equally strong indications of authorship afforded by the spirit, power of characterization and narrative, and by the style and versification,—when we regard the author not as the matured self-formed great Poet, but as when first essaying his half-developed powers in the historic drama. We say his half-developed powers; for, though the first notices of these plays are found in the Stationers' Register, in 1593, yet the title-pages of the first editions indicate that they had been some time on the stage, and the language and orthography are of that cast which prevailed in the Poet's younger days. The first part, as we find it in the folio, is, in my judgment, the one least amplified and corrected from its primitive form, which is now lost,—though I think it must have been retouched and improved with the others, after the production of HENRY IV. and V., and RICHARD III., had made it an important link in the chain of dramatized English history. The two parts of the "Contention," as at first separately printed, seem to me as evidently Shakespeare's own original conceptions of the plays he afterwards improved and amplified, as the lately discovered "Hamlet," of 1603, does of the HAMLET afterwards (as the next editions state) "enlarged to almost as much again as it was," and filled with deeper feeling, breathed forth in nobler numbers. They were published at first without any author's name, like the old "King John," and other plays of the time, when the name of a young and unknown author could add nothing to the attraction of the piece. It was equally natural that afterwards, when that name had become familiar to every reader of poetry, and the plays themselves possessed greater interest by being a part of his splendid dramatic chronicle of the Wars of the Roses,—while in their revised shape they were jealously guarded from the press by the theatrical owners,—the old imperfect sketches should be reprinted by the original proprietors, bearing the author's name.

The additions and improvements of the second part, and of most of the third part, are more level to the sty of the original groundwork than we find similar additions in several other dramas, where the interval betwe the original concoction and the revision had raised the author's style to a higher and bolder tone of thought, la guage, and rhythmical freedom. I should, therefore, pronounce these to have been, in the main, added befo the production of HENRY IV. or RICHARD III. On the other hand, there are some passages—such as King Henr ruminations while watching the battle, Gloster's soliloquy in the third act, and Margaret's speech before t battle of Tewkesbury—which breathe the spirit and the music of the Poet's maturity, and may have been add after the production of RICHARD III., with a view of more clearly harmonizing with that play the portion of t historic scenes most immediately connected with it. But, while the date of these several additions must be, in great degree, conjectural, to me it seems self-evident, that they are all the workings out of the ideas of the sa mind which put forth its unexercised strength with such irregular force and fertility, and occasional grandeur, the two old rude plays of the "Contention." The death-scenes of Beaufort, of York, and of Clifford, and t character of the "Crookback," as they all appear in the "Contention," are alone sufficient to stamp the identi of their author with that of RICHARD III.

No doubt was entertained that these plays were Shakespeare's, and his alone, by the age which immediate succeeded their publication in the folio, nor by the succeeding critics and commentators, down to the middle the last century. Since that period, when ingenious doubts have been raised, they have again received the attes tion of Johnson, of Stevens, and of Knight, and other later critics in England, as well as of all the German trans tors or commentators,—as Schlegel, Ulrici, Tieck, etc.

Malone's denial of Shakespeare's authorship of the first part, and of the two original forms of the other par has the concurrence of a host of later English critics, most of them of no imposing authority, but including amo them the greater name of Henry Hallam. Malone's arguments in support of his theory, to which nothing h since been added, cannot be more favourably and clearly stated than has been done by Mr Singer, who gives his adherence to this opinion. The substance of Malone's dissertation, as it bears on the first part, which is deni to be Shakespeare's, in any sense or degree, is thus abridged by Singer:—

"The diction, versification, and allusions in it, are all different from the diction, versification, and allusions Shakespeare, and corresponding with those of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and Marlowe, and others who preceded hi there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than are found any one piece of Shakespeare's written on an English story: they are such as do not naturally rise out of the su ject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning. These allusions, and many particular expr sions, seem more likely to have been used by the authors already named than by Shakespeare.—He points o many of the allusions, and instances the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which are not to be found in any of t Poet's undisputed works.—The versification he thinks clearly of a different colour from that of Shakespeare's ge ine dramas; while at the same time it resembles that of many of the plays produced before his time. The ser concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syl ble. He produces numerous instances from the works of Lodge, Peele, Greene, and others, of similar versificati

"A passage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Nash, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, etc., sho that the *First* Part of KING HENRY VI., had been on the stage before 1592; and his favourable mention of the pie may induce a belief that it was written by a friend of his. 'How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror the French, to thinke that, after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he should triumph again on t stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) w in the tragedian that represents his person behold him fresh bleeding.'—*Pierce Penniless his Supplication to t Devil*, 1592.

"That this passage related to the old play of KING HENRY VI., or, as it is now called, the *First* Part of KI HENRY VI., can hardly be doubted. Talbot appears in the *first* part, and not in the *second* or *third* part, a is expressly spoken of in the play, as well as in Hall's Chronicle, as 'the terror of the French.' Hollingshed, w was Shakespeare's guide, omits the passage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus described; and this is an additio proof that this play was not the production of our great Poet.

"There are other *internal* proofs of this:—

"1. The author does not seem to have known precisely how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's dea He supposed him to have the state of infancy before he lost his father, and even to have remembered some of h sayings. In the fourth act, scene 4, speaking of the famous Talbot, he says:—

> When *I was young* (as yet I am not old,)
> *I do remember how my father said,*
> A stouter champion never handled sword.

But Shakespeare knew that Henry VI. could not possibly remember any thing of his father:—

> No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
> But I was made a king at *nine months old.*
> (*King Henry VI.* Part II. act iv. scene 9.)
>
> When I was crown'd I was but *nine months old.*
> (*King Henry VI.* Part III. act i. scene 1.)

"The first of these passages is among the additions made by Shakespeare to the old play, according to M Malone's hypothesis. The other passage does occur in the 'True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York;' and ther fore it is natural to conclude that neither Shakespeare nor the author of that piece could have written the *fi part* of KING HENRY VI.

"2. In act ii. scene 5, of this play, it is said that the earl of Cambridge *raised an army* against his sovereign. B Shakespeare, in his play of KING HENRY V. has represented the matter truly as it was: the earl being in that pie (act ii.) condemned at Southampton for conspiring to *assassinate* Henry.

"3. The author of this play knew the true pronunciation of the word Hecate, as it is used by the Roman writers:

> I speak not to that railing Hecate.

But Shakespeare, in MACBETH, always uses Hecate as a dissyllable.

' The second speech in this play ascertains the author to have been very familiar with Hall's Chronicle:—

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech.

is phrase is introduced upon almost every occasion by Hall, when he means to be eloquent. Hollingshed, not ll, was Shakespeare's historian. Here then is an additional minute proof that this play was not Shakespeare's. ' This is the sum of Malone's argument, as to the first part. He adds, ' At this distance of time it is impossible ascertain on what principle it was that Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect that y gave it a place as a necessary introduction to the two other parts; and because Shakespeare had made some ht alterations, and written a few lines in it.' "

Malone's argument in support of his opinion, that the two parts of the "Contention" were written by a prior matist, and merely altered and amplified by Shakespeare, is clearly and fully presented by Singer, in the following abstract:—

' The entry, in 1594, does not mention the name of Shakespeare, nor are the plays printed with his name in early editions; but, after the Poet's death, an edition was printed by Pavier, in 1619, with the name of Shakeare on the title-page. This was a common fraudulent practice of the booksellers of that period. When Pavier ublished the ' Contention,' he omitted the words ' as it was acted by the earl of Pembrooke his servantes,' ich appeared on the original title-page,—just as on the republication of the old play of ' King John,' in two ts, in 1611, the words ' as it was acted in the honourable city of London' were omitted; because the omitted rds, in both cases, marked the respective pieces not to be the production of Shakespeare. And, as in ' King hn,' the letters ' W. Sh.' were added, in 1611, to deceive the purchaser; so in the republication of ' The Whole ntention,' etc., Pavier, having dismissed the words above mentioned, inserted, ' Newly corrected and enlarged William Shakespeare;'—knowing that these pieces had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged*, and hoping that s new edition of the original plays would pass for those *altered* and *augmented* by Shakespeare, then unpubed.

' A passage from Greene's ' Groatsworth of Wit' first suggested and strongly supports Malone's hypothesis. The iter, Robert Greene, is supposed to address himself to his poetical friend, George Peele, thus:—' Yes, trust them , [alluding to the players,] for there is an upstarte crowe, BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that, with his *tygres rt wrapt in a players hide*, supposes hee is well able to bombaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and, ng an absolute *Joannes factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country.'—' O tyger's heart ppt in a woman's hide!' is a line in the ' First Part of the Contention,' etc. There seems to be no doubt that allusion is to Shakespeare, that the old plays may have been the production of Greene, Peele, and Marlowe, some of them; and that Greene could not conceal his mortification at the fame of himself and his associates, old established playwrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer, who had then first attracted the notice of the blic by exhibiting two plays formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. e very term that Greene uses, ' to bombaste out a blank verse,' corresponds with what has been suggested. is new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to amplify and swell out a blank verse.

' Shakespeare did for the old plays what Berni had done to the ' Orlando Innamorato' of Boïardo. He wrote w beginnings to the acts; he new versified, he new modelled, he transposed many of the parts; and amplified l improved the whole. Several lines and speeches he accepted and introduced, without any, or with slight erations.

' The internal evidences upon which Malone relies to establish his position are—1. The *variations* between the o old plays in quarto, and the corresponding pieces in the folio editions of Shakespeare's dramatic works, which of so peculiar a nature as to mark *two* distinct hands. Some circumstances are mentioned in the old plays, of ich there is no trace in the folio; and many minute variations occur, that prove the pieces in the quarto to have en original and distinct compositions. No copyist or short-hand writer would invent circumstances *totally different* from those which appear in Shakespeare's new-modelled draughts, as exhibited in the first folio; or insert *ple speeches*, of which scarcely a trace is found in that edition. In some places a speech in one of these quartos sists of ten or twelve lines: in Shakespeare's folio the same speech consists perhaps of only half the number. copyist by the ear, or an unskilful short-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expressions perfectly; but he would not dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter.

' Malone then exhibits a number of instances to prove his position: so that (as he observes) we are compelled admit either that Shakespeare wrote *two* sets of plays on the story which forms his second and third parts of NG HENRY VI., hasty sketches, and entirely distinct and more finished performances; or else we must acknowlge that he formed his pieces on a foundation laid by another writer or writers,—that is, upon the two parts of ' Contention of the Two Houses of York,' etc. It is a striking circumstance that almost all the passages in the ond and third parts of KING HENRY VI., which resemble others in Shakespeare's undisputed plays, are not nd in the original pieces, but in his *rifaccimento*. As these *resemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar akespearian phraseology, ascertain a considerable portion of these disputed dramas to be the production of that; so, on the other hand, other passages, *discordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by s *discordancy* not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original ys, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer."

Setting aside all considerations of the overwhelming evidence on the other side of the question, these arguments n hardly bear any close examination. Thus, the assumed correspondence of diction, allusion, etc., to Greene, ele, Lodge, and Marlowe, (authors, by the way, very unlike to each other,) will be found scarcely discernible en the writings of any of them are placed by the side of HENRY VI. No one of them gives any evidence of that nsistent biographical delineation carried through a variety of characters, which is found here, while they are also tinguished in different ways by their respective peculiarities, which are not the characteristics of any one of these cts—such, for instance, as the inflated, swelling pomp of Marlowe, his uniform exaggeration of conception and pression. Greene's feeble extravagancies are still further from the substantial reality of these scenes. We must fer the reader who wishes to carry out the details of this comparison, to Knight's "Essay," unless he is familiar ough with the older English drama to carry out the comparison for himself. In either case, he will be compelled say, with Johnson, "If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of at age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?" It may be added, with equal emphasis.

"What author of that age had the same insight into the varieties of human character, or the same faculty of tr delineation here exhibited?" Again, the versification of the first part, and of the two older plays, is not which we are accustomed to think of, as that of Shakespeare, or as that of his age. But it must be rema that the beautiful and flexible modification of the heroic measure which is thus ordinarily designated, Introductory Remarks to MACBETH, in this edition,) really means no more than that versification which S speare himself formed, by frequent, and continued, and varied trial and experiment. Beginning with his tw liest comedies, and following on the variation of his verse to his latest dramas, we find it at first elaborated, lar, with an artificial and studied melody. Then succeeded a bolder freedom, and richer and more varied m as in the MERCHANT OF VENICE, and the poetical comedies of his mid-career. We then find his strain broke harsher notes, as in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, and TIMON, as if the Poet purposely rejected his former sweetne a sterner and more rugged melody, more suited for dark themes and bitter thoughts. Then again, we he "solemn, strange, and mingled" notes of HAMLET, LEAR, and the TEMPEST. Thus was formed that dramatic sification, which succeeding poets have used as the expressive organ of every shade of feeling. The very fi these poetic comedies was an innovation, in its versification, upon the monotonous rhythm of the heroic meas

When the English heroic verse was first used without its original accompaniment of rhyme, whether habit or from want of command of the music of the language, the poets who employed this blank verse sti tained the former scrupulous regularity of pause at the end of each line, and the exact syllabic regularity o lines. Such were "Marlowe's mighty lines," and such too is the measure of TITUS ANDRONICUS. Now a date of the first production of HENRY VI., English poetry had produced nothing so nearly approaching as t the nobler versification to which Shakespeare afterwards adapted the dramatic dialogue. The versification i tainly, in the main, that of the day, such as would be natural to an unpractised poet to adopt; yet ever and it breaks out into a nobler daring, as announcing a future higher excellence. The rhymed declamation of T for instance, has a spirited freedom of which English poetry had as yet given no example.

Thus the resemblance of the versification to that of the day is precisely what was to be expected from a y author, while the variations from that metrical uniformity indicate as strongly the hand of one destined to imp and finally to perfect, the melody and power of English verse. One circumstance, first pointed out by K strongly corroborates this view. It is, that this very characteristic of monotonous regularity of rhythm, in upon as the proof that the old two parts of the "Contention" are anterior to Shakespeare, may be found to pe many of the undisputed additions; thus showing that, in much of his added and altered verse, the author confo to the same model, then in fashion, on which the rhythm of the original sketches had also been formed.

The dissimilitude of style from the Poet's later works is again precisely what we might expect in his wri at this period. We find, in the parts denied to be his, occasional foretastes of his after manner, and some tho and phrases which he afterwards used again, with the freedom of an author employing his own original i But we do not find, nor ought we to expect to find, that original, condensed, hazardous, thought-burdened ca language, which gradually became habitual to him, and which is alike the source of the obscurities that pe critics, and of the noblest beauties that delight or amaze the minds of all who "speak the tongue that Shakes spake." This is the impress of a great and full mind upon language, and could only be effected gradually, as mind expanded, and became filled to overflowing, with accumulated thought. This is the history of all s remarkable for their peculiar power, or their elegance. Burke's earlier writings are, as compared with tho his maturity, written with "a flat, unraised spirit," such as the Poet felt his own to be, in comparison with glorious elevation towards which his ardent spirit already in aspiration lifted him from the earth.

Some of Malone's other arguments are still lighter. The use of Latinized words not found in the Poet's works, as *proditor*, etc., is rather a characteristic of Shakespeare than any testimony against his authorship. half of his undisputed works have this very peculiarity. Thus in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, we find *orgulous*, *mac convive*, etc.; and this very tendency to Latinisms, Latin quotations, and classical allusions, is most abundan the undisputed plays of his youth—for instance, in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, and the TAMING OF THE SHREW. "Hollingshed, not Hall, was Shakespeare's author," and that this is not his play because Hall is the auth throughout, is surely an idle reason. Hall was the popular old chronicler in the Poet's youth. Hollingshed i porated and abridged his story, with constant acknowledgment and reference. We have shown in the note this edition that the Poet, in his undoubted plays, used both, or at least that he had Hall in his memory whe used the other as his text-book.

The argument founded on the alterations, etc., as if they could be accounted for only by supposing that "Sh speare wrote two sets of plays on the same subject," or that he built on the foundation laid by another, w apply equally to HAMLET, ROMEO AND JULIET, and others of his undisputed works; and might be extende Pope's "Rape of the Lock" and "Dunciad," Thomson's "Seasons," and even the "Paradise Lost,"—all of w were amplified and much varied by their authors, from their own original less-finished productions.

Again, the slight historical inaccuracies, and incongruities between the parts, are just such as every rapid w is apt to fall into,—some of them mistakes in the earlier plays, which a more familiar knowledge of history m the author correct in his after works; others oversights, such as may be noticed in the same play, where (s respect to Clifford's death, Cardinal Winchester's promotion, etc.) the author forgets his former representat of the same matter.

The reason of Shakespeare's name not appearing in the title-page of the first edition of the older plays, been already stated; the name was not then of any special value to a bookseller. When it became so, it added in the edition of 1619, when the old plays were expressly said to have been *written*—not as Malone g

merely corrected and enlarged"—by him; the only fraud being the obvious intention to make the original erfect plays pass for the revised ones of the same author. The inference of these pieces having been acted ie "Earl of Pembrooke's company," (which was not Shakespeare's,) is satisfactorily refuted by a statement r. Collier's made on another subject. In his "History of the Stage," he observes:—

t is probable that prior to the year 1592 or 1593, the copyright of plays was little recognised; and that va- companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although perhaps they had been bought by company for its sole use. The only security against invasions of the kind seems to have been the non-publi- n of plays. A popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, t be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original ormers: from the second company it might be procured by a third, and after a succession of changes, corrup- , and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press. I take it for granted, that such favourite authors reene, Marlowe, Lodge, Peele, Kyd, and some others, furnished dramatic entertainments not for one company but for most of the associations of actors prior to 1593. At a subsequent date the case seems to have been ent; and after December, 1597, when Henslowe began to insert the names of authors as well as the titles ays, we find few notices of pieces which appear distinctly to have been employed by other companies than acting under the name of the Lord Admiral."

e have finally the charge of plagiarism made by the unhappy Greene, embittered with poverty and disap- ment, and sore at the success of a youthful rival. It is certainly aimed at Shakespeare; but can it be sup- l, that if this plagiarism complained of had been the seizing upon two complete dramas, such as their author t justly value himself upon as the most precious memorials of his genius, that he would have contented him- with a dark and transient allusion? Surely he would have stated such a fact decidedly and strongly. He d have denounced the robber, and reclaimed his property, as openly and clearly as, at this very hour, (Sept. ,) Anne Strickland appeals to the world against the literary piracy of Lord Campbell. I think it is clear, that unhappy poet had in view some much slighter appropriation of the fruits of his invention,—some such adap- n of his thoughts as prolific writers, gifted with a retentive memory, are apt to fall into unconsciously. Walter , and Byron, both of them, furnish memorable instances of such use of the writings of their contemporaries. r. Collier ("Introduct. Henry VI.") has pointed out two instances of such use of Greene's thoughts in these , and they are, probably enough, the very robbery complained of. "In the first part, act v. scene 3, these ines occur:—

> She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won.

last of these lines is found in Greene's 'Planetomachia,' printed as early as 1585." Again he remarks:— ere is a striking coincidence between a passage in 'The True Tragedy' and some lines in one of Greene's owledged dramas, 'Alphonsus, King of Arragon,' printed in 1599, by the same printer who, in 1594, had pro- l from his press 'The First Part of the Contention.' In 'Alphonsus' the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and addresses the dying man:—

> Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
> How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
> Which he by treason set upon thy head:
> *And if he ask thee who did send thee down,*
> *Alphonsus say*, who must now wear thy crown.

e 'True Tragedy,' (1595,) Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims—

> If any spark of life remain in thee,
> Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

espeare, when altering the 'True Tragedy,' adopted the couplet, with only a slight variation:—

> If any spark of life *be yet remaining*,
> Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

it be said that this is but a conjectural explanation of the charge, let it be recollected that hypothetical rea- g, like Malone's, can seldom admit of any other reply. The direct refutation is to be found in the entire dis- itude of the older form of these dramas to any thing of Greene's, and their perfect congruity in the characters, lan, spirit, feeling, and design, with Shakespeare's undisputed dramas of English history.

STATE OF THE TEXT.

e text of all the parts of Henry VI., though found only in the folio, presents no serious difficulties; partly ise the author's style, not yet formed to the bold and suggestive use of words in new and unusual applica- , has, like prose, fewer of those uncommon phrases which perplex the copyist or the printer; and partly be- the chronicles and the old play serve as a perpetual commentary to clear up doubts.

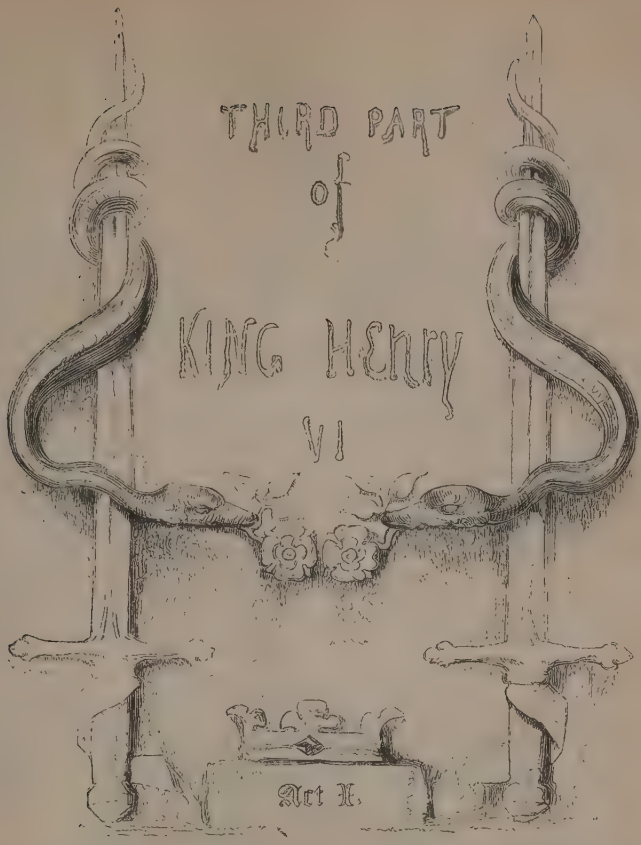
PERSONS REPRESENTED

KING HENRY THE SIXTH
EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, his Son.
LEWIS XI. KING OF FRANCE
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} Lords on KING HENRY'S side
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF YORK
EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, afterwards KING EDWARD IV
EDMUND, EARL OF RUTLAND,
GEORGE, afterwards DUKE OF CLARENCE,
RICHARD, afterwards DUKE OF GLOSTER,
} his Sons
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} of the DUKE OF YORK'S Party
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} Uncles to the DUKE OF YORK.
HENRY, EARL OF RICHMOND, a Youth
LORD RIVERS, Brother to LADY GREY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE
Tutor to RUTLAND.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father
A Father that has killed his Son

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, afterwards QUEEN to EDWARD IV
BONA, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on KING HENRY and KING EDWARD, Messengers, Watchmen, &c

SCENE—During part of the third Act, in FRANCE; during all the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.



CENE I.—London. *The Parliament-House.*

ms. Some Soldiers of YORK's *party break*
. Then, enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD,
ICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,
nd others, with white Roses in their hats.

Var. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
ork. While we pursued the horsemen of the
north,
slily stole away, and left his men:
ereat the great lord of Northumberland,
ose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
er'd up the drooping army; and himself,
d Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
rg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
re by the swords of common soldiers slain.
dw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
ither slain, or wounded dangerous:
eft his beaver with a downright blow;
t this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*
lont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
om I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
ich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I
did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET's
head.

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of
Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's
head.
War. And so do I, victorious prince of York.
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close:
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I
will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We'll all assist you: he, that flies, shall
die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my
lords:—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And, when the king comes, offer him no
violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
[*They retire.*
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the Throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red Roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats.
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; that is Richard, duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster: let him be k
West. He is both king and duke of Lancast
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall mai
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the
And slew your fathers, and with colours spre
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it t grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall ru
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more
Than drops of blood were in my father's vein
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his wort threats.
York. Will you, we show our title to the cr
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, t crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of M
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to s
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and no
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, meth you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's he
Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your
Mont. Good brother,—[*To* YORK.]—as lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorro
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lo
My title's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be ki
K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say: my t weak. [*A*
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful ki
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sover
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstra
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
t that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
ink not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
hich makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
n set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
rd Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
y that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
here I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
hat mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
I will fill the house with armed men,
d, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
rite up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

Scene I.—The Parliament House.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the Throne.*
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *and the Prince of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pik
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colo
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready; come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much alrea get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay v me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies
Prince. When I return with victory from field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son; away! we may not lin thus.
[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET, *and the Pri*
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my hear
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.
[*Exe*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sandal Castle, near W field.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give leave.
Edw. No; I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your gr and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be de
Rich. Your right depends not on his life, death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it n
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to brea
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly re
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one ye
Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
fore a true and lawful magistrate,
at hath authority over him that swears:
nry had none, but did usurp the place;
en, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
ur oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
erefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
w sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
thin whose circuit is Elysium,
d all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
hy do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
til the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
en in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
other, thou shalt to London presently
d whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
ou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
d tell him privily of our intent.—
u, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
ith whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
them I trust; for they are soldiers,
itty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
hile you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
t that I seek occasion how to rise,
d yet the king not privy to my drift,
r any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

t, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.
York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me:
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.
Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN, *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.
York. What, with five thousand men?
Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene 3.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul:
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—
Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.
[CLIFFORD *stabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the fie
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced th
But this I know,—they have demean'd themse
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it ou
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot
ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching wa
[*A short alarum wit*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fu
The sands are number'd, that make up my life
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTH
BERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagen
Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment show'd unto my fath
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring f
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fe
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly
further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford! but bethink thee once ag
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him
cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for w
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thous
causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, North
berland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him
much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

war's prize to take all vantages,
ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*
lif. Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.
orth. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[YORK *is taken prisoner.*
ork. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
rue men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.
orth. What would your grace have done unto him now?
. *Mar.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point

YORK. Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue.

le issue from the bosom of the boy;
, if thine eyes can water for his death.
e thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
ould lament thy miserable state.
'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York:
at, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
t not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
y art thou patient man? thou should'st be mad;
I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
np, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
u would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
k cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
own for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
d you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
marry, sir, now looks he like a king.

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.
Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth,
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Would'st have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Fre
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move m
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibal
Would not have touch'd, would not have st
with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears:
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas! it was a piteous deed."—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my c
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the wor
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your head

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all m
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my lord N
umberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my fa
death. [*Stabbing*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-he
king. [*Stabbing*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious G
My soul flies through these wounds to see
thee. [

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish.* E

Tewkesbury.

SCENE 1.—*A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.*

March. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
m Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
d he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
d he been slain, we should have heard the news;
had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
e happy tidings of his good escape.—
w fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
ere our right valiant father is become.
w him in the battle range about,
d watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
thought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
doth a lion in a herd of neat:
as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
o having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
e rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
far'd our father with his enemies;
fled his enemies my warlike father:
thinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
, how the morning opes her golden gates,
d takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
w well resembles it the prime of youth,
mm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!
Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
t separated with the racking clouds,
t sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
if they vow'd some league inviolable:
w are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
this the heaven figures some event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it;
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger tired and panting, as from hasty flight.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. O! speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 'twas report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and wen
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their frien
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myse
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with yo
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, g Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to land?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant War fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's hea
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blam not:
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberlan
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of M
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!*—to London will we march,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great War speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder w lean;

when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
t Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!
Var. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
next degree is, England's royal throne;
king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
very borough as we pass along;
he that throws not up his cap for joy,
l for the fault make forfeit of his head.
Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
we no longer dreaming of renown,
sound the trumpets, and about our task.
ich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
hou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
ne to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
dw. Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

Var. How now! what news?
ess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, *Queen* MARGARET, *the Prince of* WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

WAR. How now! what news?

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away."
Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would, my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; there I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lo
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheath your sword, good father: cry, "S George!"

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, W WICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers*

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou knee grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting b
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his k
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the cro
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I ca speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to ans thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou y the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd W wick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you f

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst m you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverent
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a ch

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treache coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tong
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this me ing here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy swor
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

t ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
Var. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
York in justice puts his armour on.
rince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
re is no wrong, but every thing is right.
ich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
k'd by the destinies to be avoided,
venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
ich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
ose father bears the title of a king,
if a channel should be called the sea,)
m'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
dw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
make this shameless callat know herself.—
en of Greece was fairer far than thou,
ough thy husband may be Menelaus;
l ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
that false woman, as this king by thee.
father revell'd in the heart of France,
l tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniedst the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene 2.—Before York.

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle near Towton.*

Alarums: excursions. *Enter* WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah! Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

EDW. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings;
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may open,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,

t me embrace thee in my weary arms.
hat did never weep, now melt with woe,
at winter should cut off our spring-time so.
War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.
Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
d give them leave to fly that will not stay,
d call them pillars that will stand to us;
d if we thrive promise them such rewards
victors wear at the Olympian games.
is may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
r yet is hope of life, and victory.—
reslow no longer; make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*

ENE IV.—The Same. *Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. *Enter* RICHARD, *and* CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
ppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
d this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
ert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
is is the hand that stabb'd thy father York,
d this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
d here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
d cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
execute the like upon thyself;
d so, have at thee.
They fight. WARWICK *enters;* CLIFFORD *flies.*
Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
r I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter King* HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
nen dying clouds contend with growing light;
nat time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
n neither call it perfect day, nor night.
w sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
c'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
w sways it that way, like the self-same sea
c'd to retire by fury of the wind:
netime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
w, one the better, then, another best;
h tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
t neither conqueror, nor conquered:
is the equal poise of this fell war.
re, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
whom God will, there be the victory;
r Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
ve chid me from the battle, swearing both,
ey prosper best of all when I am thence.
uld I were dead! if God's good will were so;
r what is in this world but grief and woe?
God! methinks, it were a happy life,
be no better than a homely swain;
sit upon a hill, as I do now,
carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
ereby to see the minutes how they run:
w many make the hour full complete,
w many hours bring about the day,
w many days will finish up the year,
w many years a mortal man may live.
nen this is known, then to divide the times:
many hours must I tend my flock;
many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. *Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.
K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise.
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.
K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—

O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?
Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?
K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?
Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*
Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Man, for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*
K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.
Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same.

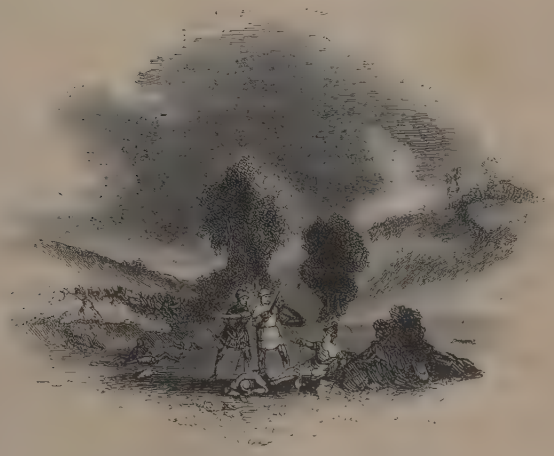
A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing Henry, strengthening mis-proud York.
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much len
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wound
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the r
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He fa*

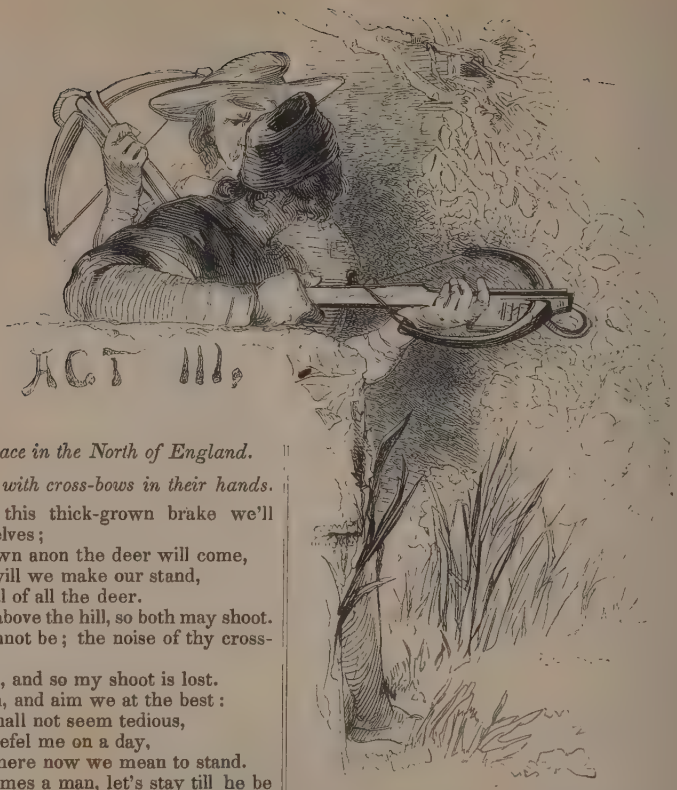
Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEO
RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldi*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peac
looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with the
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grav
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[CLIFFORD *groans and*
Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her he
leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing
See who it is.
Edw. And, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for
Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spr
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch d
the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours;
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening so
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forw*
War. I think his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speak
thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he d
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes hard,
Then Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
Now by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
This right hand would buy two hours' life,
If I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*



Scene 3.—Field of Battle near Towton.



SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of England.*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the *quondam* king: let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no mo
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wro
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place
O Margaret! thus 'twill be; and thou, poor sou
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou talkest of kings
queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I
born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wer
king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and th
enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is
crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on
head;

leck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
o be seen: my crown is call'd, content;
wn it is, that seldom kings enjoy.
Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
crown, content, and you, must be contented
o along with us; for, as we think,
are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
apprehend you as his enemy.
Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?
Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old,
ather and my grandfather, were kings,
you were sworn true subjects unto me;
tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
Keep. No;
ve were subjects, but while you were king.
Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
imple men! you know not what you swear.
, as I blow this feather from my face,
as the air blows it to me again,
ing with my wind when I do blow,
yielding to another when it blows,
manded always by the greater gust,
is the lightness of you common men.
lo not break your oaths; for of that sin
nild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
here you will, the king shall be commanded,
be you kings; command, and I'll obey.
Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
were seated as king Edward is.
Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
o with us unto the officers.
Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
what God will, that let your king perform;
what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

ENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

r *King* EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
lady's husband, sir Richard Grey, was slain,
and then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
suit is now, to repossess those lands,
ch we in justice cannot well deny,
use in quarrel of the house of York
worthy gentleman did lose his life.
o. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
re dishonour, to deny it her.
Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
o. Yea; is it so? [*Aside.*
, the lady hath a thing to grant,
re the king will grant her humble suit.
ar. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*
o. Silence! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.
[*Aside.*
Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
[*Aside.*
Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.
[*Aside.*
Glo. Nay then, whip me; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*
Clar. As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt. [*Aside.*
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty; [*Aside.*
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his sh [*A*
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas shift. [*A*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I sh marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to mys
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder las
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extreme
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is ta
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honour
[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* G
CLARENCE, *and Lord.*
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourab
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and
That from his loins no hopeful branch may sp
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edwar
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose.
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would trea
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from the
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from
And so I say I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too m
Unless my hand and strength could equal them
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richa
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and lo
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unfick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.

I am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
en, since this earth affords no joy to me,
to command, to check, to o'erbear such
are of better person than myself,
make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
il my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
round impaled with a glorious crown.
yet I know not how to get the crown,
many lives stand between me and home:
I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
t rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
king a way, and straying from the way,
knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And like a Sinon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,

Glo. Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile.

set the murderous Machiavel to school.
I do this, and cannot get a crown?
! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

CENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

rish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and* ady BONA, *attended by the Admiral Bourbon,* nd *others: the King takes his seat, then rises to* ceive *Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and* e *Earl of* OXFORD, *who enter.*

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state,
And birth, that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled.
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll
thee.

Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on
sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorro

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to
presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's
est friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick.
brings thee to France?
[*He descends.* *Queen* MARGARET
Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second
rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person,
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

Scene 3.—"Welcome, brave Warwick."

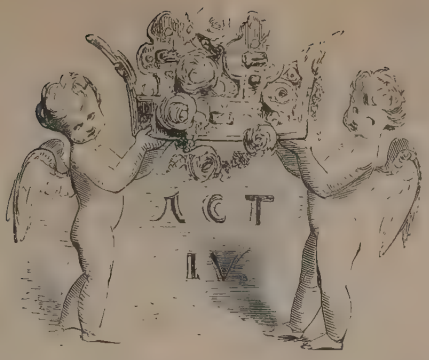
t virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
England's king in lawful marriage.
. *Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.
Var. And, gracious madam,—[*To* BONA.]—in
our king's behalf,
commanded. with your leave and favour,
ably to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
ell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
ere fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.
. *Mar.* King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me
speak,
re you answer Warwick. His demand
ngs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
from deceit, bred by necessity;
how can tyrants safely govern home,
ss abroad they purchase great alliance?
prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
t Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
k therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage
u draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
though usurpers sway the rule a while,
heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
Var. Injurious Margaret!
rince. And why not queen?
Var. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
thou no more art prince, than she is queen.
xf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt,
ich did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
ose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
o by his prowess conquered all France:
n these our Henry lineally descends.
Var. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth dis-
course,
told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
hat which Henry the fifth had gotten?
hinks, these peers of France should smile at
that.
for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
hreescore and two years; a silly time
nake prescription for a kingdom's worth.
xf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
thy liege,
om thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
not bewray thy treason with a blush?
Var. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.
xf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
s done to death? and more than so, my father,
n in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
en nature brought him to the door of death?
Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
s arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
Var. And I the house of York.
. *Lew.* Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and
Oxford,
chsafe at our request to stand aside,
ile I use further conference with Warwick.
. *Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words
bewitch him not! [*They stand aloof.*
. *Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,
dward your true king? for I were loath,
link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine
honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine.—
Yet I confess,—[*To* WARWICK.]—that often ere
this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall
be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless War-
wick.
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings;
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
[*A horn sounded within.*
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or
thee.

Enter the Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for
you,
Sent from your brother, marquess Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know
not. [*They all read their letters.*
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mis-
tress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he
were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.
Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?
Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.
War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.
K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all once.
K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king witha
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widov shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit P*
K. Lew. But, Warwick
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for y motion.—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick
And with thy hand thy faith irrecovable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deser it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwi
K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldi shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* Warwi
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Ex*



Scene I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
this new marriage with the lady Grey?
h not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
v could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

urish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* rey, *as Queen;* Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
t you stand pensive as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
ich are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
t they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
y are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
r king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I.
God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
om God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,
me some reason why the lady Grey
uld not become my wife, and England's queen.—
you too, Somerset, and Montague,
ak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis
omes your enemy, for mocking him
ut the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves:
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befal thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think t
more. [*Asi*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or wh
news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and f
words;

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:—
"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazo
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majest
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wro
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long."

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presum
tion.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link
in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwic
daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have t
younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follo*

Glo. Not I.

houghts aim at a further matter: I
not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick!
am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
haste is needful in this desperate case.—
broke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
vy men, and make prepare for war;
are already, or quickly will be landed:
elf in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE, *and* STAFFORD.
ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
lve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
me if you love Warwick more than me?
e so, then both depart to him:
ier wish you foes, than hollow friends;
if you mind to hold your true obedience,
me assurance with some friendly vow,
I may never have you in suspect.
nt. So God help Montague as he proves true!
st. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!
Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand
by us?
o. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
you.
Edw. Why so; then, am I sure of victory.
, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour,
ve meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain in Warwickshire.*

r WARWICK, *and* OXFORD, *with French, and other Soldiers.*

ar. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET.

see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
k suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
ar. Fear not that, my lord.
ar. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto
Warwick:
welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
est mistrustful where a noble heart
pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
e but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall
be thine.
now what rests, but in night's coverture,
brother being carelessly encamp'd,
soldiers lurking in the towns about,
but attended by a simple guard,
may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
scouts have found the adventure very easy:
as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
re, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
seize himself; I say not slaughter him,
I intend but only to surprise him.—
, that will follow me to this attempt,
laud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry,* HENRY!
y, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—EDWARD'S *Camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take
his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn
vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the
day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's
chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands the
king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more
dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his
passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal
tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

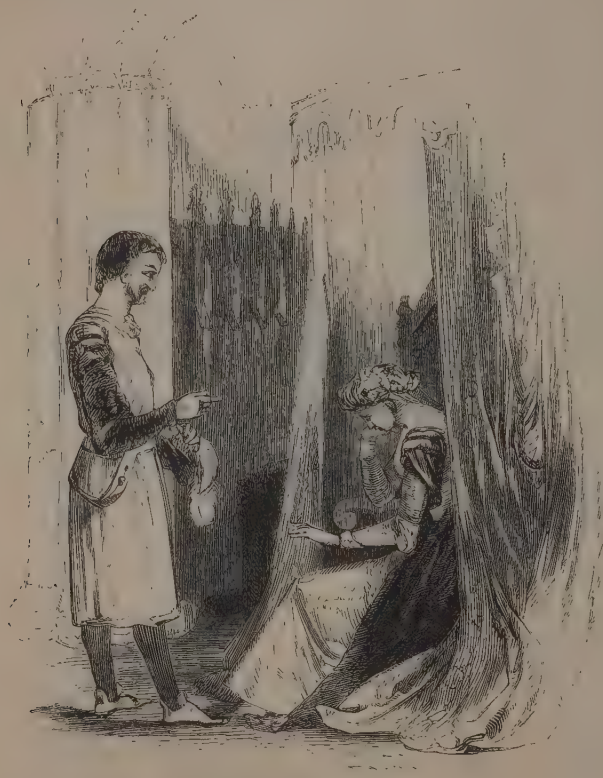
Enter silently WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand
his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.
[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all*—WARWICK!
WARWICK! *and set upon the Guard; who
fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* WARWICK, *and
the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER, *and* HASTINGS, *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go;
here's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we
parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here
too?
Nay then, I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men m
needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* EDWARD, *led out;* SOMERS
with him.
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have
do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeu*



Riv These news, I must confess, are full of grief.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are ful
grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the da
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder
decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear

stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.
v. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
et the crown once more on Henry's head.
ss thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down:
to prevent the tyrant's violence,
trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
ence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
ave at least the heir of Edward's right:
re shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
e therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
arwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

NE V.—*A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.*

r GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

lo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
ve off to wonder why I drew you hither,
this chiefest thicket of the park.
s stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
isoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
iath good usage and great liberty,
often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.
[*Exeunt.*

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Scene 5.—Park at Middleham Castle.

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Tower.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *Young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, there in Clarence shall not want part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your ch affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward
Be sent for to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with speed.

K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Ri mond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if sec powers [*Lays his hand on his he*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your b ther,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he cape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gl ter,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENC *Lieutenant, and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of E ward's,
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Ri mond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befal him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown 'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall dow

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let's about it speedily. [*Exeu*

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *a Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastin and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

l have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
brought desired help from Burgundy:
at then remains, we being thus arriv'd
n Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
that we enter as into our dukedom?
lo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
many men, that stumble at the threshold,
well foretold that danger lurks within.
. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
air or foul means we must enter in,
hither will our friends repair to us.
Iast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

ter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Iay. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
Iay. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
eing well content with that alone.
lo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
l soon find means to make the body follow.
[*Aside.*
Iast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
n the gates: we are king Henry's friends.
Iay. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*
lo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.
Iast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
twere not 'long of him; but, being enter'd,
ubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
him and all his brothers unto reason.

e-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
in the night, or in the time of war.
at! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
Edward will defend the town, and thee,
all those friends that deign to follow me.

Iarch. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces.*

lo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
. Edw. Welcome, sir John; but why come you in arms?
Iont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
very loyal subject ought to do.
. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
title to the crown, and only claim
dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Iont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
ne to serve a king, and not a duke.—
mmer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words.
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaim'd.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c."
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward' right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shall find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus—[*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*]—I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords : let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, *and* MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear ; my meed hath me fame.
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears :
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err
Then, why should they love Edward more than
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace ;
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancas*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are the

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldier*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry ! h
him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to fl
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower ! let him not sp

[*Exeunt some with King* HEN

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our cou
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares.
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry

[*Exe*

Scene 3.—"This is his tent."

Scene I.—Coventry.

ter upon the Walls, Warwick, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

Var. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
r far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
Var. How far off is our brother Montague?—
ere is the post that came from Montague?
Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

Var. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
m. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
Var. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
m. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies
drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
Var. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
m. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

ch. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Forces.*

. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
lo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
Var. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
ere slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
t we could hear no news of his repair?
. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
k gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
he shall pardon thee these outrages.
Var. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
fess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?
Warwick patron, and be penitent,
thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
lo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
lid he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;
What is the body, when the head is off?
Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so: yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
"Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter Oxford, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[Oxford *and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.—
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [*Taking the red Rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughte
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten ti more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brot like.
War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave town, and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for defen
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory
[*March. Exe*

Coventry.

CENE II.—*A Field of Battle near Barnet.*

ums, and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die
our fear,
Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—
, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

Var. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
ask I that? my mangled body shows,
blood, my want of strength, my sick heart
shows,
I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading
tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his
brow?

WAR. Why, then I would not fly.

now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
n now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
othing left me, but my body's length.
y, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and
dust?
live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET.

m. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as
we are,
might recover all our loss again.
queen from France hath brought a puissant
power;
n now we heard the news. Ah, could'st thou
fly!
Var. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Mon-
tague!
ou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd
his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—"Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
"O, farewell Warwick!"
War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save
yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in
heaven. [*Dies.*
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great
power!
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK's *body.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury,
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewkesbury.*

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood;
Yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah! what a shame, ah! what a fault were this.
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quic
sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the broth
More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant sp
Should, if a coward heard her speak these wor
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this, as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a cours
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such
hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sw
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet h
nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is
hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your
wardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will
budge.

Flourish and march. Enter King EDWAR
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands
thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and y
strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, wha
should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your so
reign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both Armi*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Same.*

rums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat.
hen enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOS-
ER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OX-
ORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Prisoners.*

. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
y with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
Somerset, off with his guilty head.
bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.
xf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.
om. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

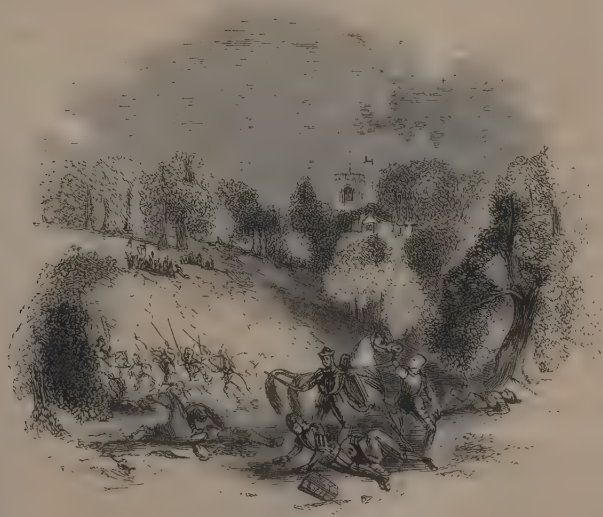
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
neet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
l have a high reward, and he his life?
lo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
t! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
ard, what satisfaction canst thou make,
bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
rince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
ose, that I am now my father's mouth:
gn thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
lst I propose the self-same words to thee,
ch, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
lo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.
Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.
Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.
K. Edw. Peace! wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.
Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*
Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [GLOSTER *stabs him.*
Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [CLARENCE *stabs him.*
Q. Mar. O, kill me too!
Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*
K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy:
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—



Scene 2.—Field of Battle near Barnet.

They, that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher, Richard,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. *The Walls of the Tower.*

Enter King HENRY *with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What! at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:
'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Cr
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet bo
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my lif

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first t didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a wido
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down tr
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hop
To wit,—an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast b
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st——

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in speech: [*Stabs h*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter a this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*D*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lanca
Sink in the ground? I thought it would h mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's dea
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thith
[*Stabs him ag*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body s
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;

this word love, which greybeards call divine,
resident in men like one another,
not in me: I am myself alone.—
rence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
I will buz abroad such prophecies,
t Edward shall be fearful of his life;
then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
g Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
rence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
nting myself but bad, till I be best.—
throw thy body in another room,
triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit with the body.*

NE VII.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

g EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his Throne;*
Queen ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
at valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
e we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
ee dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
hardy and undoubted champions:
o Cliffords, as the father and the son;
two Northumberlands; two braver men
er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
h them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
t in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
s have we swept suspicion from our seat,
made our footstool of security.—
e hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
ng Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.
[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*]—To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy.
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

London Stone.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE SIXTH.—PART III.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Third Part of King Henry VI.—"This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former."—Johnson.

"But, *is your grace dead*"—"So the folio. In the 'True Tragedy' we have *what*, which is the ordinary reading. There is a contemptuous force in 'But,' which is hardly given by *what*. The word is similarly employed in Twelfth Night: '*But* are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?'"—Knight.

"*The proudest* he *that holds up Lancaster,*
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells."

The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. The allusion is more direct in the old tragedy, which has "the proudest *bird*."

"*I am thine*"—This is the reading of the folio: the "True Tragedy" places "Thou art deceived" before the words "I am thine," and Malone and succeeding editors have inserted them here; but they lessen the force of the passage, and do not amend the metre. In the next line but one, the "True Tragedy" has *kingdom* for "earldom."

"'*Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.*"

That is, the earldom of March, through which, by inheritance from his mother, he claimed the crown; the dukedom being from his father. He says in the old play, more directly, "as the kingdom is."

"*What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?*
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York," etc.

Malone notes here a small historical error, the father of York having been earl of Cambridge, and never duke of York, though he would have inherited the title had he outlived his elder brother.

"— prejudicial *to his crown*"—i. e. *Detrimental* to the general rights of hereditary royalty.

"*They seek revenge*"—"They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be reven They are not influenced by principle, but passion Johnson.

"— neither *by treason*"—Malone asserts that ' ther," *either*, *brother*, and many similar words, used by Shakespeare as monosyllables. Stevens nies this, and observes that the versification of this the preceding play, has many lines as unmetric this.

"— *whose looks* bewray *her anger*"—i. e. *Disc* Douce says that "bewray" is simply to *disclose*, v *betray* is to disclose treacherously. "Bewray" is used in Lear.

"*Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,*"

"The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, ba son to the Lord Faulconbridge:—'A man (says H of no less courage than audacity; who, for his conditions, was such an apt person, that a more u could not be chosen to set all the world in a broil to put the estate of the realm on an ill hazard.' had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of seas, and had in charge so to keep the passage betw Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured Henry or his friends should escape untaken or drowned: such, at least, were his instructions wit spect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warw death, Faulconbridge fell into poverty, and rob both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. once brought his ships up the Thames; and, with a siderable body of the men of Kent and Essex, ma spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp flict. He was finally taken at Southampton, and headed."—Ritson.

"*Will* cost *my crown*"—Warburton and Ste maintain that the true word is *coast*—"Will *coas* crown"—will hover about the crown. It is unneces to turn a plain expression into a metaphor.

"Tire on *the flesh of me*"—To "tire on" is to *at*. It is from the Saxon *tiran*, and is generally use the sense of ravenously *devouring*. No word is m common in our old writers, when they wish to exp the manner in which a bird of prey tears and cons its food.

Scene II.

"An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate," etc.

The obligation of an oath is here avoided by a very picable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part its force from the magistrate. The plea against the igation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, xen from the unlawfulness of the oath itself,) in the egoing play, was rational and just."—Johnson.

The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle."

I know not whether the author intended any moral ruction; but he that reads this has a striking admo- on against precipitancy, by which we often use un- ful means to do that which a little delay would put estly in our power. Had York stayed but a few ments, he had saved his cause from the stain of per- y."—Johnson.

Scene III.

"Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!"

This scrap of Latin is from Ovid's "Epistles"—Phyllis Demophoon. It is not found in the "True Tragedy," 95,) and was therefore introduced by Shakespeare the revision; and consequently alone overthrows lone's argument against the authenticity of the first t, founded on the use of Latin quotations.

Scene IV.

"With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him," etc.

These lines, as well as the substance of this charac- istic speech, are in the old tragedy. The figure, like ny other Shakespearian indications of the same kind, ttered through the old plays, is one that occurs again, htly varied, in Henry V.:—

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.

"We bodg'd *again"*—Collier thinks this is "we ch'd again," as Nash, in "Pierce Penniless," 92,) has *bodgery* for *botchery*. But I agree with res, that "bodg'd" is here the same as *budge*, which rd, Coles, in his contemporary Latin *Thesaurus*, nslates, *pedem referre*, (to *retreat*.) Stevens thought t it was the same as *boggled*—i. e. made bad or bun- g work of the attempt to rally. But the passage in ich Coriolanus speaks of his army, who had fled m their adversaries, seems decisive:—

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
From rascals worse than they.

"—at the noontide prick"—i. e. At the *point* or rick" of noon, on the dial.

*"—*raught *at mountains"*—i. e. *Reached* at mountains.

"—will you pale *your head"*—i. e. *Impale, encircle.*

"O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!"

'How can it be doubted, (asks Mr. Hallam,) that eene was the author of the 'True Tragedy,' when he ims it, if not in express words, yet so as to leave no ubt of his meaning?" To this an excellent critic, in e "Edinburgh Review," (July, 1840,) thus replies:— The passage referred to is that in which Greene arges Shakespeare with plagiarism, identifying him a punning nickname, and by a parody from the line curring both in the 'True Tragedy' and in the al- ed play. We doubt the conclusiveness of the infer- ce. A probability of the writer's intention would in- ed be raised by the words, if they occurred in Shake- eare's admitted work, and were not to be found in e old play; but as the fact really stands, in the suppo- ion of Mr. Hallam, the lines are Greene's own. The otation of them, therefore, thus wanted the point hich he wished to give to his epigrammatic attack,— d, besides, self-parody was very unlikely to occur to one like him, whose irritable self-love discovers itself in all that he ever wrote. But we venture to go something further. Greene's reference to the 'True Tragedy' is, as we view it, a proof that it was considered as Shakespeare's own; for here again the epigram would have wanted its sting, if the line parodied had not been one of those of the very writer attacked. We do not say that this is by any means decisive, but it is worth something in a question where all proofs of this sort are so very scanty."

The author of this able and eloquent article has no hesitation in believing, with Tieck, that the three parts of Henry VI. are Shakespeare's, through every one of their changes. He remarks: "That the three plays, in both their shapes, (for the first part must have been recast, as well as the other two, though probably to a less extent,) emanate from one mind, and are designed to form portions of the same whole, appears to be demonstrable from considerations without number."

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins."

These lines, as well as the whole context, are a very slight variation of the parallel lines in the old tragedy of the "Second Part of the Contention." It adds somewhat to the evidence of the Shakespearian character of these dramas, in their first and ruder state, that the leading idea here was one to which Shakespeare often recurs, in his other undisputed writings. Thus, in the Rape of Lucrece:—

This *windy tempest, till it blow up rain,*
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more:
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er,
Then son and father *weep* with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

And again, in King John:—

This *shower* blown up by tempest of my soul.

So in Macbeth:—

—— tears shall drown the wind.

And in Troilus and Cressida:—

Where are my tears? rain, rain! to drown this wind.

ACT II.—Scene I.

"—'tis prize *enough to be his son"*—Malone justly explains this by a previous line. "It is war's *prize* to take all vantages," (i. e. war's *privilege*.) The "True Tragedy" reads *pride*, for "prize," which some later editors insert here.

"Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun," etc.

Both Hall and Hollingshed mention this circumstance:—"At which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one. Upon which sight he took such courage, that he, fiercely setting on his enemies, put them to flight; and for this cause men imagined that he gave the sun, in his full brightness, for his badge or cognizance."—Hollingshed.

"Enter a Messenger, tired and panting"—"Enter one blowing" is the simple stage-direction of the folio.

"Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends," etc.

After this line, modern editors have added another, from the "True Tragedy:"—

And very well appointed, as I thought,—

which is not at all necessary to the sense, but weakens the effect of the speech. Collier rightly rejects the line, because, (as he remarks,) "If we were to adopt it, we should have no excuse for not inserting more which we may presume were rejected by Shakespeare, when he made his alterations in, and additions to the 'True Tragedy.'"

"Why, Via!*—to London will we march,"* etc.

The old play adds, at the end of this line, *amain*, which is replaced by most modern editors, though evidently expunged by the revising author, as lessening the spirited effect of the line as spoken.

"— *then it* SORTS"—i. e. It turns out as we desire, or it *agrees* or *assorts* with our wishes—a use of the word frequent in writers of the time.

SCENE II.

"— *as* APPARENT"—i. e. As the apparent *heir;* "apparent" being used here substantively, as a title. The word is rightly printed in the old editions, with a capital, which later editions change.

"DARRAIGN *your battle*"—i. e. *Range* your host; the word is found in this sense in Spenser, as well as in older authors. It is curious that the older quartos have a word which sounds more modern—*prepare*. Chaucer thus uses the word:—

> Full prively two harneis hath he dight,
> Both suffisant and mete to *darreine*
> The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine.

"— *if a* CHANNEL *should be call'd the sea*"—"Channel," according to Malone, is equivalent to what we now call a *kennel*.

"*To let thy tongue* DETECT"—i. e. *Display*, or *discover;* taking "detect" in its etymological sense.

"*A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns*," etc.

The annotators give many authorities on this passage, of which the substance is—"A wisp of straw was often applied as a mark of opprobrium to an immodest woman, a scold, or similar offenders; even showing it to a woman was, therefore, considered as a grievous affront."

"— *this shameless* CALLAT"—"Callat" was a term of contempt in frequent use, and we meet with it in the WINTER'S TALE.

SCENE III.

"FORESLOW *no longer*"—i. e. *Delay* no longer. "Foreslow" occurs in Peele's "Battle of Alcazar," and is also used in the same sense by Whetstone, Marlowe, and other earlier writers.

SCENE IV.

"*For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.*"

Two similar lines occur in HENRY VI., Part II. (act iv. scene 2:)—

> Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase;
> For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

In the "True Tragedy" no corresponding lines are found; and the stage-direction there is, "Alarums: they fight; then enters Warwick and rescues Richard, and then *exeunt omnes.*"

SCENE V.

"*This battle fares like to the morning's war,*
When dying clouds contend with growing light," etc.

Henry's soliloquy certainly has more of the Poet's manner about the date of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, than of his earlier style. Yet the character of Henry is just as well marked in the old play as in the enlarged one, as well as the incidents of the unhappy son and father:—

> *Hen.* O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
> And set some ends to these incessant griefs.
> How like a mastless ship upon the seas
> This woeful battle doth continue still.
> Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
> And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
> Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars!
> Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king.
> Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
> Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
> Would God that I were dead, so all were well:
> Or would my crown suffice, I were content
> To yield it them, and live a private life.

"*O God! methinks, it were a happy life*," etc.

"This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innoc and pastoral tranquillity."—JOHNSON.

There are some verses preserved of Henry VI. w are in a strain of the same pensive, moralizing ch ter. The reader may not be displeased to have here subjoined, that he may compare them with congenial thoughts the Poet has attributed to him:

> Kingdoms are but cares;
> State is devoid of stay;
> Riches are ready snares,
> And hasten to decay.
>
> Pleasure is a privy [game,]
> Which vice doth still provoke;
> Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
> Power a smouldering smoke.
>
> Who meaneth to remove the rock
> Out of his slimy mud,
> Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
> The swelling of the flood.

"*So minutes, hours, days, months and years*," et

"This is the reading of the folio; but Rowe a *weeks* after days, without authority. If any ch were necessary, we ought to alter 'months' into *w* months not having been before mentioned."—COLL

"— *with the dead Body*"—According to the s direction of the folio, the son with the dead body o father, and the father with the dead body of his enter at the same time:—"Enter a Son that hath k his Father at one door; and a Father that hath k his Son at another door." However, the latter doe enter until afterwards, and we have then a new s direction, in these words:—"Enter Father, bearin his Son." The modern stage-direction has been, " ter a Son, etc., *dragging in* the dead body."

"*And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with gr

This passage is obscure from compression, and its conformity to the old poetical usage of the day plying all the predicates to all the foregoing sub tives; as in HAMLET—

> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword.

Johnson well interprets it:—"The king intends to that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be, like of the kingdom, in a *civil war;* all shall be destro by power formed within themselves."

"*What* STRATAGEMS"—M. Mason has shown "stratagems" here means *disastrous events;* not me the events of war, its surprises and snares.

"*O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,*
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late."

Of these obscure lines, the following explanation Henley, is the most probable which has been offere "Had the son been younger, he would have been cluded from the levy which brought him to the fi and had the father recognized him before their m encounter, it would not have been too late to saved him from death." Johnson, however, may haps have got the intended meaning, in referring late" to the father, "by living himself too long." lone maintains that "too late" means *too lately,* quaintness similar to that in the Poet's own RAP LUCRECE:—

> —— I did give that life
> Which she too early and too late hath spilled.

"MAN, *for the loss of thee*"—The folio reads, "*M* for the loss of thee." The father is addressing his d son. Rowe (who is followed in the ordinary pri text) substituted *sad.* "Obsequious," in the prece line, refers to *funeral obsequies.* Dyce conjectu that it should be "*E'en* for the loss of thee."

SCENE VI.

"— *Enter* CLIFFORD, *wounded*"—The "True Tr dy" adds, "with an arrow in his neck;" the circ stance being taken from Hollingshed. This is suppo

be ridiculed by Beaumont and Fletcher, when, in eir mock-heroic play of the "Knight of the Burning estle," Ralph enters, "with a forked arrow through s head."

"*The common people swarm like summer flies,*" etc.

This line, obviously necessary to the sense, was in-rted in the text, from the "True Tragedy."

"*Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,*" etc.

This battle and victory of the house of York, was ined between Towton and Saxton, on Palm Sunday, 61. "This conflict (says Hall) was in manner un-tural; for in it the son fought against the father, the other against the brother, the nephew against the ncle, and the tenant against his lord."

"*If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.*"

In the distribution of the dialogue, the folio is fol-wed, from which many late editors needlessly vary.

"— EAGER *words*"—i. e. *Sour* words, (says Johnson;) ords of *asperity*.

"— *Gloster's dukedom is too ominous*"—Richard al-des to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, (son to dward III.,) and Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, whose agical end is recorded in the preceding play.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,*" etc.

The original has "Let me embrace *the sour adversa-es.*" This is clearly a misprint, which Pope conjec-red to be for "these sour *adversities:*" and this read-g is generally followed. I have preferred a different rrection, recently suggested by Mr. Dyce, who sup-ses, with great probability, that the original was, in e old orthography—

Let me embrace thee, *sower adversitie.*

SCENE II.

"*His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror,*" etc.

"This is, (says Malone,) in every particular, a falsifi-tion of history. Sir John Grey fell in the second ttle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry; d so far is it from being true that his lands were ized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they ere in fact seized by King Edward, after his victory Towton, (1461.) The present scene is laid in 1464. akespeare followed the old play in this instance; but nen he afterwards had occasion to mention this matter, writing his KING RICHARD III., he stated it truly, as found it in the chronicles. In act i. scene 2, of that ay, Richard, addressing himself to Queen Elizabeth, ne Lady Grey of the present scene,) says:—

In all which time you and your husband *Grey*
Were factious *for the house of Lancaster;*
(And, Rivers, so were you:)—was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?"

This, Malone thinks, is one of the circumstances that ove incontestably, that Shakespeare was not the origi-l author of the "Contention." I do not see the force the argument, as Shakespeare unquestionably en-ged the old play, and altered this speech. The error oves no more as to the first sketch than as to the al-ration; and the correction in RICHARD III., like seve-l others, only shows that, as his historical plays grew popularity and importance, and he himself more fa-iliar with the details of the history he worked upon, was more attentive to minuter accuracy. Or it may that, in the present case, the author thought he would in in dramatic probability by an immaterial variation om historic accuracy,—by making Lady Grey not a fferer by Edward's house, but from attachment to it. ne text here gives the name *Richard* Grey, as it is in the old copies. Hall calls him Sir *John*, which, owever, is no sufficient reason to alter the author's xt, as most late editors do.

"*Ay, Edward will use women honourably.*
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all," etc.

This soliloquy is strongly impressed with all the peculiar characteristics of our great Poet, and especially with his power of developing character; giving us a bold and distinctly marked outline of the approaching RICHARD III. Yet this is but the enlargement of a similar and brief soliloquy of Gloster, in the old play—containing the same thoughts, less powerfully and vividly brought out. I think there are but few readers who will not agree with me, that the author of the original young Gloster must be also the author of the full-grown Richard III.; for, if the old "Contention" be not Shakespeare's, he owes to its author not only the groundwork of HENRY VI., but the whole character of Richard. To my mind, this soliloquy, as it stands in the old play, is alone conclusive of Shakespeare's authorship, and of his sole paternity of the character. The reader will judge for himself:—

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
For I am not yet look'd on in the world!
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all they look for issue
Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry content to that which grieves me most;
I can add colours to the chamelion;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down.

"— *an unlick'd bear-whelp*"—"It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of bears are produced in the same state with those of other animals."—JOHNSON.

"*Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,*" etc.

"Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatized with deformity has a constant source of enmity in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks, that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."—JOHNSON.

"— *set the murderous* MACHIAVEL *to school*"—In the time of Shakespeare, the name of "Machiavel" had become synonymous with a wily, unscrupulous politician. Notwithstanding the anachronism, he therefore substituted "murderous Machiavel" for "aspiring Catiline," as it stands in the "True Tragedy," (1595,) because he thought the allusion would be better understood.

SCENE III.

"*Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?*"

"This nobleman's embassy and commission, the insult he received by the King's hasty marriage, and his consequent resolution to avenge it, with the capture, imprisonment, and escape of the King, (Edward,) Shakespeare found in Hall and Hollingshed; but later, as well

as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to discredit the whole, and to refer the rupture between the King and his political creator to unknown causes, or to that jealousy and ingratitude too natural to those who are under obligations too great to be discharged. There needs no other proof how little our common histories are to be depended on, than this fabulous story of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The King was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463; and in February, 1465, Warwick actually stood sponsor to the Princess Elizabeth, their first child."—RITSON.

"*Exempt from* ENVY"—Stevens thinks that "envy" in this place, as in many others, is put for *malice*, or *hatred*. His situation places him above these, though it cannot secure him from female disdain.

"*You have a father able to maintain you*," etc.

Johnson thinks that this is ironical, as "the poverty of Margaret's father is a frequent topic of reproach." Margaret's indignant outbreak upon Warwick, without any other provocation, shows that this was the author's meaning.

"*Thy sly* CONVEYANCE"—i. e. Thy cunning *artifice*, or *fraud*. In the same sense, Richard II. says—

O, good! *convey?* *conveyers* are you all.

"*To* SOOTH *your forgery*"—To "sooth," in ancient language, was "to *countenance* a falsehood, or forged tale; to uphold one in his talke, and affirme it to be true which he speaketh."—(*Baret.*) Malone errs in taking "to sooth" in its modern acceptation of *to soften*.

"*Did I let pass th' abuse done to my niece?*"

"King Edward (says Hollingshed) did attempt a thing once in the Earl's house, which was much against the Earl's honesty:—whether he would have deflowered his daughter, or his niece, the certainty was not, for both their honours, revealed; for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

"— FEAR *thy king withal*"—"Fear" is here used in an active sense, as was frequent in that age. So in HENRY IV., Part II. (act iv. scene 4.)

"*There's thy reward*"—Here we are to suppose that, according to ancient custom, Warwick makes a present to the herald or messenger, who in the old play is called a *Post*. (See note on KING HENRY V., act iii. scene 6.)

"*I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy*," etc.

Malone again notices that "this is a departure from the truth of history, for Edward, Prince of Wales, was married to Anne, *second* daughter of the Earl of Warwick. In fact Isabella, his *eldest* daughter, was married to Clarence, in 1468. There is, however, no inconsistence in the present proposal; for at the time represented, when Warwick was in France, neither of his daughters were married. Shakespeare has here again followed the old play. In KING RICHARD III. he has properly represented Lady Anne, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, as the *youngest* daughter of Warwick." Malone insists, that this discrepancy *proves* that Shakespeare was not the original author of this play, to which Stevens well rejoins:—"Is it improbable that Shakespeare should have become more accurate as he grew older? Might he not, previous to the composition of a later play, have furnished himself with the knowledge which was wanting in his dramatic performances of an earlier date?"

"— *none else to make a* STALE *but me*"—"Stale" is derived from the Saxon *stælan*, (to steal,) and is used for any pretence, but particularly for a *stalking-horse*, or artificial animal, behind which sportsmen of old *stole* upon their game. It sometimes meant a *decoy*, as in a passage in Sidney—"One bird caught served as a *stale* to bring in more;"—and Warwick seems to employ it in that sense. He had been sent by Edward as a decoy to procure the lady Bona for him.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

"— *Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings*"—Collier marks the particularity of the stage-directions in play, as printed in the folio, (1623.) Here we have addition of words, to show how the principal charac were to be ranged on the stage: "Four stand on side, and four on the other." The attendants probably to retire to the back of the scene, and supposed to be out of hearing: there were nine pr pal persons present, viz., the King, the Queen, Glo Clarence, Somerset, Montague, Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings. The King was therefore to stand in middle, with "four on one side and four on the oth

"*Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir*," et

"It must be remembered that, till the Restor (of Charles II.,) the heiresses of great estates we the wardship of the King; who, in their minority, them up to plunder, and afterwards matched the his favourites. I know not when liberty gained n than by the abolition of the Court of Wards."—JOHN

"— *I was not ignoble of descent*"—The father of unfortunate Queen of Edward IV. was Earl Rivers. mother was Jaqueline, daughter of the Earl of St. and widow of John, Duke of Bedford, brothe Henry V.

"— *she was there* IN PLACE"—i. e. There *presen* common form of expression among our old wri The same expression occurs in the sixth scene of act:—

Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is *in place*.

SCENE III.

"*Enter silently Warwick, Clarence, Oxford*," et

Collier notices the alteration of the older play, in conduct of this scene, as showing the extreme simpl of the stage just before Shakespeare's time:—"In older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the s concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his ten another part of the stage. Having resolved upon enterprise, they merely cross the boards to Edw encampment, the audience being required to sup that the assailing party had travelled from their quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Sh speare showed his superior judgment by changing place, and by interposing a dialogue between the wa men, who guard the King's tent."

SCENE V.

"*A Park near Middleham Castle*"—The accoun Edward's captivity is according to Hollingshed Hall. The minute Ritson objects to it as untrue, i pearing, from other authorities, that Edward was n in Warwick's hands.

SCENE VI.

"— *all his lands and goods* CONFISCATED"—The r ing of the folio is *confiscate*, which may be right, the the line reads defectively; and the modern editors th fore insert *be* before *confiscate*. With Collier, we pr the smallest alteration, and the authority of the f for the insertion of "confiscated" in our text.

"*This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.*"

"This 'pretty lad' was afterwards the fortunate crafty Henry VII. Hollingshed, relating this incid says, 'Whom when the King (Henry VI.) had a g while beheld, he said to such princes as were w him,—Lo, surely this is he to whom both we and adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, s hereafter give room and place.' Henry VII., to sh his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a sa

t either Henry would not pay the money demanded, (as Bacon supposes) the pope refused, lest, 'as Henry s reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, estimation of that kind of honour might be dimin-ed if there were not a distance kept between inno-ts and saints.'"—MALONE.

SCENE VII.

'From RAVENSPURG HAVEN"—In the old play this is itten *Raunspurhaven;* we may, therefore, infer that h was the pronunciation.

"A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!"

Thus in the old copies, but all modern editions, be-e Knight's, read thus:—

A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

ight well observes, that "the ruggedness of the origi-line has a peculiar propriety when uttered with the emn irony of Richard. Shakespeare, as well as all l dramatic poets, vary their metre not only with the pression of passion, but according to the character of speaker."

The BRUIT *thereof*"—i. e. The *noise*, or *report*, m the French *bruit*.) It is a word of constant oc-rence in old English. In "Jeremiah" (x. 22) we d, "Behold, the noise of the *bruit* is come."

SCENE VIII.

"Let's levy men, and beat him back again."

This line is assigned in all the folios to King Henry, n whom it has been transferred to *Oxford*, by the dern editors, on the ground of its being unsuited to King. But, as Collier remarks, "It is not incon-ent with the other speeches of the King in this scene, o seems by the intelligence to have been roused, at st in the commencement, to an unusual degree of rgy."

— wy MEED *hath got me fame*"—"Meed" is here, before, used for *merit*, or *desert*.

— A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"—Unless we sup-e the shouts to have proceeded from some of the ops in the pay of Henry, the more proper stage-di-tion on the arrival of Edward would be, as Johnson erved, "A York! A York!"

Seize on the SHAME-FAC'D *Henry*"—This line is from old play, and the epithet of "shame-fac'd," so por-t-like of the timid and fearful king, so characteristic the speaker, so like Shakespeare's own manner of traiture, is enough to counterbalance a hundred ll criticisms, and to stamp these scenes as from his d,—even if other matters remind us that it was "the 'prentice's hand."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

—from the DECK"—i. e. From the *pack*. A pack ards was of old called a "deck," as many authorities w. The word (as Ritson observed) continued in as late as 1788, being found in the Sessions Paper hat year.

"Taking the red Rose out of his Hat"]—There is e no stage-direction in the folio, and what was done Clarence could only be guessed, if the "True gedy" had not supplied the deficiency. We there d, "Richard and Clarence whisper together, and n Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and ows it at Warwick."

"March. Exeunt."]—The folio adds, as a stage-ection, "Warwick and his company follow;" mean-, probably, that they quitted the walls of Coventry. t it may mean that Edward and his forces, having e out, were followed across the stage by Warwick l his company, who left the city for the field of rnet.

SCENE II.

"— Warwick was a BUG, *that* FEAR'D *us all"*—i. e. Warwick was a *bugbear*, which *alarmed* or *frightened* us all. The word "bug" occurs in CYMBELINE, in this sense. "Fear'd" is used actively, as in a preceding scene.

"— like a CANNON *in a vault"*—The old play has "like a *clamour* in a vault," which inclines me to agree with Singer, that "cannon" is an error of the press in the first folio. "The indistinct gabble of undertakers, (says Stevens,) while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate the simile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted our author's notice; it has too often forced itself on mine."

SCENE IV.

"— Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers"—This scene stands thus in the old tragedy:—

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consum'd,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
That bears the sails to bring us unto rest,
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.
Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof and bid you fight,
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live
To bear his image, and to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at if he arise.

The large expansion of the rough sketch is pronounced, by Malone, to "prove decisively that the two plays of the 'Contention' were the production of some writer who preceded Shakespeare," which he only revised and amplified. The comparison of any of the first editions in quarto, of those of Shakespeare's unquestioned plays, which he subsequently revised and amplified, with the enlarged and improved copy, will lead to a precisely opposite conclusion. The amplification and alteration here are precisely of the same nature with those found in ROMEO AND JULIET, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, and in HAMLET,—to say nothing of half a dozen others of the plays, where the revision and expansion, though of the very same sort, are not carried so far. Thus, Hamlet's impassioned soliloquy, in act ii. scene 2—

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! etc.—

is expanded in the folio into sixty lines, from the thirty of the first known edition; retaining, as here, the same ideas, and as here expanding them, and adding force and beauty to the expression. Where Shakespeare really employed the groundwork of a predecessor, as in KING JOHN, LEAR, and MEASURE FOR MEASURE, his process was wholly different,—borrowing nothing but the names, outline of the plot, historical or traditionary incidents, and general notion of the characters; but as carefully avoiding any transference of thought or expression.

SCENE V.

"Let Æsop fable"—The allusion is to the deformity of the fabulist Æsop, which "mis-shapen Dick," as he is soon after called, takes, according to his nature, deliberately, but with purpose of revenge. There is little

alteration in this scene from the old play, where the high spirit of the young Prince, and the brief but strongly marked notices of the other characters, are given with a truly Shakespearian effect. It is, too, well worthy of remark, that the fine and animated dramatic effect and personal interest obtained by young Edward's there exhibiting the courage and spirit of his mother, without her vices, instead of his appearing to inherit the meek virtues of his father, is quite original in this play; there being no part of his character, in this respect, in the old historians.

"— *the likeness of this* RAILER *here*"—"This railer" is Queen Margaret, whom Prince Edward resembled.

"*You have no children, butchers*"—This is from the old play, which has "You have no children, *devils!*" Judge Blackstone notes that the Poet repeats the same thought in Macduff's lament for his murdered children. This is done with the same sort of variation which Shakespeare is wont to use in repeating a favourite thought, and indicates at least, if it does not absolutely prove, that he was using his own original materials. The speech stands thus in the old play:—

Queen. Ah, Ned, speak to thy mother, boy:
Ah, thou canst not speak.
Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than tyrant that I may not name?
You have no children, devils, if you had
The thought of them would then have stopp'd your rage:
But if you ever hope to have a son,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince.

SCENE VI.

"— *The Walls of the Tower*"—I have generally, in this edition, preferred retaining, as near as may be, the old stage-directions, which modern editors have often taken a needless license in altering, though it may be occasionally necessary. Here the author (as the folio gives it) has chosen to make the scene of the murder a part of the Tower walls, which we may suppose to be some retired inner part of the walls of that citadel, as it then stood. This is changed, in the generality of editions, to "A Room in the Tower."

"—*what a* PEEVISH *fool*"—i. e. *Silly* fool—a sense in which the word "peevish" frequently occurs, in our Poet and his contemporaries.

"—*that ever thou wast born*"—We follow, in this passage, the reading of the first folio, without *fate* and *and*, which the editor of the second folio thought fit to insert in the preceding lines. Malone adopted both.

"*The raven* ROOK'D *her*"—To "rook," or *ruck*, meaning to *squat down*, *roost*, or *lodge*, was a word often used by Chaucer, Gower, J. Heywood, Stanyhurst, Golding, Warner, etc.

"*What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted."

Here again is another passage, in which Gloster's character is strongly brought out, which I think no reader, who judges not from minute details, but from the poetical effect and dramatic spirit, can hesitate to ascribe to Shakespeare. If this has not the internal evidence of being his, I do not know in what passage such evidence is to be found. Yet it is remarkable that this speech is mainly from the old play, the alterations being slight, and there being no new insertions. We extract the whole of this scene, as it was first printed, in order to enable the reader to compare one of the more striking passages, but little modified, as elsewhere those more amplified and re-cast have been selected:—

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
King. Ay, my good lord. Lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better,
Good Glostef, and good devil, were all alike.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.
King. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;
And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'
Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a bird!
And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd.
King. I, Dædalus, my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
Thy brother Edward the sun that scar'd his wings;
And thou the enviest gulf that swallow'd him.
Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.
Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?
King. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
King. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst pr
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:
That many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an undigest created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true that I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world ——
Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech, I'll hear no more:
[*Stabs*
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.
King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*He*
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mou
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Now may such purple tears always be shed,
For such as seek the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life remain in thee, [*Stabs him a*
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither:
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'twas true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since heaven hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brothers, I am like no brothers
And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
As Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
And, Clarence, thou art next must follow them:
So by one and one despatching all the rest,
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll drag thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

This last is a speech which, it seems to me, is as t
Marlowe, or Peele, or Greene, as it is like to S
speare.

"— *I will* SORT *a pitchy day for thee*"—i. e.
"sort" out, or *select*, an hour whose gloom shall be
to you.

SCENE VII.

"— THAT *shall execute*"—"That" refers to Rich
"shoulder," before mentioned; and "work *tho*
way" to his head, which we must suppose him to
in his speech aside.

" Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks."

" The old quarto play appropriates this line to the ueen. The first and second folios, by mistake, have ven it to Clarence. In a copy of the second folio, hich had belonged to King Charles I., his Majesty d erased '*Cla.*,' and written 'King' in its stead. akespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, ay boast a royal name."—STEVENS.

Lewis XI. of France.

We learn from Mr. Knight, that the most curious ac- unts, both of the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, d indeed of all this rapid counter-revolution, which s scarcely a parallel in our English annals, are to be md in the contemporary narrative published by the mden Society. Neither that narrative, nor the Ghent anuscript, which is an abridgment of it, were proba- y accessible to Shakespeare. We must, therefore, be ntent to trace him in Hall and Hollingshed. The lowing graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury from Hall:—

" After the field ended, King Edward made a procla- ation that whoever could bring Prince Edward to him, ve or dead, should have an annuity of an c *l.* during life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard oftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting e king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner ince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well- atured young gentleman, whom when King Edward d well advised, he demanded of him how he durst presumptuously enter into his realm with banner dis- ayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a od courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's ngdom and inheritage from his father and grandfather him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. which words King Edward said nothing, but with his nd thrust him from him, (or, as some say, stroke him th his gauntlet,) whom incontinent they that strode out, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard ke of Gloucester, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and Wil- m Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously angled. The bitterness of which murder some of the tors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by e very rod of justice and punishment of God. His dy was homely interred with the other simple corpses the church of the monastery of Black Monks in ewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was ght in King Edward's days, which was gotten the iii y of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXI, then being Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and XII other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place of Tewkesbury."

In this account of Edward's murder, as given by Hall, he is followed by Hollingshed, and agrees with his predecessor, Fabyan, who, however, only says he was slain by the King's servants. Mr. Courtenay, in his curious work on Shakespeare's "Historical Plays," denies that these old historians are supported by prior authority; and from the language of Croyland, Comines, and two contemporary chroniclers, who speak merely of the prince's "being slain," he concludes that "there is no thing like evidence of Prince Edward's reply to the king, or his *assassination* by any body,—and that there is not even the report of one who lived near the time, of the participation of either of the King's brothers in the assassination, if it occurred." The traditional belief of Shakespeare's times, however, was undoubtedly as Hollingshed gives it.

Hollingshed gives the following account of the murder of Henry VI., agreeing with Hall:—"Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial crown. was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster, (as the constant fame ran,) who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even, (the 29th,) was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate."

The actual murder of Henry by Richard, either with his own hand or by his immediate direction, is again one of the disputed points of history. The old chroniclers generally point to a mysterious murder by some one in high place, except the old Yorkist chronicle, which says that Henry died in this town, "of pure displeasure and melancholy."

Courtenay's conclusion, after stating the evidence, is this:—"I agree with Walpole, as to the improbability of Richard's becoming the murderer of the captive and childless king. On the other hand, it is clear that, from the first, it was suspected that Henry was murdered, and that the perpetrator was in station so high as to be called a *tyrant;* and that a rumour was prevalent at an early period, but perhaps not until after Richard's death, that Gloster was the murderer."

"The three parts of KING HENRY VI. are suspected, by Mr. Theobald, of being suppositious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakespeare's. Mr. Theobald's suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of the author's style; and single words, of which, however, I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

"Dr. Warburton gives no reason; but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

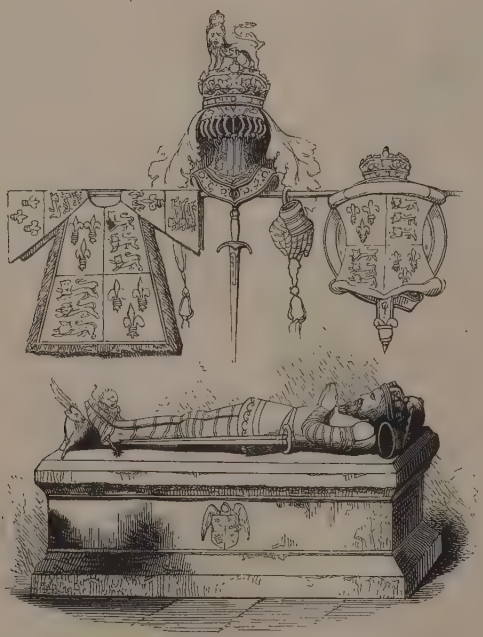
"From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred: in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter

itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

"Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author; but in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakespeare's. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of KING JOHN, KING RICHARD II., or the tragic scenes of KING HENRY IV. and HENRY V. If we take these plays from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

"Of these three plays, I think the second is the b
The truth is, that they have not sufficient variet
action, for the incidents are too often of the same ki
yet many of the characters are well discriminated.
Henry and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of G
ter, and the Earl of Warwick, are very strongly and
tinctly painted.

"The old copies of the two latter parts of K
HENRY VI. and of KING HENRY V. are so appare
mutilated and imperfect, that there is no reason for
posing them the first draughts of Shakespeare. I
inclined to believe them copies taken by some aut
who wrote down during the representation what
time would permit; then, perhaps, filled up some o
omissions at a second or third hearing,—and, when
had by this method formed something like a play,
it to the printer."—JOHNSON.



Tomb of Henry VI., formerly at Windsor.

KING RICHARD III.

RICHARD III.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

THE POPULARITY OF THIS TRAGEDY—ITS DRAMATIC AND POETIC CHARACTER—ITS INTIMATE RELATION TO THE PRECEDING HISTORIES—ITS STYLE AND RHYTHM—PROBABLE DATE—EARLY EDITIONS, AND STATE OF THE TEXT.

ICHARD III. is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of HAM-, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of these editions; while RICHARD III., between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two folios, no less than t separate editions, still preserved,—and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. re are also more references and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those he next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, er, in his "Church History," and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts,—all refer to it, as familiar to r readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted he tastes of the times, by Colley Cibber, or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms, RICHARD III. been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crookback," was identified in his day, in the public mind, with the part,* through the long succession of the monarchs of English stage,—Betterton, Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean,—down to our own days. et, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama, RICHARD III. bears no comparison with the Poet's greater gedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be gned to a much lower class than ROMEO AND JULIET, or OTHELLO: than LEAR, or MACBETH; than the TEM-T, or the MERCHANT OF VENICE. It does not exhibit that profusion of intellectual wealth which, in all the t's greater works, overflows in every sentence, crowding his dialogue with thought, and continually evolving gestions of the largest and deepest truth, from the individual passion, character, or incident of the scene. Nor s it display that fresh-springing and exuberant fancy, that exquisite and perpetually present sense of the beau-l, which intertwines the stern thoughts and dark contemplations, even of HAMLET and LEAR, with matchless cacies of thought and expression, and unexpected images of sweetness or joy.

f we except Clarence's dream, and the description of the murder of the young princes in the Tower—passages h as the author of HAMLET alone could have written—this favourite tragedy has no scenes of the deeply hetic, or the awfully grand or terrible. Its power and its elevation consist in the grand, original, and sustained ception of its one principal character, almost sublime in its demoniac heroism, in its unflagging energy of heroic lt "without remorse or dread:"—compelling us, in spite of personal and moral deformity, in spite of falsehood, d, treachery, and cruelty, to admire what we detest. Thus its merit is almost exclusively dramatic, keeping up nstant and excited attention and interest, by the truth and spirit of its acted and living narrative, the rapid suc-sion of stirring incidents, and the vivid portraiture of impressive character,—all sustained by animated dialogue, occasionally by kindling declamation. The hold on public favour it took at once, and has continued to hold two centuries and a half, through every variation of popular taste, is the highest and unquestionable proof that, ll these respects, though but faintly marked with other Shakespearian characteristics, it is a work of wonderful ginality, vigour, fertility, and power of impression.

he connection of this tragedy with the three parts of HENRY VI., (and especially with the last,) is very striking. is connection differs altogether from that observable between the dramas of HENRY IV. and HENRY V., and se which succeed them in chronological order. Between those, the connection is little more than that which st result from the plot's being drawn from the same common historical source. There is little or no reference,

* Corbet, the witty and poetical Bishop of Oxford, in his *Iter Boreale*,—a poetical narrative of a journey, in the manner of Horace's ourney to Brundusium," first printed in 1617,—thus incidentally records the popularity of the play and of its theatrical hero, in his ount of a visit to Bosworth Field:—

Mine host was full of ale and history,
And in the morning when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er made the romaunt of the Rose.
Hear him. See you yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And, lo! while Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamp'd himself all night, and all his force:
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd, A horse! a horse! he Burbage cried.

in either of the three parts, to the dialogue or invention of the plays chronologically preceding; nor is ther thing to show that the several pieces were actually written in the order of this narrative, or to contradi external evidence that the plays prior in chronological order were last written. Precisely the reverse holds as to HENRY VI. and RICHARD III. There is here not merely historical agreement, but the latter play is evi the production of one whose mind was filled with the characters, dialogue, and subsidiary incidents of th ceding dramas. The tyrant-hero is himself but the full-grown, gigantic development of the young Glos HENRY VI., as Margaret is but the sequel, in her bitter, vindictive old age, of the very Margaret, not of dry hi but of these dramas.

I, therefore, fully agree with Knight and other critics, who reject Malone's theory of the authorship of HENR that this agreement and close connection are so strong, as to stamp the whole series as the continuous emanat the same mind; since no mere adoption of the characters, and carrying out the ideas of another, would effect s harmonious and spirited union, especially where such a personage as Richard is the central and prominent f There is another characteristic of RICHARD III. in this same relation, which I do not recollect to have seen n by the commentators. It is that, in style and in versification, RICHARD III. has much of the cast of those po of HENRY VI. denied to be his, and comparatively little—though it has some—of those peculiarites of manne rhythm, which we now designate as Shakespearian. Its diction and its versification are in a transition between those of his earlier works and those of HENRY IV. and the MERCHANT OF VENICE. From these i tions, I should not hesitate to pronounce that it was written soon after the two parts of the "Contention, before HENRY IV., KING JOHN, or even the first form of ROMEO AND JULIET. Thus we may here trace the v but nevertheless progressive, development of the Poet's mind; the three parts of HENRY VI. successively each above the other, and preparing us for the higher dramatic excellence of RICHARD III., far superior t of them, yet superior, chiefly, in the same class and kind; while RICHARD III. again, in Clarence's dream other scattered passages, shows the dawn of that poetic splendour, and the early gushings of that flood of th which was thenceforward to enrich all the Poet's dramatic conceptions.

RICHARD III. was first printed in 1597, but had been some time on the stage before its publication, and th reason to think it had attained popular favour before 1595, and that it may have been written in 1503 or Among other reasons for this date—none conclusive, but together amounting to a strong probability—is that Weaver, in his "Epigrams," in some laudatory verses to the "Honie-tongued Shakespeare," after ardent e of his poems, speaks only of "Romeo and Richard," with "more whose names I know not," as his dramat spring. The internal evidence of this book is pronounced by Singer, who refers to the only known copy, "th to be unique," to show that the "Epigrams" were written in 1595. This tragedy was then printed witho name of any author—a circumstance which has been thought of much weight in relation to the contested qu of Shakespeare's authorship of the earlier sketches of HENRY VI., but which, as it occurred as to this play HENRY V., and others, only shows that Shakespeare's name alone had not yet become valuable to the trade.

The edition of 1597 bore this title:—"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treach Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurp with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death. As it hath beene lately Acted by the honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1597." It was reprinted in 1598, with "by *W Shake-speare*" in the title-page; and again at intervals, in the same form, and substantially with the same te 1603, 1605, 1613, 1624, 1629, and 1634. These three last separate editions appeared after the play had printed in the folio collection,—showing that there was still a demand for this play separately, after that wholesale readers and admirers of the great Poet had been supplied by the publication of his collected work that collection it appears with very many slight changes, some omissions, and some considerable additions. added lines, like Richard's narrative of his father's death, (act i. scene 2,) and Queen Elizabeth's apostrop "the Tower," seem to me decidedly in a later manner of the Poet's than the rest. There are also two or omissions of some characteristic and effective lines, that seem to have been left out by mere accident; and c two lines that certainly were so, as the context shows that they are necessary to the obvious sense. The a tions are numerous, and most of them apparently slight; yet, if critically examined, they will be found to be cisely such as an author would himself make. Many of them are changes of words, especially epithets, for nearly synonymous, to avoid the effect of an accidental repetition. Others again are obviously intended to the speech to a more studied conception of Richard's character, such as I have thought might have been sugg by Burbage himself, in the course of his long study of the part. Such, for instance, is the changing the imp "Well, sir, as you guess—as you guess," of some earlier editions, (addressed by Richard to Stanley, act iv. 4,) to the cooler, sarcastic, and contemptuous "Well, as you guess," of the folio. Regarding, therefore, the as the revised text of this play, that copy has been followed throughout, using the earlier editions as a guide t rect any apparent accidental mistakes. The reader, therefore, will find that the text, though generally agr with the editions of Knight and Collier, differs in many particulars from that ordinarily used. It is of different, in many popular passages, from the ordinary theatrical text, which is that of Colley Cibber, patche from different plays of Shakespeare's, with interpolations of his own. It varies also from the ordinary pr text, which has been formed, by Stevens and others, on an arbitrary principle, thus stated by Malone:—" text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio and early quarto; from which the preceding editors ha every scene, selected such reading as appeared to them fit to be adopted." As Stevens pronounced the quarto to be the best text, that has been most commonly followed. The notes of this edition contain all the va

lings of any interest, and some others that hardly deserve that appellation; upon all of which the critical der may form his own judgment.

MATERIALS OF THE PLOT.

hakespeare has, throughout, closely followed the relation of Sir Thomas More, although apparently not from re's original narrative, but as it is incorporated in Hall's chronicle, under his titles of "The pitiful Life of Ed- d the Fifth," and "The Tragical Doings of Richard III." The details of these historical materials, as well as modern literary scepticism in relation to them, will be noticed further in the notes.

here were also some prior plays on the same subject, but it is very evident that they have contributed nothing hakespeare's RICHARD III. Some account of them will be found at the end of the notes.

Old Blue Boar Inn at Leicester.

COSTUME, ETC., OF THE PERIODS OF HENRY VI. AND RICHARD III.

The number of historical personages introduced in the plays of HENRY VI. and RICHARD III., of whom we the "lively effigies" handed down to us, render needless the verbal description of the costume of their resp periods, as portraits of the principal individuals in their habits, as they lived, require scarcely any explan Henry VI. himself, in his younger days, is almost the only personage for whose dress we have no contemp authority.

"Of the Duke of Bedford, there is an authentic representation in the splendid manuscript called the Be Missal. He is attired in a richly-embroidered robe, with the extravagantly long sleeves of the period; his h cut short all round his head, in accordance with the fashion of the preceding reign. The tapestry behind h covered with his badge, the root of a tree, and his 'word,' or motto, '*a vous entier*.' Of Henry Beaufort, Car Bishop of Winchester, there remains a fine effigy on his tomb in Winchester cathedral. He is in his card robes. The sleeves of the under tunic are black, edged with white; at each side of his face, which is placi beardless, appears a little lock of black hair. On his hands are gloves fringed with gold, and having an oval-sh jewel (an ancient mark of dignity) on the back. On the middle and third fingers of each hand are rings, over the gloves. Of John Beaufort, Duke and Earl of Somerset, there is a splendid effigy in Wimborne Mi Dorsetshire, representing him in a richly-ornamented suit of armour of this period. He is without a *jupon*, o coat, in complete plate, the borders elaborately engraved and gilt. The bascinet is surrounded by a coronet the *tassets*, or plates below the cuirass, are appended by straps and buckles those additional defences for the t called *tuilles*, which first appear in this reign; and just above them, over the hips, he wears the military be girdle, to which are affixed on one side his sword, and on the other his dagger.

"Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is represented in his civil attire in a window of St. Mary's Ha Coventry, engraved in Dugdale's 'Warwickshire.' He wears a richly-ornamented hood; a loose robe of figured stuff, with large sleeves, lined with ermine, over a tight under-dress of cloth, or velvet.

"Of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, there is also a fine effigy in armour, and wearing the mantle of the ter, beautifully engraved in Mr. Stothard's valuable work of Sepulchral Monuments. Thomas Montacute of Salisbury, is depicted in armour in a manuscript copy of Lydgate's poem, 'The Pilgrim,' (*Harleian Colle* No. 4826.) The tassets have no tuilles attached to them, and the cloak with escalloped edges, worn wit armour, is a fashion of the time of Henry V.

"Of the celebrated Joan of Arc the only authentic, because the only contemporary representation known is that engraved in Millin's work, from the monument erected to her memory at Orleans, by Charles VII. Ch and Joan are thereon sculptured kneeling, in complete armour. The painting in the Town Hall of Orleans the costume proves, of the time of our Henry VII., and is believed by some not to have been originally inte to represent La Pucelle.

"From the authorities here given, our readers will be able, as we have before observed, to perceive at onc particular alterations in costume which characterize the unquiet reign of Henry VI. A great variety of caps, and hoods, were now introduced; feathers were rarely used, and seem to have gone out of fashion again wit reign of Henry V. In armour, we find the *salet*, or *salade*,—a steel cap something resembling the bascine taking more the form of the head, and descending lower in the neck, where it was sometimes furnished jointed plates. The spurs at this time were very long-necked, had exceedingly large rowels, and were scr into the heels of the steel sollerets, instead of being fastened by straps and buckles. The hair was still worn short; and beards and moustaches appear but rarely.

"In the female attire, the principal change is observable in the head-dress,—that which is generally calle heart-shaped or reticulated form prevailing. Turbans of a very Oriental character are also seen occasiona the illuminated manuscripts of this period.

"As the Mayor of London appears in this play, we may remark, that Stow relates that when Henry VI. ret from France, in 1432, the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson vel great velvet hat, furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a baldrick of gold about his neck, trailing dow hind him:—his three henchmen in one suit of red, spangled with silver; the Aldermen in gowns of scarlet purple hoods; and all the commonalty of the city in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cogniz embroidered on their sleeves.

"The livery colours of the house of Lancaster were white and blue: those of the house of York, murre blue."

On that portion of the middle part of Henry VI.'s reign, which forms the second part of the play of HENRY we quote the following notices from Mr. Planché:—

"Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, is depicted on glass in Trinity Hall, Cambridge; the figure has bee quently but improperly engraved as Richard Duke of Gloster. Sandford mentions another painting on gl this Richard Plantagenet, in the east window of the north aisle of Cirencester church in Gloucestershire, 'h on the pomel of his sword the arms of Mortimer Earl of March, it may be thereby to signifie that, althoug was forced to use the *blade* to dispute his right to the crown, yet did he shroud himself under the *shield* or *h* a good title.'"

Mr. Planché denies the authenticity of the portraits of Duke Humphrey.

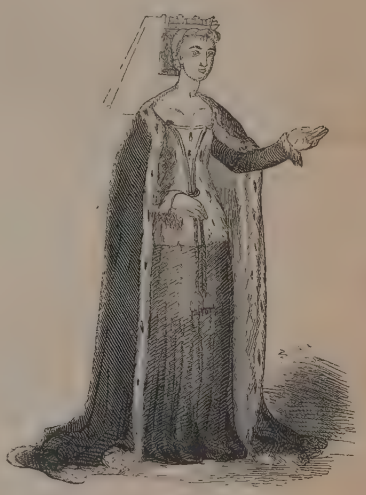
"The costume for the third part of KING HENRY VI. is in fact that of the reign of Edward IV., the prin characteristics of which were, in male attire, the exceeding shortness of the jackets, doublets, or pourpoints, an padding out of the shoulders of them with large waddings, called *mahoitres*,—the sleeves being slit up the ba across the elbow, to show those of the white shirt. This was the commencement of the fashion of slashing, v became so prevalent in the next century. The hood had now disappeared entirely, except from official dre and bonnets of cloth, a quarter of an ell in height, were worn by the beaux of the day, who also, instead of ping the hair all round, as in the last three reigns, suffered it to grow to such a length that it came into their The toes of their shoes and boots were at first ridiculously long and pointed, and towards the close of the rei preposterously broad and round. These extravagancies were endeavoured to be checked by sumptuary laws i third and twenty-second years of Edward's reign, but, as usual, with very little effect. In the female dress remarkable changes also occur. The gowns have very long trains, with broad velvet borders. The wais

ery short, and confined by broad belts buckled before. The steeple head-dress (similar to the Cauchoise, still orn in Normandy, and so called from the *Pays de Caux*) is a peculiar mark of this reign in England.

"Of the historical personages in this play we have several representations. A portrait of Edward IV., of the ociety of Antiquaries, gives this idea of his general appearance and costume:—He wears a black cap, with a rich rnament and pendant pearl. His outer dress is cloth of gold—the under one black. In the royal manuscript narked '15 E. 4') we see him on his throne receiving a book, and surrounded by some of the principal officers his court. In a manuscript in the Lambeth library, also, he is depicted on his throne receiving a volume from e hands of Lord Rivers, and Caxton, his printer; and by his side stands his queen, the young Prince Edward, id another royal personage, similarly attired with the Prince, who is supposed to be either Richard Duke of loster, or George Duke of Clarence.

"Of Louis XI., King of France, there are authentic portraits in Montfaucon."

Richard III.



Anne, Queen of Richard III.

COSTUME OF RICHARD III.

"The Monk of Croyland informs us that 'the new fashion' Edward IV. 'chose for the last state-dresses was to ave very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with the most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur.' This fashion was continued during the remainder of the entury, and was not altogether abandoned in the reign of Henry VIII. By a sumptuary law enacted in the last ear of Edward's reign, we find also that purple cloth of gold, and silk of a purple colour, were confined to the se of the royal family, while none under the degree of a duke might wear cloth of gold of tissue. Inferior noble- ien were restricted to plain cloth of gold, knights to velvet, esquires to satin, etc. Short gowns and upper-dresses f various descriptions were worn at this time, with long sleeves, having an opening in front, through which the rm came, leaving the outer sleeve to hang as an ornament from the shoulder. Feathers became more frequent owards the close of this reign, one or more being worn in the cap, behind, and jewelled up the stem. The hair as worn in large square masses on each side of the head, and low on the forehead.

"There are two portraits of Richard III., painted on board, in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries, Somerset House. The first has been lithographed for the fifth volume of the 'Paston Letters.' It represents ie king attired in a robe of cloth of gold, over a close dress of scarlet; a black cap with a pearl ornament. His air is brown, and long. His right hand is engaged in placing a ring upon, or drawing it off, the third finger of ie left hand. This portrait is evidently by the same painter with that of Edward IV. In the other, Richard is ortrayed with a short sword or dagger in his hand,* dressed in a black robe, with sleeves of black and crimson— n under-dress of cloth of gold, and a small black cap. In the absence of any well-authenticated portrait or effigy f Richard, these paintings are certainly very interesting, as there can be little doubt that they were executed uring or immediately subsequent to his reign, and may therefore be presumed to convey a general idea of the yle of person and dress, if not an absolute likeness. In both he is represented as a hard-featured man, with ather a forbidding countenance, and certainly not bearing out the flattering description of the old Countess of Des- ond, who had danced with him when Duke of Gloster, and is stated to have declared that he was the hand- omest man in the room except his brother, King Edward IV. Sir Thomas More, however, says 'his face was ard-favoured or warly,' which latter word Grafton renders 'warlike;' and unless these pictures were painted

* It is said by Polydore Virgil that Richard had a trick of fidgeting with his dagger, continually half-drawing and sheathing it again, hile in conversation. One might imagine the painter of the second picture had intended to represent this peculiarity. The opinion Mr. Sharon Turner, also, that this habit was but "the mark of a restless impatience of spirit which would not let even the fingers e quiet," is singularly supported by the first portrait, in which Richard appears to be playing in the same manner with his ring, by rawing it off and on his finger.

purposely with the view of creating or confirming a popular prejudice, they may be considered as fully war
ing the historian's description.

"Richard and the Duke of Buckingham were both remarkable for their love of finery. A list of the k
dresses exists among the Harleian Manuscripts, which was sent by Richard himself from York to the keeper o
wardrobe in London; and in the 'Antiquarian Repertory' is published a wardrobe account of the first year o
reign, in which there is a detailed description of the magnificent dresses worn by the king, queen, and cou
the coronation. On the day preceding that gorgeous ceremony, the Duke of Buckingham, in the royal proc
through the city, rode a courser caparisoned with blue velvet, embroidered with axles or wheels in gold, (a b
of the Stafford family,) the trappings being held out by pages for the better display of them.

"In the Warwick Roll is a figure of Richard in armour, and surrounded by the crests of France, England,
land, Gascony and Wales; the latter being a greyhound in a cradle—a curious allusion to the well-known le
of 'Beth-Gellert.' In the same most interesting document is a drawing of Richard's queen, Anne, which pres
us with the peculiar head-dress characterizing the period—namely, a cap or caul of gold embroidery, covere
a veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings.

"Of Henry Earl of Richmond we know no representation, previous to his ascending the throne.

"Sir Thomas Vaughan lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and the brass plate on his tomb presents us w
good specimen of the armour of this period, with its large pauldrons, elbow-plates, and genouillères.

"The livery colours of the Tudor family were white and green. One of the standards of Henry Earl of R
mond, at Bosworth Field, was a red dragon upon white and green sarcenet. Another was a dun cow upon '
low tarterne.' Richard's armorial supporters were white boars. A white boar was also his favourite badge.
his letter from York he orders 'four standards of sarcenet and thirteen gonfanons of fustian, with boars.' R
ard's favourite badge of cognizance was worn, by the higher order of his partisans, appendant to a collar of r
and suns."

ARCHITECTURE, INTERIORS, STREET SCENERY, ETC.

At the period of these dramas, those parts of England and France, where the scenes are laid, were full of the ost grand productions of the midæval architects. The solid and massive cathedrals, abbeys, town-walls, and ronial castles, of the Anglo-Normans, were all in perfect preservation; and many of the most beautiful and rfect works of the successive schools of pointed architecture, down to the florid Gothic, had been recently ected. For it is very remarkable that during the period of the long conflict between the houses of York and ncaster, when most of the other arts of life stood still, a great taste for architectural magnificence prevailed. But the science, genius, and taste of those old architects (and their remaining works prove the possession of a gree of mathematical and constructive science, that is not easily explained,) were applied exclusively to the and and permanent erections of the church, the crown, or the aristocracy;—as cathedrals, palaces, colleges, and stles, except now and then to a town-hall, or city-gates, or other larger civic structure. Private and domestic chitecture was, meanwhile, as humble and comfortless, in England and France, as the condition of the great dy of the people. It seems, however, to be one of the caprices of modern taste to select models of domestic ilding, on the scale of private life, from an age when such buildings had nothing of elegance, and as little as ght be of comfort. The streets of London, and the smaller cities of England, as well as of Rouen, Orleans, etc., ere composed of high and narrow frame buildings, not covered with siding, in our modern fashion, but with the erstices of the frame plastered up; many of which are still to be seen in parts of Rouen, and other old cities.

Old Monument of Joan of Arc, Rouen.

The several views, interspersed in this edition, of cities and towns, streets, interiors, etc., present much of the ntrast then existing between the humble accommodations of the citizens and the wonderful beauty of many of e later churches and public edifices, or the solid grandeur of those of an earlier date. They are all either actual iginal views of the buildings, still in good preservation, or restorations of them, or copies from older authorities, Harvey, Prior, Sargent, and other excellent artists.

Weapons found on Bosworth Field.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } Sons to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of York, }
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, } Brothers to the King.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III., }
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERAM, Archbishop of York.
JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, his Son.
EARL RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.
MARQUIS OF DORSET, } Sons to Elizabeth.
LORD GREY. }
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL.
SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.
SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.
SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.
SIR JAMES TYRREL.
SIR JAMES BLOUNT.
SIR WALTER HERBERT.
SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICH, a Priest.
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV.
MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.
LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI., afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
A Young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

Scene—England.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
ade glorious summer by this sun of York;
d all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
ow are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
r bruised arms hung up for monuments;
r stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;

I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O! belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women!
'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower:
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewom
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pa
me:
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.
Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Bra
bury,
You may partake of any thing we say.
We speak no treason, man: we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing ton
And that the queen's kindred are made ge
folks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have no
to do.
Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I
thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou be
me?
Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon
and withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury,
will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and
obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.
Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well
Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be l
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Mean time, have patience.
Clar. I must perforce: farev
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, *Guard.*
Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt n
return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastin

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lo
Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberl
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment
Hast. With patience, noble lord, as priso
must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clare
too,
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.
Hast. More pity, that the eagles should be me
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What news abroad?
Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.
Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he? in his bed?
Hast. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in,
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. *Another Street.*

Enter the Corpse of King HENRY *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds to guard it; and Lady* ANNE *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers take up the Corpse and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

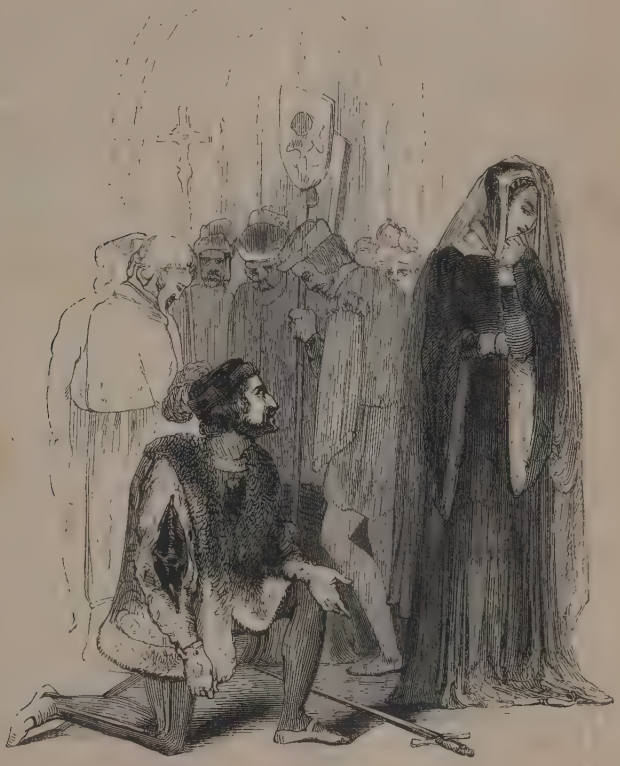
Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.
1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*
Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.
Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.
Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That did'st unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say, that I slew them not?
Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provoked by her sland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.
Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Glo. Your bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.
Anne. I hope so.
Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?
Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.
Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.
Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon earth.
Glo. He lives that loves you better than he co
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was
Glo. The self-same name, but one of be nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here:—[*She spits at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a pla
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected m
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike t dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at o
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish dr
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear
No, when my father York, and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at h
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad tim
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exha
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with we ing.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smooth word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongu speak. [*She looks scornfully at h*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers a with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd yo Edward;—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the swo*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do i
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy ra
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.
Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then, never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give.
[*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to me a mourner,



Glo. Take up the sword again, or take up me.

d presently repair to Crosby-place.
here (after I have solemnly interr'd,
Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
d wet his grave with my repentant tears,)
vill with all expedient duty see you:
r divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
ant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
see you are become so penitent.—
essel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
t since you teach me how to flatter you,
agine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady* Anne, Tressel, *and* Berkley.
Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the Corpse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.
Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendm
lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace sp
cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you co
with him?
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make at
ment
Between the duke of Gloster and your brother
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—But that never be:
I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not en
it.—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumour
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor gra
When have I injur'd thee? when done wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would wi
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaint
Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gath
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.
Glo. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so b
That wrens make prey where eagles dare perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your mean brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant, we never may have need of you!
Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have nee you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many great promotio
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were wor noble.
Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this ca height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence; but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

Ty lord, you do me shameful injury,
alsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
f my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord; for—
Glo. She may, lord Rivers,—why, who knows not so?
he may do more, sir, than denying that:
he may help you to many fair preferments;
nd then deny her aiding hand therein,
nd lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
wis, your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
our blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
y heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
f those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
had rather be a country serving-maid,
han a great queen, with this condition—
o be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at:
mall joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter old Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him!
ny honour, state, and seat, is due to me.
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
ell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
will avouch, in presence of the king:
dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:
hou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
nd Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
liberal rewarder of his friends;
o royalize his blood, I spent mine own.
Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
nd, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
et me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.
Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
y, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
nd, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
r Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
hou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that was seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune;
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade,—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wr
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyry buildeth in our eyry's nest.—
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for cha

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I'll kiss hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now, fair befal thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pa
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on hi
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buck ham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my tle counsel,
And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorro
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse, why she liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mot
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowle

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wr
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusi
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [*A*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will yo with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOS

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
e secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
y unto the grievous charge of others.
rence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
beweep to many simple gulls;
nely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
l tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,
t stir the king against the duke my brother.
w, they believe it; and withal whet me
be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
l them, that God bids us do good for evil:
l thus I clothe my naked villainy
th odd old ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
l seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

soft! here come my executioners.—
w now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates!
you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. Well thought upon; I have it here about me. [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead,
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murd.* Tut, tut! my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

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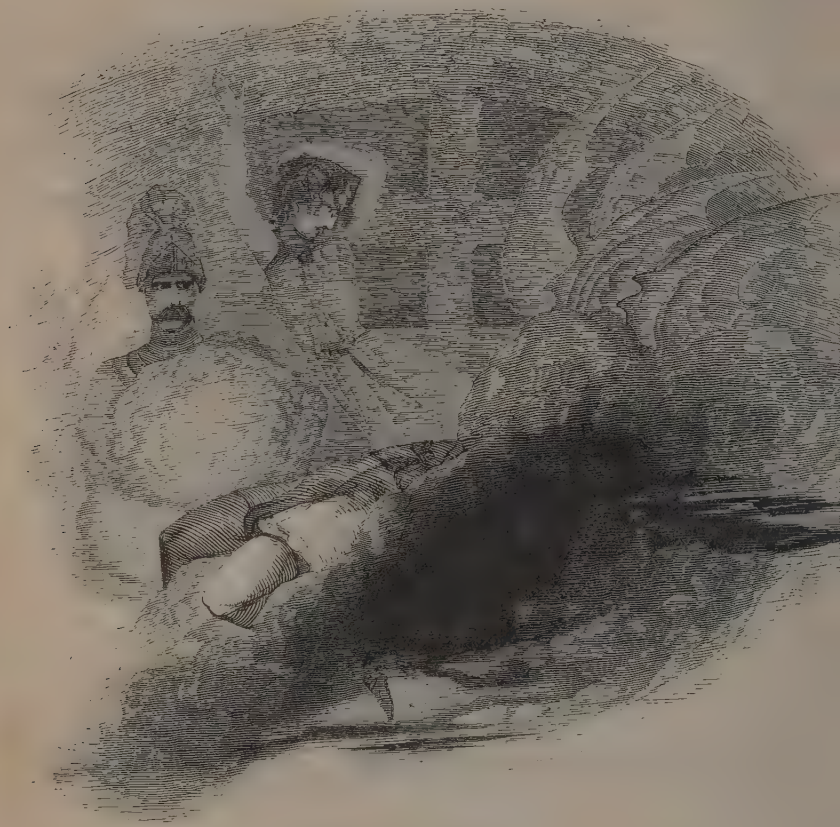
Chertsey.

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE, *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I
you, tell me.
Clar. Methought, that I had broken from
Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd to
England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,



False, fleeting, perjured Clarence.

During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept

(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd
Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had, and often did I str
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?
Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd afte
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write

to the kingdom of perpetual night.
e first that there did greet my stranger soul,
as my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
ho cried aloud,—"What scourge for perjury
n this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
d so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by
shadow like an angel, with bright hair
bbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
at stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
ze on him, furies! take him unto torment!"
ith that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
viron'd me, and howled in mine ears
ch hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
embling wak'd, and, for a season after,
uld not believe but that I was in hell;
ch terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
m afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things
at now give evidence against my soul,
r Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!—
God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
t thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
t execute thy wrath in me alone:
spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
eper, I pr'ythee, sit by me awhile;
soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.—

[CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair.*

rrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
kes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
inces have but their titles for their glories,
outward honour for an inward toil;
d for unfelt imaginations,
ey often feel a world of restless cares:
that, between their titles, and low name,
ere's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I ne hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—t him see our commission; and talk no more.

[*A paper delivered to* BRAKENBURY, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
e noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
vill not reason what is meant hereby,
cause I will be guiltless from the meaning.
ere lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
to the king; and signify to him,
at thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
re you well. [*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, en he wakes.

Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the eat judgment day.

Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him eping.

Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, th bred a kind of remorse in me.

Murd. What! art thou afraid?

Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

Murd. So I am, to let him live.

Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Murd. Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Murd. O! in the duke of Gloster's purse.

Murd. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none, will entertain it.

Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

Murd. Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

Murd. I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me.

Murd. Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

Murd. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Murd. O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.

Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Murd. Strike.

Murd. No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, Ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.
2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous s
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon comm
2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, i king.
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his han
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murder too.

MURD. Soft! he wakes.

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody min
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my
1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not m
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd: your brother Gl hates you.
Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
ss'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
d charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
little thought of this divided friendship:
Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.
Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
Murd. Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
s he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
d hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
at he would labour my delivery.
Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
om this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
counsel me to make my peace with God,
d are you yet to your own souls so blind,
at you will war with God by murdering me?—
sirs, consider, they that set you on
do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
Murd. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
hich of you, if you were a prince's son,
ng pent from liberty, as I am now,
wo such murderers as yourselves came to you,

Would not entreat for life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress?
1 Murd. Relent! no: 'tis cowardly, and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
1 Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*
2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.
2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 Murd. So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [*Exit.*

Ludlow Castle.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, *led in sick, Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king,
Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—
Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace,—[*To the Queen.*]—but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love.
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,
That all without desert have frown'd on me;
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hence after:—

uld to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
ake our brother Clarence to your grace.
lo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
e so flouted in this royal presence?
o knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
do him injury to scorn his corse.
. *Edw.* Who knows not, he is dead! who
knows he is?
. *Eliz.* All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
uck. Look l so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
or. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the
presence,
his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
. *Edw.* Is Clarence dead? the order was
revers'd.
lo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
that a winged Mercury did bear;
e tardy cripple bare the countermand,
t came too lag to see him buried.
grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
rer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
erve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

an. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
. *Edw.* I pr'ythee, peace: my soul is full of
sorrow.
tan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear
me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou
request'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.
K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,

Scene 1.—"King Edward, led in sick."

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King, Queen,* HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exe*

SCENE II.—London.

Enter the Duchess of YORK, *with a Son a Daughter of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father de
Duch. No, boy.
Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and your breast;
And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

SON. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death.
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.
Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.
Daugh. And so will I.
Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.
Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.
Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such g shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, dam?
Duch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIV *and* DORSET, *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wai weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.
Duch. What means this scene of rude impati
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!

ıy grow the branches, when the root is gone?
ıy wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
ou will live, lament; if die, be brief;
ıt our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
like obedient subjects, follow him
his new kingdom of ne'er changing night.
Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
I had title in thy noble husband.
ıve bewept a worthy husband's death,
l liv'd with looking on his images;
now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
l I for comfort have but one false glass,
ıt grieves me when I see my shame in him.
ou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
l hast the comfort of thy children left:
death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
l pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
rence, and Edward. O! what cause have I,
ıine being but a moiety of my moan,)
over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries?
Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
w can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
ur widow-dolour likewise be unwept.
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
n not barren to bring forth complaints.
springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
ıt I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
y send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
for my husband, for my dear lord, Edward!
Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.
Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.
Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.
Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.
s! I am the mother of these griefs:
eir woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
e for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
r a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
ese babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
r an Edward weep, so do not they:—
s! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
ır all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
l I will pamper it with lamentation.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,
ıt you take with unthankfulness his doing.
common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
th dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
ıich with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
ch more to be thus opposite with heaven,
r it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
the young prince your son: send straight for him,
t him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
own desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
l plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.
Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
Glo. Amen;—[*Aside.*]—and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.
Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.
Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.
Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.
Hast. And so say I.
Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?
[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.
Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For by the way I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.
Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *A Street.*

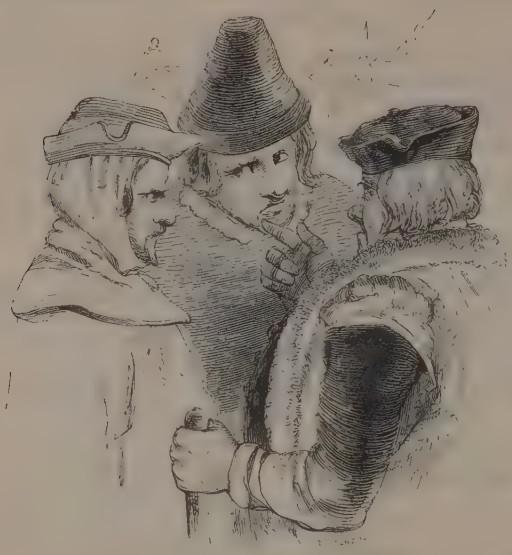
Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.
2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd
child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of governmer
That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern wel
1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good fri
God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel: then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his fathe
mother.



Cit O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
1 *Cit.* Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be well.
3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.
2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justic
3 *Cit.* And so was I: I'll bear you company
[*Ex*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Pala*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, *the young Duk*
YORK, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Duches*
YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at St
Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the pri
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no: they say, my so
York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it s
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to g
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at
per,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my u
Gloster,

nall herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :"
since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
ause sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
im that did object the same to thee :
was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
ong a growing, and so leisurely,
t, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
rch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
uld have given my uncle's grace a flout,
touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
t he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
as full two years ere I could get a tooth.
ndam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.
rch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

rch. Here comes a messenger : what news ?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news ?
Mess. Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them ?
Mess. The mighty dukes.
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence ?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd :
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and awless throne :—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days
How many of you have mine eyes beheld ?
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss :
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self :—O ! preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.
Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with you.
Q. Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious lady, go. [*To the Queen.*
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep : and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go ; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

The Sanctuary at Westminster

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* BOURCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes n
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sw
ing lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will
mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not
The queen your mother, and your brother Yo
Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your gr
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish co
Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak
tory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my l
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the pla
And those who have the wit to claim the place
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

en, taking him from thence, that is not there,
u break no privilege nor charter there.
have I heard of sanctuary men,
sanctuary children, ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
ne on, lord Hastings; will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.— [*Exeunt Cardinal and* Hastings.
, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
ere shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
may counsel you, some day, or two,
ur highness shall repose you at the Tower:
en, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
r your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
hich, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
ccessively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
thinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise so young, they say, do never live long. [*Aside.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say without characters fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

Enter York, Hastings, *and the Cardinal.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.
Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift? O! that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.
Buck. With what a sharp provided wit he reasons:
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.
Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord?
Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.
York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.
Prince. I fear no uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.
Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince,* YORK, HASTINGS, *Cardinal, and Attendants.*
Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hi
Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we in
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?
Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the pr
That he will not be won to aught against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley?
not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this. Go, g
Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastin
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination;
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell
Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Buck. Good Catesby, go; effect this bus
soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the he
can.
Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere
sleep?
Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you fin
both. [*Exit* CATE
Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, i
perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—something
will determine:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveabl
Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.
Buck. I'll claim that promise at your gra
hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindn
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exe*

SCENE II.—*Before Lord* HASTINGS' *House*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!— [*Knock*
Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.
Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep th
tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
st, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:
ides, he says, there are two councils kept;
l that may be determin'd at the one,
hich may make you and him to rue at th' other.
erefore, he sends to know your lordship's plea-
sure,—
ou will presently take horse with him,
l with all speed post with him toward the north,
shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord.
him not fear the separated council:
honour and myself are at the one,
l at the other is my good friend Catesby;
ere nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
ereof I shall not have intelligence.
him, his fears are shallow, without instance:
l for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple
trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
re to incense the boar to follow us,
l make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
bid thy master rise and come to me;
we will both together to the Tower,
ere, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you
say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

ate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early
stirring.
at news, what news, in this our tottering state?
ate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
. I believe, will never stand upright,
Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean
the crown?
ate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,
ore I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
ate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
forward
n his party for the gain thereof:
thereupon he sends you this good news,—
t this same very day your enemies,
kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news.
ause they have been still my adversaries;
that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
ar my master's heirs in true descent,
knows, I will not do it, to the death.
ate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
hence,
t they which brought me in my master's hate,
e to look upon their tragedy.
l, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
end some packing that yet think not on't.
ate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
en men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it
out
h Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
h some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*
Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear,
man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow:—good morrow,
Catesby.—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast:
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is
spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you
what, my lord?
To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They for their truth might better wear
their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good
fellow. [*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better, that your lordship please to
ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last, where now we
meet:
Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself.)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content.
Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for
me. [*Throwing him his purse.*
Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your
honour.
Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my
heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Pr. I'll wait upon your lordship.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-
lain!
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy
man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.
Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou blo
prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.
Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon
heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd
Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, Go
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make haste: the hour of death is expia
Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let
here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exe*

Pomfret Castle.

CENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

KINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* LY, CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a* ble: *Officers of the Council attending.*

Last. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
o determine of the coronation:
God's name, speak, when is this royal day?
uck. Are all things ready for the royal time?
an. They are; and want but nomination.
ly. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
uck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
o is most inward with the noble duke?
ly. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
uck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
l Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Last. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
for his purpose in the coronation,
ve not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
gracious pleasure any way therein:
you, my honourable lords, may name the time;
in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
ch, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

ly. In happy time here comes the duke himself.
lo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.
ve been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
absence doth neglect no great design,
ch by my presence might have been concluded.
uck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
iam lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
an, your voice, for crowning of the king.
lo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:
lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
v good strawberries in your garden there;
beseech you, send for some of them.
ly. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* ELY.
lo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aside.*
sby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
finds the testy gentleman so hot,
: he will lose his head, ere give consent,
master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
l lose the royalty of England's throne.
uck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
an. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
norrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
I myself am not so well provided,
lse I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter the Bishop of ELY.

ly. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?
ve sent for these strawberries.
ast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER, *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—
Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.
[*Exeunt Council, with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.
Rat. Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.
Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God.
Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.
Lov. Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to exclaim.
Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—The Same. *The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL, *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council house,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore;
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's w
shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lord
here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our in
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Lord Ma*

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all p
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daugh
wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perso
Tell them, when that my mother went with c
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orat
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Bayn
castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bisho

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'cl
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit* BUCKING

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Sha
Go thou—[*To* CATESBY.]—to friar Penker:—
them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATE
Now will I go, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

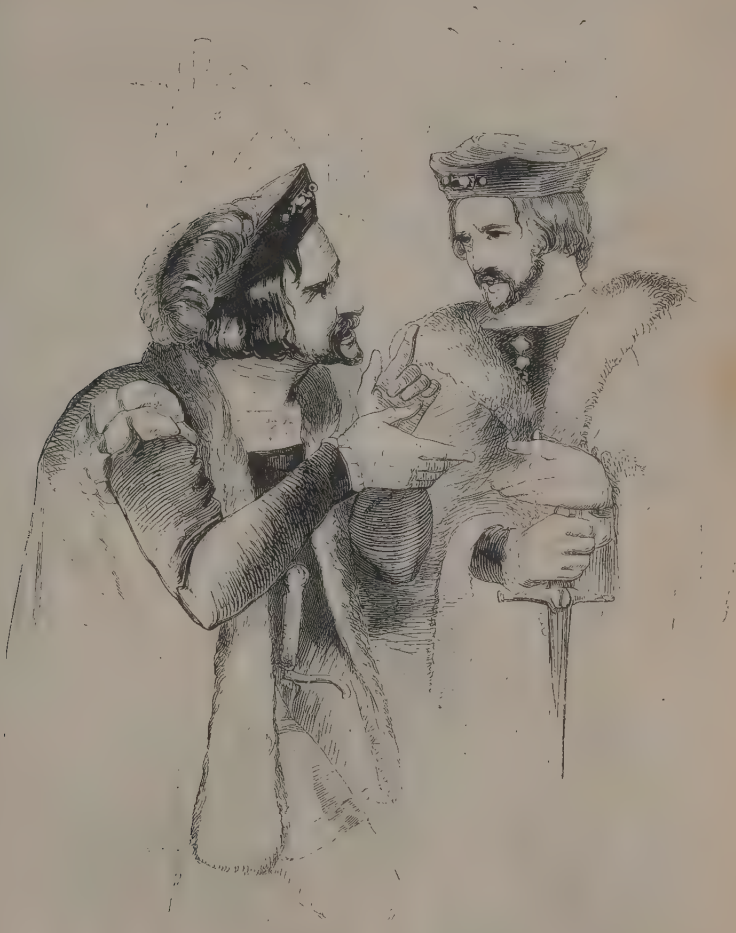
Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good
Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:
And mark how well the sequel hangs together
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a doing;

d yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
tainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
re's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
at cannot see this palpable device?
t who so bold, but says he sees it not?
d is the world; and all will come to nought,
hen such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—The Same. *The Court of Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *at one door, and* BUCKINGHAM *at another.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.



GLO. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
nd his contract by deputy in France:
he insatiate greediness of his desires,
nd his enforcement of the city wives;
is tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
s being got, your father then in France;
nd his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse:
And, when my oratory drew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king"
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not word;
But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again:—
"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!"
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I;
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:"
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my reques

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lo
To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duk
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grac

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Ex*

Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not Edward:
He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should s us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby com again.—

Baynard's Castle. "The mayor is here at hand."

Re-enter CATESBY.

v, Catesby, what says his grace?
ate. He wonders to what end you have as-
sembled
h troops of citizens to come to him:
grace not being warn'd thereof before,
fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.
uck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
pect me, that I mean no good to him:
heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
so once more return, and tell his grace.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
en holy, and devout religious men
at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence;
sweet is zealous contemplation.

ter GLOSTER, *in a Gallery above, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

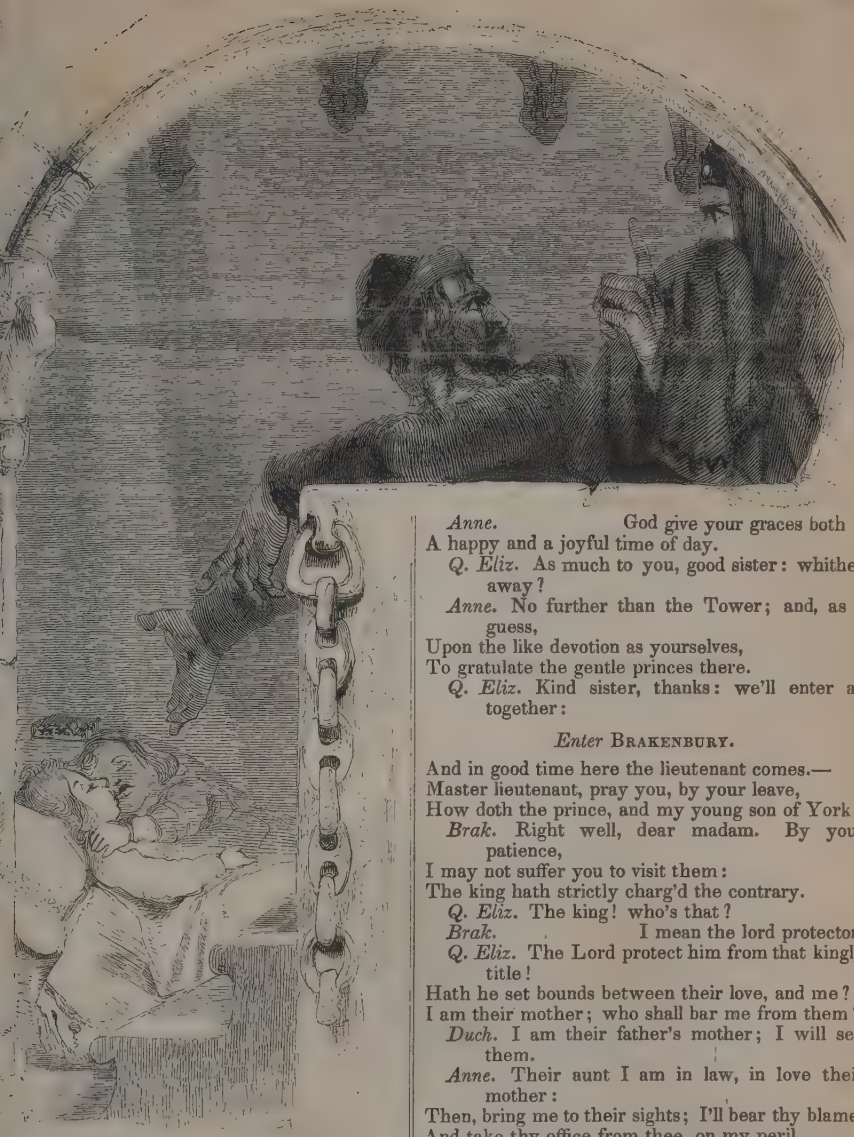
Iay. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!
Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
stay him from the fall of vanity;
l, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
e ornaments to know a holy man.—
nous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
d favourable ear to our requests,
pardon us the interruption
hy devotion, and right-christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
beseech your grace to pardon me,
o, earnest in the service of my God,
err'd the visitation of my friends.
, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,
all good men of this ungovern'd isle.
Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
t seems disgracious in the city's eye;
l that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please
your grace,
our entreaties to amend your fault.
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
supreme seat, the throne majestical,
scepter'd office of your ancestors,
r state of fortune, and your due of birth,
lineal glory of your royal house,
the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
iles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
ich here we waken to our country's good,
s noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
face defac'd with scars of infamy,
royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
lark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
ich to recure, we heartily solicit
r gracious self to take on you the charge
kingly government of this your land:
as protector, steward, substitute,
owly factor for another's gain;
as successively from blood to blood,
r right of birth, your empery, your own.
this, consorted with the citizens,
r very worshipful and loving friends,
by their vehement instigation,
his just cause come I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
bitterly to speak in your reproof,
t fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
And much I need to help you, were there need;
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars;
Which God defend that I should wring from him!
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to lady Lucy;
Your mother lives a witness to his vow:
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.
May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat
you.
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.
Cate. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful
suit.
Glo. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Citizens.*
Cate. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.
Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bless your grace! we see it, and
say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king
All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it please you to
crown'd?
Glo. Even when you please, for you will h
it so.
Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend y
grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.
Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.
[*To the Bisho*
Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exe*



SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

r, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, *Duchess*
YORK, *and Marquess of* DORSET; *on the*
er, ANNE, *Duchess of* GLOSTER, *leading Lady*
ARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young*
ughter.

uch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,
ure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
ghter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them:
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then, bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* BRAKENBURY.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the Duchess of* GLOSTER.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!
Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?
Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels:
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O, my accursed womb! the bed of death,
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!
Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O! would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follo
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accu
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's dea
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curs
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.
Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy plaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn yours.
Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of gl
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good for guide thee!— [*To* Dor
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee
[*To* A
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts po thee! [*To Queen* Elizab
I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with

Scene 1.—Before the Tower.

hty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.
Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
, you ancient stones, these tender babes,
om envy hath immur'd within your walls;
gh cradle for such little pretty ones!
le ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
tender princes, use my babies well!
oolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

nd a Sennet. Enter RICHARD, *in pomp*, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!
uck. My gracious sovereign.
. Rich. Give me thy hand.—[*Trumpets sound.*] Thus high, by thy advice,
thy assistance, is king Richard seated:—
shall we wear these glories for a day,
hall they last, and we rejoice in them?
uck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
ry if thou be current gold, indeed.—
ng Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.
uck. Say on, my loving lord.
. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.
uck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.
. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.
uck. True, noble prince.
. Rich. O bitter consequence,
t Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—
sin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
l I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
I would have it suddenly perform'd.
at say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
uck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.
have I thy consent that they shall die?
uck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
re I positively speak in this:
ll resolve you herein presently.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
ate. The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.
[*Aside.*
. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
unrespective boys: none are for me,
t look into me with considerate eyes.
h-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
!—
age. My lord.
. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
tempt unto a close exploit of death?
age. I know a discontented gentleman,
se humble means match not his haughty spirit:
were as good as twenty orators,
will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
. Rich. What is his name?
age. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.
. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look unto it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,—
K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in m
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of t
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt King* Richard *and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Same.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthful butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story.
"O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gent babes,"—

hus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
hin their alabaster innocent arms:
ir lips were four red roses on a stalk,
in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
ook of prayers on their pillow lay;
ich once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
, O! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
en Dighton thus told on,—"we smothered
e most replenished sweet work of nature,
t, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
ce both are gone with conscience and remorse:
y could not speak; and so I left them both,
bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
et your happiness, be happy then,
it is done.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
en thou shalt tell the process of their death.
an time, but think how I may do thee good,
be inheritor of thy desire.
ewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
w, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-men,
the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
an Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
ne; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
eaden servitor to dull delay;
ay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
en, fiery expedition be my wing,
e's Mercury, and herald for a king.
muster men: my counsel is my shield;
must be brief, when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. *Before the Palace.*

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here? [*Retiring.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
[*Coming forward.*
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with other's moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Gre
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, the dog is dead.
Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy, the ti
would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad

Q. ELIZ. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden
yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mi
chance:
These English woes shall make me smile in Franc

Q. *Eliz.* O thou! well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
l teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. *Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
mpare dead happiness with living woe;
nk that thy babes were fairer than they were,
l he that slew them fouler than he is:
tering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
olving this will teach thee how to curse.
Q. *Eliz.* My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine.
Q. *Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit Queen* MARGARET.
Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?
Q. *Eliz.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,
y succeeders of intestate joys,
r breathing orators of miseries!
them have scope: though what they do impart
p nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.
Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
l in the breath of bitter words let's smother
damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[*A trumpet heard.*
e trumpet sounds: be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *and his Train.*

K. *Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?
Duch. O! she, that might have intercepted thee,
strangling thee in her accursed womb,
m all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.
Q. *Eliz.* Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
ere should be branded, if that right were right,
e slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
l the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers?
l me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?
Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
l little Ned Plantagenet, his son?
Q. *Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?
Duch. Where is kind Hastings?
K. *Rich.* A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
l on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
ner be patient, and entreat me fair,
with the clamorous report of war
us will I drown your exclamations.
Duch. Art thou my son?
K. *Rich.* Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.
Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.
K. *Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
t cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Duch. O! let me speak.
K. *Rich.* Do, then; but I'll not hear.
Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.
K. *Rich.* And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
l knows, in torment and in agony.
K. *Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
ou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
rievous burden was thy birth to me;
chy and wayward was thy infancy!

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum!
Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me: I say amen to her. [*Going.*
K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that, still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What! thou?

K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, like of it.
K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
o deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-mis-used.
K. Rich. Now by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Why then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Thou hadst not broken nor my brothers died.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,

The Bloody Tower.

So thrive I in my dangerous affairs
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Q.* ELIZABETH.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!
How now! what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following*.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[*To* CATESBY.

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the sea

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,
White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king.
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please

K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you

[*Exit* STANLEY.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
every hour more competitors
ck to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
ere, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
hat by sudden floods and fall of waters,
kingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
d he himself wander'd away alone,
man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
ere is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
h any well-advised friend proclaim'd
vard to him that brings the traitor in?
Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquess Dorset,
s said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
e Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
hmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
o the shore, to ask those on the banks,
hey were his assistants, yea, or no;
o answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
on his party: he, mistrusting them,
is'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
ot to fight with foreign enemies,
t to beat down these rebels here at home.

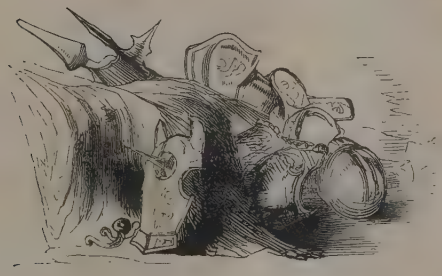
Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken;
That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*A Room in Lord* STANLEY'S *House.*

Enter STANLEY, *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of the most deadly boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head:
The fear of that holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?
Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.
Stan. What men of name resort to him?
Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.
Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Giving papers to Sir* CHRISTOPHER.
[*Exeunt.*



SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-Seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:—
"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due blame. [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Office*

SCENE II.—*A Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFO*Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *a others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most lovi friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vin
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's marc
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand m
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are frie for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in Go name, march.

e hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
gs it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

er King RICHARD, *and Forces; the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—
lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.*
where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
o hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
ides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
ich they upon the adverse faction want.
with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
us survey the vantage of the ground.—
for some men of sound direction.—
's lack no discipline, make no delay,
, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Scene 1.—View of Salisbury.

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business!
In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?
Cate. It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Ratcliff!
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*King* RICHARD *retires into his Tent.*
Exeunt RATCLIFF *and* CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S *Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upo
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regime
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory.
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlem
[*Exeunt Lords, &c., with* STANL
O! Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, O! defend me still! [*Slee*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *Son to* HENRY *Sixth, enters between the two Tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morro
[*To King* RICHAR
Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of yo
At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die.—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY *the Sixth enters.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed bod
[*To King* RICHA
By thee was punched full of deadly holes.
Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHMO
Harry that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish.

The Ghost of CLARENCE *enters.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morro
[*To King* RICHAR
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHMO
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *ent*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow
[*To King* RICHAR
Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and die.
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despa
[*To King* RICHAR
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with gui
fear [*To King* RICHAR
Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die.—
All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richar
bosom [*To* RICHMO
Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS *enters.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King* RICHAR

n a bloody battle end thy days.
k on lord Hastings. Despair, and die.—
untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* RICHMOND.
fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

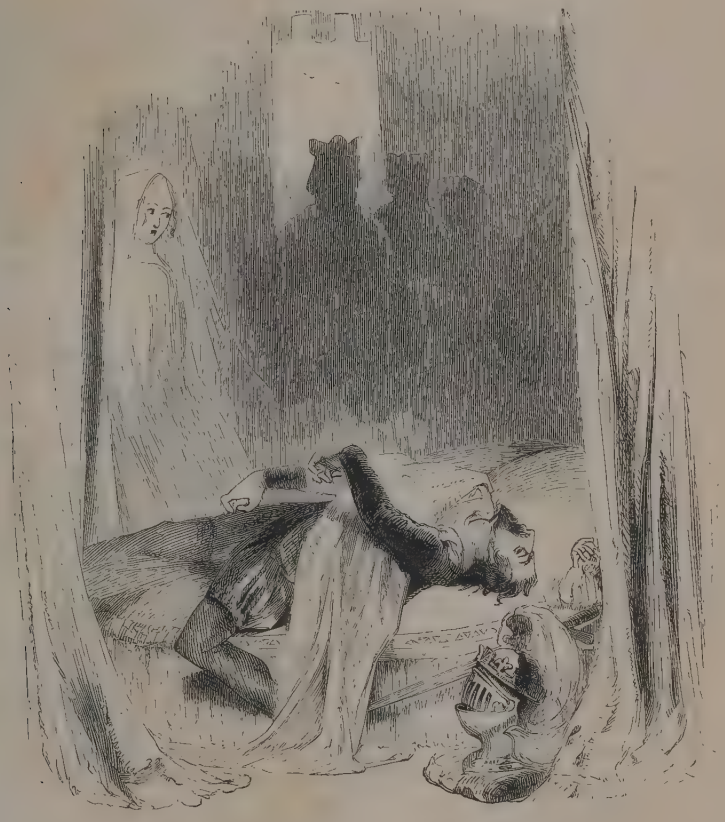
he Ghosts of the two young Princes enter.

osts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower:
is be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *enters.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:



GHOST. Thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife—

morrow in the battle think on me,
fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die.—
u, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
am of success and happy victory:
y adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *enters.*

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown; [*To King* RICHARD.
e last was I that felt thy tyranny.
in the battle think on Buckingham,
d die in terror of thy guiltiness.
eam on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghosts vanish. King* RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—
What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.
[*Exeunt King* RICHARD *and* RATCLIFF.

Enter OXFORD, *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. Cry mercy, lords,—[*Waking.*]—and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the Troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our fac
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd
One that made means to come by what he hath
And slaughter'd those that were the means to h
him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hir
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conqueror
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swo
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold fac
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfu
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory
[*Exe*

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attenda and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as tou ing Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said S rey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our p pose.
K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, inde it is. [*Clock stri*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-d
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the groun
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heav
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle.—Caparison horse.—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:

archers shall be placed in the midst.
duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
l have the leading of the foot and horse.
y thus directed, we will follow
ıe main battle; whose puissance on either side
l be well winged with our chiefest horse.
, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st
thou, Norfolk?
or. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a Scroll.*
. Rich. [*Reads.*]
Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
ing devised by the enemy.—
gentlemen; every man to his charge.
not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
conscience is a word that cowards use,
s'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

CATE. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-
selves.
e be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
e in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
on record, left them the heirs of shame.
l these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
sh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
t, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
w, archers, draw your arrows to the head;
your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:
ze the welkin with your broken staves!—

Enter a Messenger.

at says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
ess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
. Rich. Off with his son George's head.
or. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:
r the battle let George Stanley die.
. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.
Advance our standards! set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger.
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD, *and* RICHMOND; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes th
births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster
Divided in their dire division.—
O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peac
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blo
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's pea
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again
That she may long live here, God say amen!
[*Exeu*

Tamworth Castle.

Leicester.

NOTES ON KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

ACT I.—Scene I.

Made glorious summer by this sun of York," etc.

his is an allusion to the cognizance of the House of
, which was three suns, in memory of the three
which were supposed to have appeared at the
e which Edward IV. gained at Mortimer's Cross.
incident is given in Henry VI. (Part III. :)—

Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

— *instead of mounting* barbed *steeds*"—"Barbed" *barded* appear to have been indifferently used for
rse caparisoned with military trappings. In Hall
have, "About the time of prime came to the bar-
of the lists the Duke of Hertford, mounted on a
e courser, *barbed* with blue and green velvet." In
l Berners' "Froissart" we read, "It was a great
ty to behold the banners and standards waving in
wind, and horses *barded*, and knights and squires
y armed." It comes from the *equus bardatus* of
nclassical Latin of the middle ages.

— *by* dissembling *nature*"—Johnson interprets
sembling" here as *fraudulent, deceitful;* but it
ainly is here used in a sense not rare in contempo-
old poets, for that which puts together things dis-
lar.

— *to* see *my shadow in the sun*"—Most modern edi-
here read, "to *spy* my shadow," etc., as it is in the
y quartos. It was probably the author's original
d, which, in the copy from which the folio was
ted, he altered to "*see* my shadow." The reason
e change is clear. To *spy* is expressive of an inten-
al effort to trace out his own deformity; while "see"
ifies that it was forced upon his observation.

— *these fair well-spoken* days"—Malone would
l, "fair well-spoken *dames*." But, in Ben Jonson's
ery Man out of his Humour," we have the same
het of "well-spoken" applied to days—"ignorant
l-spoken days."

"*That* tempts *him to this harsh extremity,*" etc.

With Collier, we follow the reading of the folio: the quartos have "That *tempers* him to this extremity," which, taking *temper* in the sense of to *harden* or *soften*, to adapt to any intended purpose, is a good sense, in the diction of the times.

"— lie *for you*"—To "lie for you" is to *lie in prison* in your stead.

"*Now, by Saint* Paul"—So all the quarto editions: the folio, "Now, by Saint *John*." As Gloster habitually swears by Saint Paul, this change was probably accidental.

Scene II.

"— obsequiously *lament*"—i. e. Lament as at the *obsequies* of a dead person. In the lament of the father who has slain his own son, in the third part of Henry VI., *obsequious* is used exactly in the same way, as well as in Hamlet, (act ii. scene 2)—"To do *obsequious* sorrow."

"— key-cold *figure of a holy king*"—This epithet is common in the old writers. Shakespeare has it in the Rape of Lucrece:—

And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls.

Decker uses it, in 1603; and this very phrase ("key-cold figure") is found in the comedy of the "Country Girl," as late as 1647. Stevens says that the epithet is derived from the application of a cold key to stop bleeding. I should rather think it a relic of our ancient language. "Cold" is from the Anglo-Saxon, being the past participle of *kel-an*, (to cool;) and "key-cold" may have been originally a reduplication—"stiffened cold."

"— *heir to his* unhappiness"—i. e. *Mischievous disposition.* "Unhappy" was often used in this sense; as in All's Well that Ends Well—"A shrewd knave, and an *unhappy*."

"O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!"

"It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reason."—JOHNSON.

This opinion has classical authority; for Plutarch says that Agrippina's body bled afresh at the approach of Nero, which was looked upon as evidence of his guilt. The incident here is historical; for Hollingshed says that Henry's body, when laid in state, "the same in the presence of the beholders did bleed." It bled again at Blackfriars; but nothing is said of Richard's being present at either time.

"— *these supposed* EVILS"—So the quartos: the folio, *crimes;* but Lady Anne, reiterating Gloster's words, repeats "evils."

"— DIFFUS'D *infection of a man*"—"Diffused," in old use, meant *confused, uncouth;* and here refers to Richard's deformity—"but half made up."

"*Then say they were not slain*"—With Knight and Collier, we give the reading of the folio, which better preserves the antithesis than "Why, then, they are not dead," of the quartos, which is found in other modern editions.

"— *sweet* SMOOTHING WORD"—Thus the folio. In scene 3, Gloster uses the verb *to smooth*. The quartos read, "sweet *soothing words*."

"GLO. *Vouchsafe to wear this ring.*
ANNE. *To take, is not to give.*"

Knight well remarks, that "this rapid interchange of speech is wonderfully helped in its effect by the short lines of six syllables; but Stevens, by the aid of some transpositions, has contrived to manufacture these ten lines into six of the vilest resemblances to the eye of blank verse that his botching ever achieved."

"*And presently repair to Crosby-place.*"

Crosby-place (or Crosby-house, as the folio here calls it,) is in Crosby-square, Bishopsgate-street, (London.) This magnificent house was built in 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. Crosby-hall, after many vicissitudes, has been lately restored, with great skill; and now exhibits one of the most interesting specimens of old domestic architecture which England can show.

"— *with all* EXPEDIENT *duty*"—"Expedient" is used by Shakespeare for *expeditious*.

"*Imagine I have said farewell already.*
[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE," etc.

Cibber, who altered KING RICHARD III. for the stage, was so convinced of the improbability of this scene, that he thought it necessary to make a bystander say:—

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

The embassy under Lord Macartney, to China, witnessed the representation of a play, in a theatre at Tien-sing, with a similar plot;—"in which a rebel General kills the Emperor with his own hand. While the Empress is tearing her hair in all the agony of grief, the conqueror enters, addresses her in the language of adoration, and in half an hour, like Richard, prevails on the Chinese beauty to dry up her tears, and yield to a consoling wooer." Stevens pronounces both scenes equally absurd; yet it is probable that the Chinese dramatist, like the English one, drew his plot from history. In both cases probably, certainly in the English instance, the strangeness, "absurdity and ridiculousness," censured by the critic, is in the history, not in the play. "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." Whatever doubt later inquiry may have thrown on Richard's personal agency in the deaths of Anne's husband and of his father, there can be no doubt that he was identified with their enemies; and that her husband was slain, if not by Richard's hand, by his comrades or soldiers. How it came to pass that, after this, Anne, the widow of Prince Edward, became the wife of Richard III., an historical, not a dramatic difficulty; and the Poet's solution, that she was a weak and vain woman, easily won by the flattery of a man of the highest rank and talents, is at least as probable as any other, and is perhaps the one least discreditable to her memory.

"*The bleeding witness of* MY *hatred*"—So the folio and correctly. The quartos and modern editors have "*her* hatred;" but the corse of Henry VI. was "the bleeding witness" of Gloster's hatred.

"— *a beggarly* DENIER"—A "denier" (says Steevens is the *twelfth part* of a French *sous*, and appears, from old ballads, to have been the usual request of a beggar.

SCENE III.

"— *with quick and merry* WORDS"—The folio has *eyes* for "words," which may be right; but all the quartos have "words," which is generally adopted.

"*Enter Buckingham and* STANLEY"—*Derby* in all the old copies, quarto and folio; but Lord Stanley (as Theobald observes) was not created Earl of Derby until after Henry VII. came to the throne. It may be doubted whether we ought not to allow the old text to stand, as Stanley is spoken to and of as Derby by the character, and the inadvertence was probably committed by Shakspeare. Theobald's alteration is followed by all later editors, from whom I have not cared to differ.

"*The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley.*"

The Countess Richmond was Margaret, daughter of John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. After the death of her first husband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond (by whom she had one son, afterwards Henry VII.) she married, first, Sir Henry Stafford; and second, Sir Thomas, Lord Stanley.

"— *with* LEWD *complaints*"—i. e. With *wicked* complaints. Here Stevens would show that "lewd" means merely *ignorant*. This may have been one of its senses, but its frequent meaning at the date was *bad, wicked*, as it is used in our English Bible, (Acts, chap. xvii. v. 5,) "lewd fellows"—for the original word, *ponéros*.

"— *wrens* MAKE *prey*"—So in the folio, and the two first quartos. The ordinary reading is "*may* prey."

"*That will I* MAKE"—The double acceptation of the verb "make" is also exemplified in As YOU LIKE IT:

Now, sir, what *make* you here?
Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything.

"*Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?*"

Queen Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham, and remained abroad till 1471. After the battle of Tewkesbury, in that year, she was confined in the Tower till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father, and removed to France, where she died in 1482.

"*Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!*"

"It is an old prejudice, which is not yet quite extinct, that those who are defective or deformed, are *marked* by *elves*, or invisible evil agents, and made prone to mischief. She calls him *hog*, in allusion to his cognizance, which was a boar. 'The expression (says Warburton) is fine; remembering her youngest son, she includes to the ravage which hogs make with the fine flowers in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her sons.' The rhyme for which Collingborne was executed, as given by Hedwood, in his 'Metrical History of King Edward IV.' will illustrate this:—

The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
Doe rule all England under a *hog*.
The crooke backt boore the way hath found
To root our roses from our ground,
Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
And then the dog, the cat, and rat
Shall in his trough feed and be fat.

persons aimed at, in this rhyme, were the King, sby, Ratcliff, and Lovell."—JOHNSON *and* MALONE.

" *Our* EYRY *buildeth in the cedar's top*," etc.
Eyry" properly signified a brood of eagles or hawks, gh afterwards used for the nests of those birds.

, death, and hell, have set their marks on him," etc.
ackstone suggests that Milton caught the idea of nagnificent allegory from this line. It may be so; f so, it is one of those uses of a thought which is not arism.

He is FRANK'D *up to fatting*"—A "frank" is a *pen, op*, in which hogs and other animals were confined, e "fatting." To be "franked up" was to be *closely ned*. To *franch*, or *frank*, was to stuff, to cram, to n. There seems, in this phrase, another allusion to rmorial bearing of the *boar*, by the house of York.

— SCATH *to us*"—i. e. *Harm, mischief*.

So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself."
is is one of the few instances in the old copies, re a speech *aside* is so marked: the direction is, eaks to himself."

vr eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes FALL *tears*."
Drop tears" in the quartos. The expression is pro- ial, and it is used in the tragedy of "Cæsar and pey," (1607:)—
Ien's eyes must *mill-stones* drop when fools shed tears.

SCENE IV.

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights," etc.
ie quartos give this line thus:—
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams.

— *and he* SHRIEK'D *out aloud*"—There are many t variations, in this scene, between the folio text followed, and the earlier text. Several are imma- l; such as "sights of ugly death," or "ugly sights eath." But "shriek'd" has been substituted in evision for *squeak'd*, as also "sour" ferryman for ferryman—both apparently substitutions of better ls by the author.

CLAR. *Ah, keeper, keeper*"—In the quarto this scene nences with Clarence addressing the description of ream to Brakenbury; but in the folio the stage-di- on is, "Enter Clarence and Keeper." In this pas- the reading of the quartos, "O, Brakenbury!" is ed to "Ah, keeper, keeper!" Brakenbury subse- tly enters, in the folio, when Clarence is sleeping. is Brakenbury's remarks ("Sorrow breaks seasons,") seem to rise naturally from the preceding conver- n, and Clarence's reposing, they cannot well have intended to be spoken by a person just entering. quartos, therefore, evidently give the author's n, and should be adhered to in the arrangement. folio 1623, however, having several lines not in the tos, is evidently the corrected one to be followed.

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys."
ie line in the quartos stands thus:—
Here are the keys; there sits the duke asleep.

— THIS HOLY *humour of mine*"—So the quartos: the "*my passionate* humour."

re you DRAWN *forth* AMONG *a world of men*," etc.
ie quartos read, "Are you *call'd* forth *from out* a d of men." Johnson suggested that the true read- vas "*cull'd* forth."

hat lawful QUEST *have given their verdict up*," etc.
Quest" was the term for a *jury*. "A *quest* of twelve ; *Duodecim viratus*."—(*Baret*.) In HAMLET, we "crowner's *quest* law." Shakespeare has followed the current tale of his own time. But (as Malone shows) Clarence was tried and found guilty by his peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards passed against him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by Edward; but he does not assert that the Duke of Gloster was the instrument. Polydore Virgil says, though he talked with several persons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death.

" — *to have redemption*"—"The folio here substitutes 'for any goodness,' and omits the next line, probably on account of the statute against oaths, etc. We ought not on such an account to lose a line from Shakespeare's pen, written by him long before the statute. All the quarto editions contain the line, which was no doubt erased by the Master of the Revels, who in this play, as in others, discharged his duty very capriciously."—COLLIER.

" *When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet*," etc.
That is, Plantagenet, brave and blooming in youth—a compound resembling others in this play, as "childish-foolish," etc. Spenser has "my *springing* youth," in the sense of the spring of life.

" *You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.*"
Horace Walpole suggested, from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cause of Gloster's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to allow Gloster that moiety of the estate of the great Earl of Warwick, to which he became entitled by his marriage with Lady Anne, younger sister of the Duchess of Clarence. That the brothers were at variance on the subject, appears from a letter in the Paston collection:—"Yesterday, the King, the Queen, my lords of Clarence and Gloucester, went to Shene, to pardon. The King entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Gloucester; and (as it is said) he answereth, that he may well have my lady his sister-in-law, but they shall part no livelihood, as he saith. So what will fall can I not say."

" *Were you in my distress*"—The five lines ending with these words are not in the quarto editions. With Collier, we have adhered to the distribution of the dialogue of the folio. Other editors have inserted the passage, some in one place and some in another, but in no place rightly. There are many other variations in this scene. According to the quartos, it does not appear that one of the murderers made his exit and returned; and in the folio we are left to infer that the body of Clarence was carried out by one of them. There are also small verbal differences scattered throughout, none of them affecting the sense or spirit. The folio text is followed, except when there seems a misprint.

Knight well points out, that "in the great drama before us Shakespeare fell in with the popular view of the character of Richard III.;—preserving all the strong lineaments of his guilty ambition, as represented by Sir Thomas More, and the chroniclers who followed the narrative of that illustrious man, with marvellous subservience to his own wonderful conception of the high intellectual supremacy of this usurper. We are not about to inquire whether the Richard of history has had justice done to him, but whether the Richard of Shakespeare accords with the Richard of the old annalists. We quote from Hall, because his narrative is more literally copied from More, and the contemporary writers, than that of Hollingshed, who is never so quaint and vigorous; and, further, because we wish to show that the nonsense which has been uttered by Malone and others, that Shakespeare knew no other historian than Hollingshed, is disproved, in the clearest manner, by the accuracy with which, in some scenes, he follows the older chronicler."

We first give Hall's description (from More) of Richard's person and character:—

"Richard, duke of Gloster, was in wit and courage equal with the others, (his brothers Edward and George,)

but in beauty and lineaments of nature far underneath both; for he was little of stature, evil-featured of limbs, crook-backed, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard-favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage and among common persons a crabbed face. He was malicious, wrathful, and envious, and, as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much ado in her travail, and that he came into the world the feet forward, as men be borne outward, and, as the fame ran, not untoothed: whether that men of hatred reported above the truth, or that nature changed his course in his beginning which in his life many things unnaturally committed, this I leave to God his judgment. He was none evil captain in war, as to the which his disposition was more inclined to than to peace. Sundry victories he had, and some overthrows, but never for default of his own person, either for lack of hardiness or politic order. Free he was of his dispenses, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which cause he was fain to borrow, pill, and extort in other places, which got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not alway of evil will, but often for ambition and to serve his purpose; friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew in the Tower King Henry the Sixth, saying, Now is there no heir male of King Edward the Third but we of the house of York: which murder was done without King Edward his assent, which would have appointed that butcherly office to some other rather than to his own brother. Some wise men also wen that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it. And the cause thereof was, as men noting his doings and proceedings did mark, because that he long in King Edward his time thought to obtain the crown in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evil diet would soon shorten, should happen to decease, as he did indeed, his children being young. And then, if the Duke of Clarence had lived, his pretended purpose had been far hindered; for if the Duke of Clarence had kept himself true to his nephew the young king, or would have taken upon him to be king, every one of these casts had been a trump in the Duke of Gloster's way; but when he was sure that his brother of Clarence was dead, then he knew he might work without that jeopardy. But of these points there is no certainty, and whosoever divineth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short; but this conjecture afterward took place, (as few do,) as you shall perceive hereafter."

The "taking off" of Clarence is not imputed, by the old historians, to Richard. At the time when Shakespeare wrote, little more than a century after these events, it was probably usual to ascribe crimes which we have not even heard of to the usurper who had perished, and from whose triumphant rival the reigning family had sprung.

ACT II.—Scene I.

"*And* NOW *in peace*"—So the earlier editions, instead of the "*more* in peace" of the folio, which, though retained by the later editors, seems to me to give no appropriate sense, and to be a misprint.

"— BUT *with all duteous love*"—i. e. *Except* with all duteous love.

"*And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.*"

So the quartos; but the folio reads—

—— And in good time
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke.

The stage-direction which follows in the folio is consistently, "Enter Ratcliffe and Gloster;" but Gloster only appears to have entered. It is not easy to account this discordance.

"*I thank my God for my humility.*"

Milton, in his *Eckonoclastes*, one of his bitterest controversial writings, thus assails Charles I.:—

"The poets, and some English, have been in this so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious wo in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I sh not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king mig be less conversant, but one whom we well know the closet companion of these his solitudes, Willi Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richa the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and m tification as is uttered in any passage in this book, a sometimes to the same sense and purpose with so words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like sa Richard:—

I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout tragedy, wherein the Poet used not much license in parting from the truth of history, which delivers hi deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his re gion."

"*The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life*"—i. Grant me my servant's life, which has become forfeit

"*Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,*" etc

"This lamentation is very tender and pathetic. T recollection of the good qualities of the dead is ve natural; and no less naturally does the King endeavo to communicate the crime to others."—JOHNSON.

The hint for this pathetic speech is to be found in Thomas More's "History of Edward IV.," inserted the chronicles.

Scene II.

"*My pretty* COUSINS"—The duchess is here addre ing her grandchildren; but "cousin" seems to ha been used instead of *kinsman* and *kinswoman*, and have supplied the place of both.

"—*from my* DUGS"—This word gave no offence our ancestors; one instance will show that it was us even in the most refined poetry:—

And on thy *dugs* the queen of love doth tell
Her godhead's power in scrowles of my desire.
CONSTABLE'S *Sonnets*, (1594.

"*Think you, my uncle did* DISSEMBLE"—In the l guage of our older writers, to "dissemble" signified *feign*, or simulate, as well as to cloak or conceal fe ings or dispositions. Milton uses *dissembler* in t sense, in the extract just quoted from him, in the p ceding scene.

"*Enter Queen Elizabeth,* DISTRACTEDLY"—"W her hair about her ears," is the business-like stage-dir tion in the folio.

"—*your high-swoln* HATES"—So in the folio; t quartos, *hearts*. Monck Mason objects that the Po by "inadvertency," exhorts them to preserve the r cour of their hearts. It is surely the *broken* rancour the breaking up of their hates— ' must be preserv and cherished.

"*To give your* CENSURES"—Here, as in many oth places, "censure" is only used for *opinion*, or *judgme* Many editors insert *weighty* before "business," from t quartos.

"*As* INDEX *to the story*"—i. e. As *introduction*, commencement. Thus, in this play, (act iv. scene we have, "The flattering *index* of a direful pageant and in OTHELLO, (act ii. scene 1,) "An *index* and c scure prologue to the history." This use of the wo seems to have arisen out of the fact, that the index o book was formerly placed at the beginning

Scene III.

— seldom comes the better"—An ancient proverbial ng, noticed in the "English Courtier and Country tleman," (1586:)—"As the proverbe sayth *seldome the better*. Val. That proverb indeed is auncient, for the most part true."

Scene IV.

Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford, And at Northampton they do rest to-night."

his is the reading of the folio: the quarto—

Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night.

ens and Malone have a controversy as to the value e respective readings.

A PARLOUS *boy*"—"Parlous" means *perilous*, from ch (as Ritson says) it was probably corrupted; but metimes seems to be used in the sense of satirically ative, (as in CORIOLANUS.) The word occurs again t iii. scene I, of this play; and there it is spelled *lous*, in all the old copies.

"*Insulting tyranny begins to* JET," etc.

he older copies have "jet," and the folios *jut*. er word may stand, for both are found in old ors, in the sense of "to encroach upon;" "to make nds." "Jet" is so used in TITUS ANDRONICUS: and s thus explained in Cooper's "Thesaurus," (1584.)

— frantic OUTRAGE"—So every old edition. Ma- substituted *courage*, much to the detriment of the e.

— to look on DEATH *no more*"—The folio has *on* for "on death," which is the reading of every old to; and is so clearly in the Poet's manner, and in on with the context, as to allow no doubt that *earth* a misprint. The Duchess refers to the scenes of ghter to which her eyes had been witness.

"*Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.*"

he wretched state of the Queen at this juncture is described by one of the chroniclers:—"Whereupon Bishop called up all his servants, and took with him great seal, and came before day to the Queen, about m he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, business, eyance, and carriage of her stuff into sanctuary. y man was busy to carry, bear, and convey stuff, s, and fardells: no man was unoccupied; and some ed more than they were commanded to another e. The Queen sat alone, below on the rushes, all late and dismayed, whom the Archbishop comforted e best manner that he could."

Act III.—Scene I.

elcome, sweet prince, to London, to your CHAMBER." ondon was anciently called *Camera Regis*, (the ng's Chamber,") which title, we learn from Lord e, it began to have immediately after the Norman uest. London is called the "King's special cham- in the Duke of Buckingham's oration to the citi- as given by Sir T. More, whence Shakespeare r other phrases.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age," etc.

hat is, Examine it with the plainness and simplicity r times,—not ceremoniously and traditionally, with ence to strict religious usages, and old customs.

"*Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,*
But sanctuary children ne'er till now."

his argument is from More's "History," as printed e chronicles, where it is very much enlarged upon. relye I have often heard of saintuarye men, but I r heard erste of saintuarye chyldren. * * * * he can be no saintuarye manne, that neither hath dome to desire it, nor malice to deserve it, whose lyfe or lybertye can by no lawfull processe stand in jeopardie. And he that taketh one oute of saintuary to dooe hym good, I saye plainely that he breaketh no saintuary."—MORE's *History of Kinge Richard the Thirde*.

"*Where it* SEEMS *best*"—The folio has "where it *thinketh* best,"—a use of language not found elsewhere, and perhaps a misprint.

"*He did, my gracious lord*"—All the old editions give this reply to Buckingham. Modern editors have conspired (observes Collier) to give the answer to Gloster, although they allow Buckingham to continue the subject afterwards, with "Upon record, my gracious lord." Gloster was an attentive listener, as appears by what he says subsequently.

"*— without* CHARACTERS"—i. e. Without the help of *letters*.

"*Thus like the formal Vice, Iniquity*," etc.

"In a note on HENRY IV., (Part II. act iii.,) we have given a brief notice of the Vice of the old drama. Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense; and his description may spare our readers the trouble of wading through the elaborate dissertations which generally accompany the passage before us:—'He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.' This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass.' We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:—

Sat. What Vice?
What kind wouldst thou have it of?
Pug. Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity.

We have here then the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellencies, in a style of which the following is a specimen:—

What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice:
Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:
True Vetas Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house.

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:—

—— They are other things
That are received now upon earth, for Vices;
Stranger and newer; and changed every hour.

"Iniquity was, no doubt, a character whose attributes were always essentially the same; who was dressed always according to one fashion; who constantly went through the same round of action; who had his own peculiar cant words;—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this fixed character of the 'Vice Iniquity' that we think Shakespeare alludes, when he calls him 'the *formal* Vice,'—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to—

—— moralize two meanings in one word.

It is to this 'formal' character that Hamlet alludes:—

—— A vice of kings—
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
A king
Of shreds and patches." KNIGHT.

"— *my* DREAD *lord*"—So in one of the quartos; in the folio, *dear*. The epithet "dread" seems to be the author's word, for "dear lord" would not mark the new title by which York addresses his brother—"lord" being the title by which York is himself subsequently named. "Dread,"—most dread,—was a kingly epithet, (*Rex metuendissimus.*)

"*Too* LATE *he died*"—i. e. Too *lately*.

"— DIVIDED *councils*"—i. e. A *private consultation*, (says Johnson,) *separate* from the known and public council. This interpretation is warranted by the historical evidence of Hall and Hollingshed.

"*Chop off his head, man;—something we will determine.*"

"This is the reading of the folio; that of the quartos is—

Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do.

It is difficult not to have a leaning to the text of the quartos, (the received one,) with which we have so long been familiar; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the correction came from any hand but that of the author."—KNIGHT.

SCENE II.

"*He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm,*" etc.

This is the reading of the folio; that of the quartos is—

—— And then he sends you word
He dreamt to-night the boar had rased his helm.

The ordinary reading is neither that of the folio, nor of the quartos, but a compound of each.

"— *without* INSTANCE"—The word "instance" signifies here, as in other passages of Shakespeare, *example, fact in proof, corroboration.* So in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—"My desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves." "Instance" is used with great latitude of meaning by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Its primitive sense is "any thing standing nigh;" and it is taken sometimes for an *example*, a *proof*, sometimes for *request*, and sometimes for a *motive*, or *cause*.

"*I wonder he's so* SIMPLE"—"I wonder he is so *fond*," in the quartos: the old meaning of the word *fond* was what it is represented to be in the text of the folio; and the alteration, like others in the folio, seems to have been made to conform to the change of language.

"*My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;*
And never, in my DAYS, *I do protest,*" etc.

That is, "As dear as *you do* yours," which in fact is the reading of the quarto editions. In the next line, the quartos have *life* for "days," which Knight notices as one of the numerous instances of the minute accuracy with which the text of the folio had been revised. "Days" is evidently substituted for *life*, to avoid the repetition of that word, which occurs in the preceding line; and yet *life* is retained in modern editions.

"— *good* SIR *John*"—The title of "sir" was often given to the clergy. (See MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.)

"— *your last* EXERCISE"—i. e. *Religious instruction;* as in OTHELLO—"exercise direct."

SCENE III.

"— *conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, to execution*"—"Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."—WALPOLE.

"*For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.*"

In the quartos this scene opens with Ratcliff exclaiming "Come, bring forth the prisoners." The stage-direction of the folio is, "Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying the nobles to death at Pomfret." The line is therefore clearly unnecessary.

"— *the hour of death is* EXPIATE"—This word does not occur in the quartos. The second folio reads, "the hour of death is now *expired*." However forced the meaning of "expiate" may be, Shakespeare has used it in his Twenty-second Sonnet, in a similar manner:—

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should *expiate.*

Though, on this authority, "expiate" is retained in the text, yet I incline to agree with Stevens that, in both places, it is an error of the press for *expirate*, which accords with Shakespeare's phraseology elsewhere; as ROMEO AND JULIET—"and *expire* the term of a despised life."

SCENE IV.

"— INWARD *with the noble duke*"—i. e. *Intimate;* confidence.

"*Had you not come upon your* CUE"—This expression is taken from the theatre. The "cue," *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the signal for the entrance, or reply. Gloster enters at the right moment.

"*I saw good strawberries in your garden there,*" etc.

"This circumstance of asking the bishop for some of his strawberries, seems to have been mentioned by the old historians merely to show the unusual affability and good humour which the dissembling Gloster affected, at the very time he had determined on the death of Hastings. It originates with Sir Thomas More, who mentions the protector's entrance to the council 'fyrst aboute ix of the clocke, saluting them curtesly, and excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saied *merily* that he had been a slepe that day. And after little talking with them he said unto the bishop of Ely, my lord, you have very good strawberries at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a mes of them.' It is remarkable that this bishop (Morton) is supposed to have furnished Sir Thomas More with the materials of his history, if he was not the *original* author of it." (See Preface to More's "Life of Richard III.")

The author of the manuscript Latin play, quoted by Stevens, also thought the circumstance worth using, and makes the Protector say—

Eliensis antistes venis? ——
—— ferunt hertum tuum
Decora fraga, plurimum producere, etc.

"*By any* LIVELIHOOD"—So the folio. The meaning is perfectly clear, the word being used in the same sense as in ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, (act i. sce. 1:)—"The tyranny of her sorrows takes all *livelihood* from her cheek." Stanley asks how they interpret Gloster's "fivelihood" *liveliness, cheerfulness.* But Knight and Collier restore the word, which has been changed by other modern editors for the reading of the quartos, *likelihood*, which they interpret as *appearance*, and thus perpetuate what was no doubt a typographical error.

"*Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done.*"

"Instead of this line of the folio text, we have in the quartos, 'some see it done.' The stage-direction in the quartos is, '*Manet Ca. with Hast.*,' and Catesby subsequently speaks the two lines which in the folio are given to Ratcliff. The line which Lovel speaks is not found in the quartos. In all modern editions Catesby is substituted for Ratcliff, and we read—

Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done.

This change is made to avoid the apparent impossibility

atcliff, who in the preceding scene is attending the ution at Pomfret, being on the same day in London. in making this change the editors can only prescribe lf-remedy, for in the next scene they are constrained eep Ratcliff on the London scene, bringing in Has-' head. In that scene Gloster says in the folio—ch line is retained in the modern text,—

Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

must either, it appears to us, take the text of the to altogether, in which neither Ratcliff nor Lovel ear, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. in truth, this is one of those positions in which the has trusted to the imagination of his audience, er than to their topographical knowledge; and by ld anticipation of a rate of travelling which is now ality, Ratcliff is without offence at Pomfret and Lon-on the same day. In the rapid course of the dra-c action this is easily overlooked. We have little ot that Ratcliff and Lovel are thus brought upon the e together, in the folio copy, in association with the ory 'how Collingbourne was cruelly executed for ing a rhyme'—

The *Cat*, the *Rat*, and *Lovel* our dog,
Rule all England under a *hog*.

audience were familiar with this story; and it was ral that Shakespeare should show Richard (the hog) sociation with Catesby, (the cat,) Ratcliff, (the rat,) Lovel, the three most confidential ministers of his pation. In the third scene of act i., Margaret calls ard 'rooting hog.'"—KNIGHT.

— *my* FOOT-CLOTH *horse*"—For "foot-cloth," see RY VI., (Part II., act iv. scene 7.) A "foot-cloth e" was a *palfrey* covered with such housings, used state; and was the usual mode of conveyance for rich, at a period when carriages were unknown. his is from Hollingshed, who copies Sir Thomas e:—"In riding toward the Tower the same morning hich he [Hastings] was beheaded, his horse twice arice *stumbled* with him, almost to the falling; which g, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to n to whome no such mischance is toward: yet hath ene of an old rite and custome observed as a token ntimes notablie foregoing some great misfortune." all also relates the incident, in much the same way.

Come, come, despatch"—So the folio, unceremo-sly and characteristically; and it seems to be an ntional correction, with that object, of the prior edi-, which make Catesby (to whom the speech is e assigned) give Hastings his rank:—"Despatch, *ord*."

SCENE V.

— *in* ROTTEN *armour*"—We retain the quaint stage-ction of the folio, which the modern editors, ex-Knight, change to "in *rusty* armour." Hollingshed us that "the Protector immediately after dinner, ading to set some colour on the matter, sent in all e for many substantial men out of the citie unto the er; and at their coming, himselfe, with the duke uckingham, stood harnessed in old ill-faring brigan-, such as no man should weene that they would hsafe to have put upon their backes, except that e sudden necessitie had constrained them." Shake-re has closely followed Hollingshed.

INTENDING *deep suspicion*"—To "intend" was often, d, used for to *pretend*. So in the TAMING OF THE EW, (act iv. scene 1:)—"I *intend* that all this is in reverend care of her." So, in the seventh scene is act, Buckingham tells Gloster to "*intend* some "

"*I never look'd for better at his hands*," etc.

is and the following line, in the folio, form the com-cement of Buckingham's speech, and such, no doubt, ie correct distribution of the dialogue. Modern ors have taken it from him without assigning any on. The only excuse is, that, in the quartos, the two lines are made the conclusion of the speech of the Lord Mayor.

"— *bring them to Baynard's castle*"—"Baynard's Castle, which stood on the bank of the river in Thames-street, has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London. The dingy barge is moored in the place of the splendid galley; and porters and carmen squabble on the spot where princes held their state."—KNIGHT.

"*Go thou* [*To* CAT.] *to friar Penker*"—Dr. Shaw, and Penker, (or Pinker,) were popular preachers of the time; and Speed informs us that the latter was Provincial of the Augustine friars. Dr. Shaw was brother to the Lord Mayor.

"— *no manner person*"—"This is the reading of the folio, and is a common idiom of our old language. The quartos, however, have 'no manner *of* person.' Both forms were indifferently used. In the same chapter (Lev. vii.) of our common translation of the Bible, we find—*no manner fat*, and *no manner of blood*. "No manner person" is probably the more ancient form, and these minute archaisms should be preserved in SHAKESPEARE, wherever we have authority for them."—KNIGHT.

SCENE VI.

"— *seen in* THOUGHT"—i. e. Seen in *silence*.

SCENE VII.

"*How now, how now*"—The earlier editions all have "How now, my Lord?" The change in the folio is clearly the author's, to express the eager impatience of the inquiry.

"— *with his contract with Lady Lucy*"—"This objection to King Edward's marriage with Lady Grey is said to have been started by the mother of Edward IV., previous to that alliance taking place. But Elizabeth Lucy, (whose father's name was Wyat, and who had acquired the name of Lucy by marriage,) being sworn to speak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her, although she owned an intimacy had existed between them."

"— *like dumb* STATUES, *or breathing stones*"—Here we have an instance, as in HENRY VI., (Part II., act iii. scene 2,) of "statue" having been pronounced as a tri-syllable. Other proofs of the same kind are pointed out in JULIUS CÆSAR, (act iii. scene 2, etc.) Rowe, not attending to this, and mistaking the Poet's meaning, read *unbreathing* for "breathing." Stevens and other editors have printed "statue" *statua*, but without warrant from any old copies.

"— *were not* US'D"—So the folios: the quartos *wont*.

"— *on that ground I'll* MAKE *a holy descant*"—Collier here suggests, that "ground" and "descant" are both terms of art in music. The quartos read *build* for "make,"—a verb which is inconsistent with the figure employed by Buckingham.

"*He is not* LULLING"—So all the ancient copies; most modern editions change it to *lolling*.

"— *on a lewd* LOVE-*bed*"—So in the folio: the quartos *day-bed*, which is the old English name for a *couch*, or *sofa*. The change seems to be the author's own correction.

"— *in a Gallery above*"—The old simple stage-direction is *aloft*, meaning the balcony at the back of the old stage.

"*Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants*," etc.

Shakespeare remembered the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable sermon at St. Paul's Cross:—

Bastard slips shall never take deep root.

"— SHOULDER'D *in the swallowing gulf*"—"Shoulder'd in" has the same meaning as rudely *thrust* into.

"*Which to* RECURE"—i. e. To *recover;* it is so used by Spenser and his contemporaries.

"— *loath'd* BIGAMY"—Not the having two wives at once, but the word is used in its old canonical and statutory sense; for, as Blackstone states, "*Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, (A. D., 1274, adopted by a statute in 4 Edw. I.,) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *Polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow." The phrase is from Sir T. More, as copied by Hall and Hollingshed; where, as in this speech, "the *widowhood* of Lady Grey" is insisted on as making the king "to be defouled with *bigamie* in his first marriage."

"*Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.*"

The quartos add, very characteristically, what was afterwards omitted, probably in consequence of the statute against profane words, (3 Jac. I. c. 21.) Buckingham says, according to the quartos—

Come, citizens: *zounds!* I'll entreat no more;—

and Gloster, standing between the two clergymen, thus reproves him:—

O! do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

There can be little doubt that this came from Shakespeare's pen, on whatever account the text might afterwards be altered.

"*If you deny them, all the land will rue it.*"

The quartos, with some immaterial literal variation from the folio, attribute this line to "Another" attendant on Gloster, and the line before it only to Catesby. The multiplication of characters was necessarily avoided on the old stage. The various reading is here worth preserving, if not restoring.

"— *our holy* WORK *again*"—"Our holy *task* again" in the quartos. Collier reminds us that, according to the old arrangement of this scene, Gloster, with the two bishops, stood in the balcony at the back of the stage, while he was addressed by Buckingham, etc., from the boards.

ACT IV.— SCENE I.

"— *a week of* TEEN"—i. e. A week of *sorrow*—a favourite word with Shakespeare. He has it in LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, (act iv. scene 3;) in ROMEO AND JULIET, (act i. scene 3;) and in the TEMPEST, (act i. scene 2.) It is found in many old writers, and is used by Chaucer both as a verb and substantive. It is derived, according to Todd, from the Saxon *teonan*, (injuries.) It is still in use in the north-east of England. (See Holloway's "Dictionary of Provincialisms.")

"*Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow*
For tender princes, use my babies well!"

This speech is not in the quartos. Knight justly remarks that it bears the mark of Shakespeare's later years, in its bold imagery.

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,

possesses all the highest attribute of poetry,—that of suggesting a long train of thought by some short and powerful allusion, far more effective than the most skilful elaboration.

SCENE II.

"*Sound a Sennet*"—It has been elsewhere explained, that "sennet" was equivalent, in old musical and dramatic phrase, to the modern "Flourish of Trumpets," often substituted for it.

"— *Enter Richard, in pomp*"—We restore the old stage-direction, for, as before remarked, there were no "discoveries" (as they are now called) in the old theatre, but the characters entered. Such was the case here; for the old quartos inform us, in a direction, after Richard has come upon the stage, "Here he ascendeth t throne."

"— *I play the* TOUCH"—i. e. I act as a *touchsto* "Touch" is thus used by Spenser and by Drayton.

"*The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.*"

Several of the old English historians observe that t was an accustomed action of Richard when angry.

"*I will converse with iron-witted fools,*" etc.

After this line, all the modern editions add a sta direction, ("*Descends from his Throne,*") which is in any of the old copies, so that the author, as the te is there printed, left the dialogue to be carried on fr the throne or otherwise, as might be thought most effe tive.

"— WITTY *Buckingham*"—"Witty" was not, at t time, employed to signify a man of *fancy*, but was us for *sagacity*, *wisdom*, or *judgment;* or, as Baret defi it, "having the senses sharp, perceiving or foreseei quicklie." It is here used sneeringly.

"*The boy is* FOOLISH"—"Shakespeare has here p haps, anticipated the folly of this youth. He was this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are told by any historian that he had then exhibited a symptoms of folly. Being confined by Henry VII. i mediately after the battle of Bosworth, and his edu tion being entirely neglected, he is described by Po dore Virgil, at the time of his death, in 1499, as an idi and his account, which is copied by Hollingshed, w certainly a sufficient authority for Shakespeare's rep sentation."—MALONE.

"— *and prefer thee* FOR IT"—Here the quartos add

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, ere we sleep?
Tyr. Ye shall, my lord.

The same question had been put to Catesby by Richa at the end of the first scene of the third act. It w therefore, though very characteristic, omitted here the folio.

"BUCK. *My lord*"—From this speech down to t line, "I am not in the giving vein to-day," is not in t folio, but the quarto impressions all contain it. It difficult to account for the omission of a portion of t play so spirited and characteristic. There is only o similar omission in the later edition, while the add passages, not found in the quartos, are numerous.

"*Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke*
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation."

This passage alludes to the "Jack of the Clockhous mentioned before in RICHARD II. It was a figure ma in public clocks to strike the bell on the outside, of t same kind as those preserved till a recent period in t old church of St. Dunstan's, in Fleet-street, (Londo Richard compares Buckingham to one of these auto atons, and bids him not to suspend the stroke on t clock-bell, but strike, that the noise may be past, a himself at liberty to pursue his meditations.

SCENE III.

"— *like* TO *children*"—So in the folio. The quart have, by an evident typographical error, "like *two* ch dren;" and this prosaic reading was adopted in all t modern editions, until the Pictorial.

"— *the Bretagne Richmond*"—Richard calls his ri "Bretagne," because, after the battle of Tewkesbu he had taken refuge with the Duke of Bretagne, whom, at the instigation of Edward IV., he was kept long time in honourable custody.

"— MORTON *is fled to Richmond*"—In the quartos is called *Ely*, of which see he was bishop. Richa afterwards calls him Ely.

Scene IV.

— a dire INDUCTION"—*Preface, introduction.* Thus, ave the "Induction" in the TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret"—In this scene ake leave of Margaret of Anjou, that "she-wolf of ce," who has been almost as much the presiding enius of the last two parts of HENRY VI. as Richard his. Mrs. Jameson, who was led to a partial adop- f Malone's opinion on the three parts of HENRY VI., o much from his argument as from their appearing r to "have less of poetry and passion, and more of cessary verbiage and inflated language, than the of Shakespeare's plays," finds an additional and ial argument in the character of Queen Margaret. criticism on the style is just, but she would hardly drawn her inference from it, if she had been aware he evidence shows these to be the productions of nmature and unpractised Shakespeare, beginning to for himself and his country the historic drama. other argument, which she considers "the most usive of all to those who have studied Shakespeare own spirit," is thus stated:—"Margaret, as exhib- n these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of consider- truth, and vigour, and consistency—but she is not f Shakespeare's women. He who knew so well at true greatness of spirit consisted—who could e our respect and sympathy, even for a Lady Mac- would never have given us a heroine without a of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high- ed woman struggling unsubdued against the stran- icissitudes of fortune; meeting reverses and disas- such as would have broken the most masculine with unbroken constancy,—yet left her without le personal quality which would excite our inte- n her bravely endured misfortunes;—and this in ery face of history. He would not have given us, n of the magnanimous queen, a mere 'Amazonian with every coarser feature of depravity and fero- he would have redeemed her from unmingled de- ion; he would have breathed into her some of his sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a —(MRS. JAMESON'S *Characteristics of Women.*)

w, as we here find that, in RICHARD III., all these cteristics of Margaret are adopted and recapitu- it is clear that this argument against the character Shakespeare's, destroys itself, by proving too ; for it would prove that this play too is by some hand than his, which no one can assert, in the st mood of critical conjecture. Shakespeare might nly have given a higher and more heroic cast to aret of Anjou; but the truth evidently is, that g, partly from the intimation of the chroniclers, probably (as Courtenay suggests) from uncontra- and universally believed tradition, adopted, in f his imputed Lancasterian prejudices, this view rgaret's ferocity, cruelty, and conjugal infidelity, st have seen that he could not breathe into such onage "his own sweet spirit," any more than into il, Regan, or the Queen of CYMBELINE, and there- laced her in bold and unmitigated contrast to the irtues of the "holy Henry." The comparison of aret with Lady Macbeth suggests a deep moral which must have been in the Poet's mind, though s not embodied it in formal moral declamation. terest in Lady Macbeth is kept up in spite of her , by her unflagging and devoted attachment to sband, and their mutual and touching confidence lace in each other, even in guilt as well as in sor- Margaret has no communion with Henry's heart; corns him, and her affections roam elsewhere. ast redeeming virtue of woman being lost, Mar- has nothing left but her talent and courage; and qualities alone cannot impart the respect and thy which we continue to feel for the guilty but wife of Macbeth.

say, that right for right"—In the third scene of st act, Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. "So just is God to right the innocent." Margaret now means to say, "The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewkesbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn."

"WHEN *didst thou sleep*"—So every old edition until the folio, (1632,) which needlessly substituted *why* for "when." "When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?" means, When *before this time* didst thou sleep, etc. Queen Margaret's reply makes it clear that such is the sense of the line.

"— *makes her* PEW-FELLOW"—i. e. *Partaker* of, or *participator* in, the grief of others. The word appears to have been used metaphorically for an *equal*, a companion, or old and intimate acquaintance; as Stevens shows, in several quotations. The familiar use of this phrase indicates an earlier use of pews in churches, in England, than is commonly assigned.

"— *he is but* BOOT"—i. e. Something thrown in; given *to boot*.

"— INDEX *of a direful pageant*"—Thus in HAMLET, (act iii. scene 4:)—

—— what act
That roars so loud and thunders in the *index*.

Mr. Nares suggests that the "index" of a pageant was probably a painted cloth hung up before a booth where a pageant was to be exhibited.

"— *thy babes were* FAIRER"—The folio has *sweeter*, which does not support the antithesis of "fouler" in the next line. We, therefore, adopt the word of all the quartos.

"*The trumpet sounds*"—In the quarto, "I hear his drum." The mode of introducing Richard had been varied in the interval between 1597 and 1623.

"— *a touch of your* CONDITION"—i. e. A little of your own *disposition*, or *temper*. "Condition" had of old frequently this sense.

"— *none, but* HUMPHREY HOUR"—Stevens supposes that this is an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Duchess had been suspected. There is no mention of any thing of the kind, in the chronicles. Malone conjectures that "Humphrey Hour" is merely used as a ludicrous periphrasis for *hour*, like *Tom Troth* for *truth*, in Gabriel Harvey's Letter to Spenser. There can hardly be any allusion, as has been suggested, to the phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey," used to express those who dined upon air, or passed their hour in admiring his monument, in old St. Paul's Cathedral.

"*All* UNAVOIDED *is the doom*"—"Unavoided" is used here for *unavoidable*, say the annotators; but the words rather express "always unavoided," as a general truth.

"— FROM *thy soul*"—"From" is taken in a different sense, by Richard and by Elizabeth—he using it as "proceeding from;" she taking it as "away from."

"*Even so: how think you of it*"—Thus the folio: the quartos read, "I, even I: what think you of it, madam?" I note the difference as showing a correction, giving more cool superiority to the speaker than the more earnest words of the early copies.

"*Endur'd of her, for whom you* BID *like sorrow.*"

That is, Endur'd *by* her, for whom you *did abide* like sorrow. "Bid" (Johnson observes) is the past tense from *bide*.

"*Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.*"

The late Joseph Dennie suggested, that the true reading was thus:—

—— my reasons are too deep and dead;
Two, deep and dead, poor infants in their graves,—

as referring to the murdered princes.

"— *my dangerous* AFFAIRS"—So in the folio; the quartos, *attempts*,—which last, as it might here imply not defensive war, but hostile aggression, I take to have been changed by the author.

> "*Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,*
> *Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.*"

The passage runs thus in the quartos:—

> Without her, follows to this land and me,
> To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
> Sad desolation, ruin and decay.

"— *be not* PEEVISH"—"Peevish" is *silly*.

"*Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—*
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?"

"Richard's precipitation and confusion are in this scene very happily represented, by inconsistent orders and sudden variation of opinion."—JOHNSON.

"*My mind is chang'd*"—The quartos read, characteristically, "My mind is chang'd, sir; my mind is chang'd:" and a little after they repeat the words, "Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess." In both instances, the author's first intention may have been to express the hurry and excitement of rapid action; which, in revision, may well have seemed to him inconsistent with the cool self-possession and lofty bearing of Richard.

"— *more* COMPETITORS"—i. e. *Associates, confederates*; as in the TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, (act ii. scene 6.)

"*There is my purse*"—According to the quartos, the King says, "O! I cry you mercy, I did mistake," and does not recompense the Messenger himself; his words are, "Ratcliff, reward him for the blow I gave him." In the Messenger's speech, just before, the older editions begin with, "Your grace mistakes; the news I bring is good." This line is too familiar and dilatory, and was, I suppose, intentionally omitted on that account. The other change may have been suggested by the better stage-effect.

SCENE V.

"— *the most* DEADLY *boar*"—"This most bloody boar" is the reading of the quartos; the folio, "the most *deadly*."

> "*Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand:*
> *My letter will resolve him of my mind.*
> *Farewell.*"

"This is the literal reading of the folio, and it appears unexceptionable. The quartos read—

> Return unto my lord, commend me to him.
> Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
> He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
> These letters will resolve him of my mind.
> Farewell.

One reading or the other surely ought to be held to—the uncorrected or the corrected copy. But we have a jumble of both in the modern editions—a reading which is different from that of the Poet, in any stage of his labour."—KNIGHT.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *the* DETERMIN'D RESPITE *of my wrongs*"—i. e. The *fixed termination* of the period to which the punishment of my wrong-doing has been respited.

SCENE III.

"— *our battalia trebles that account*"—Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand: and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise.

"*Give me some ink and paper in my tent.*"

The quarto editions place this line, and three of in Richmond's last speech, before he and his of withdraw into the tent. The later editors adhe the arrangement of the folio; but Pope thought it natural that these directions should come later.

"LIMIT *each leader*"—i. e. *Assign* each leader t separate duty.

"— *keeps his* REGIMENT"—i. e. Remains with *troops under his command*—"regiment" being o used in the broad sense of command, and not, ev military use, restricted to a limited subdivision of tr Stanley's "regiment," spoken of soon after, was a of above three thousand men, which, by going over cided the battle.

"*It's supper time, my lord; it's* NINE *o'clock.*"

Thus in the folio. The earlier editions all have, *six* o'clock, full supper time." All the modern edi give it, "It's supper time, my lord; it's six o'clo This is on the authority of Stevens, who remarks "a supper, at as late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in would have been a prodigy." We know very well the supper hour of the higher classes at that pe was. Harrison tells us, (Preface to Hollingshed,) nobilitie, gentrie, and students ordinarily go to di at *eleven* before noon, and to supper at *five*, or betw five and six, at afternoone." From this reason, not doubt that the Poet wrote originally "*six* o'clo But, on revision, he saw that that hour would not a with the context. The Earls of Pembroke and Su are said to have before gone through the army at "c shut time," or twilight, which in August, in that pa England, (the battle of Bosworth Field was on Au 22, 1485,) when the sunset is after seven, would much later than the time assigned for this scene. sides, in the preceding scene, "the weary sun" ha ready "made a golden set;" and this scene, there is long after six. It seems then that the Poet, per ing that the whole conduct of this scene required a hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richa refusing to sup, altered the time to what—though the common supper-hour of domestic life—might wel that of an army, which had just encamped, after a ma The insertion of *six* confuses the time of all this act.

"*Ratcliff!*"—In the earlier editions Richard Catesby. According to the folio Richard calls Rat twice; here, and at the end of his speech,—an alt tion evidently of the author's, to increase the dram effect.

"— *Give me a* WATCH"—The verb "give," and subsequent expression "bid my guard watch," sh that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some h supposed. The "watch" is the *watch-light*. The ni candle was divided by marks, to indicate how lon had burned; each part being a regular time in cons ing. This, as it burned away, supplied the place of modern watch. A guard would be placed at the r tent, as a thing of course. Collier says, "Modern tors have addressed 'Give me a watch' to Catesby, there is no such stage-direction in any of the old copi

"*Look that my* STAVES *be sound*"—i. e. The "stav or *poles*, of the lances. It was the custom to carry m than one into the field.

"— *about* COCK-SHUT *time*"—In Ben Jonson's "Saty we have—

> Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light.

Whalley explains this expression as equivalent w twilight, and says it is derived from the name of a for woodcock, the *cockshut*, which is used in the twilig Gifford adopts the explanation, and adds, "the comm tators on Shakespeare have trifled egregiously over simple expression." Whatever be the true origin the phrase, it is given as synonymous with twilight Minshew's French and English Dictionary, (1617,)

ar contemporary authorities. As to its derivation, ht doubts whether a common epithet is thus formed a technical word, and thinks "cock-shut time" is l to *cock-roost* time—the hour at which the cock to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by allel image be "cock-shut."

– *mortal-staring war*"—i. e. War that looks death; s fatality on its victims.

– PEISE *me down*"—i. e. *Weigh* me down—a word, gh then antiquated, still used by the poets.

The Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry"—The for this scene is furnished by Hall or Hollingshed, copy from Polydore Virgil:—"It seemed to him, asleepe, that he saw diverse ymages like terrible les, which pulled and haled him, not sufferynge to take any quiet or reste. The which strange n not so sodaynely strake his heart with a sodayne , but it stuffed his head with many busy and dread- naginations. And least that it might be suspected he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared s familiar friends of the morning his wonderfull n and feareful dreame." The Legend of King rd III. in the "Mirror for Magistrates," and Dray- in the twenty-second Song of his "Polyolbion," passages founded upon Shakespeare's description.

– ENTERS *between the two Tents*"—In the old s, quarto and folio, the ghosts are said to "enter;" gh Collier, the best authority as to the old English , informs us that at that date there were trap-doors e stage, by which spirits and fiends sometimes as- ed. All the modern editors, without authority, the ghosts severally rise, according to the custom e stage, which I believe the reform of Macready ere altered to the old mode.

– FULSOME *wine*"—The epithet seems used in the of *thick*, or *unctuous*, as referring to the luscious t wine, Malmsey, in which tradition reported Cla- to have been immersed.

Think on lord Hastings. Despair, and die."
llier alone, of the modern editors, gives this line y. The rest have thrust *and* into the line, without ightest authority; as if to amend the verse, when nk on lord Hastings; *and* despair, and die," is infi- less forcible than the old text, which corresponds the conclusions of previous speeches.

et us be LEAD *within thy bosom*"—The folio and quartos read, "Let us be *laid*," etc.: but the con- hows that *lead* was the original word, subsequently inted.

died for hope"—Buckingham's hope of aiding mond induced him to take up arms; he lost his life nsequence, and therefore may be said to have died ope—hope being the cause which led to that event.

"*Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.*"
here is in this, as in many of the Poet's speeches ssion, something very trifling, and something very ng. Richard's debate, whether he should quarrel himself, is too long continued; but the subsequent eration of his crimes is truly tragical."—JOHNSON.

No doubt, my lord"—This answer by Ratcliff, and preceding speech by Richard, are wanting in the All the editors restore them from the prior old ns, but it may be doubted whether the author did esignedly omit them;—the dialogue proceeding as without them, perhaps with more effect.

He advances to the Troops"]—"His oration to his rs" is placed, as a title, before this speech, in all ld copies.

– QUIT *it in your age*"—i. e. *Quite* or *requite* it— n of the word in very frequent use.

"*God, and Saint George!*"—"Saint George!" was the cry of the English soldiers when they charged. The author of the "Arte of Warre," printed in Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins its use:—"Item, that all soldiers entering into battle assault, skirmish, or other faction of arms, shall have for their common cry and word, 'Saint George, forward!' or 'Upon them, Saint George!' whereby the soldier is much comforted, and the enemy dismayed, by calling to mind the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious."

"*He should have* BRAV'D *the east*"—Stevens explains "brave" here "to make splendid, or adorn;" as was certainly a common use of the word, as *braverg* was for *decoration*, splendid *attire*. Singer thus offers another sense:—"The common signification of the old verb *to brave*, was not what Stevens states it to be—'to *challenge*, or *set at defiance*;'—but 'to *look aloft*, and *go gaily*, desiring to have the preëminence.' This is old Baret's definition, which explains the text better than Mr. Stevens has done." I do not, however, see how "going gaily," or "looking aloft," can be the sense here, as the words stand. It would then be, "*in* the east." I must agree with the first explanation.

"—*be not* so *bold*"—The early copies, together with the folio, (1623,) have, "be not *so* bold;") but the quarto of 1634 reads, "be not *too* bold," which agrees with the words in Hall and Hollingshed. All editors, except Knight, alter the Poet's word to that of the chroniclers.

"*And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,*
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost," etc.

Thus Hollingshed:—"You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and runagates, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise. And to begin with the Earl of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welsh milksop, brought up by *my moother's* means and mine, like a captive in a close cage in the court of Francis duke of Britaine."—(p. 756.) Hollingshed copied this *verbatim* from Hall, (edit. 154[illegible]; fol. 54;) but his printer has given us by accident the word *moother* instead of *brother*, as it is in the original, and ought to be in SHAKESPEARE. In the first edition of Hollingshed, the word is rightly printed *brother;* so that this circumstance not only shows that the Poet follows Hollingshed, but points out the edition used by him.

"*Spur your proud horses hard*"—Richard alternately addresses the mounted "gentlemen" and the yeomen archers on foot, to whom the line before is addressed.

"—*the enemy is pass'd the marsh*"—There was a large marsh in Bosworth-plain, between the two armies. Henry passed it, and made such a disposition of his forces that it served to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained also another point, that his men should engage with the sun behind them and in the faces of their enemies: a matter of great consequence when bows and arrows were in use.

SCENE IV.

"*I think there be six Richmonds in the field;*
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—"

The Poet had here more than mere dramatic effect to excuse his making the tyrant fall by Richmond's hand. It is stated by the chroniclers that Richard was determined to engage with Richmond, if possible, in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard-bearer, (Sir William Brandon,) and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew. Having thus cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious: but at that instant Sir William Stanley joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces

fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell fighting bravely to the last moment.

"— *They fight*"—According to the old stage-direction Richard was killed before the audience. I restore the old direction, as the author's intention, instead of which the popular editions give us *and exeunt fighting*.

The following is Hall's narrative of the battle of Bosworth Field:—"In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream."

The plan of the battle is minutely detailed in the narratives; and Shakespeare has availed himself, with wonderful accuracy and spirit, of the circumstances attending the disposition of the field.

According to the usual practice of the chroniclers, they give long orations, by the respective leaders, previous to the battle being joined. Shakespeare has availed himself of some of the most prominent parts of these apparently fictitious compositions. The legend of "Jocky of Norfolk" is told thus by Hall:—"Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate—

> Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold.
> For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."

The battle and the victory are thus described by Hall:—"He had scantly finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves! ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the Earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left str
ing, and not against the wills of many, which had lie
had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore th
fought very faintly, or stood still. The Earl of Oxfo
bringing all his band together on the one part, set on
enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving th
placed their men slender and thin before, and th
and broad behind, beginning again hardily the batt
While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each
tending to vanquish and convince the other, King Ri
ard was admonished by his explorators and espials t
the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small nu
ber of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approach
and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his p
sonage by certain demonstrations and tokens which
had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed w
ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his sp
to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of
battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like
hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. T
Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiou
coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope
his wealth and purpose was to be determined by batt
he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to bo
and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply
the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard a
slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, (whi
was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry
Eighth created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand
hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force a
strength, which would have resisted him, and the s
John was by him manfully overthrown; and so
making open passage by dint of sword as he went f
ward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence a
kept him at the sword's point without advantage long
than his companions other thought or judged; whi
being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly
comforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to s
cours with three thousand tall men, at which very
stant King Richard's men were driven back and fl
and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of
enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he w
thily had deserved."

Schlegel remarks, on the character of Richard—"
first speeches lead us already to form the most un
vourable prognostications respecting him: he lowe
obliquely like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, whi
gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pou
out the elements of devastation with which it is charg
when it hangs over the heads of mortals." "The oth
characters of the drama are of too secondary a natu
to excite a powerful sympathy; but in the back-grou
the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of t
past, who calls forth the curse on the future: eve
calamity which her enemies draw down on each oth
is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other fema
voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations a
imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather t
demon, of the whole tragedy, and fulfils the promi
which he formerly made to

> —— set the murderous Machiavel to school.

"Besides the uniform aversion with which he inspir
us, he occupies us in the greatest variety of ways,
his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudenc
his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valo
He fights at last against Richmond like a desperat
and dies the honourable death of the hero on the field
battle."—But Shakespeare has satisfied our moral fe
ings:—"He shows us Richard in his last moments
ready branded with the stamp of reprobation. We s
Richard and Richmond on the night before battle slee
ing in their tents; the spirits of those murdered by t
tyrant, ascend in succession, and pour out their curs
against him, and their blessings on his adversary. The
apparitions are, properly, merely the dreams of th
two generals made visible. It is no doubt contrary

ble probability, that their tents should only be sep-
d by so small a space; but Shakespeare could
n on poetical spectators, who were ready to take
readth of the stage for the distance between the
camps, if, by such a favour, they were to be re-
ensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this
of spectres, and the soliloquy of Richard on his
ing."

N RICHARD III., (1593) Shakespeare put forth a
r of terrific delineation, which with the exception
e death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort in the second
of HENRY VI., he had never before displayed.
tragedy forms an epoch in the history of our Poet,
n that of dramatic poetry. In his preceding dra-
he showed rather the suppleness than the knotted
gth of his genius; but in the subtle cunning, the
anding courage, the lofty pride and ambition, the
rselessness of the third Richard, and in the whole
ne depravity of his character, he reminds us of the
ium passed by Fuseli on Michael Angelo, who
that Michael 'could stamp sublimity on the hump
dwarf.' So complete was this picture of human
that Milton, in seeking for a guilty hero, was
ed to descend to the nether regions.
t belongs to our historical rather than our dramatic
sity, to inquire whether Shakespeare was justified
e facts of history, to describe Richard III. quite so
ly. Every one may have heard of the old Count-
Desmond's testimony, that Richard was a hand-
man, and only second in appearance to his brother
rd IV., in the ball room, in which she danced
the former. Her declaration certainly proves that
uld not have been a notoriously deformed man;
ill I think there are proofs that he had one shoul-
igher than the other,—a defect, which, if he was
wise personable, as he probably was, he might
well concealed by his dress; and to a girl of nine-
or twenty he might have easily appeared a hand-
man. As to his true moral character, I know not
to say; Horace Walpole's 'Doubts,' I think, are
selves subject to doubts. I remember being in
y Lane, when Kean played Richard III., and I had
elicity to sit in the same box with Madame de
and Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James gave us a
discourse on the utterly absurd traditions respect-
ichard III.'s crimes and cruelties. He was at that
a thorough believer in the doubts of Horace Wal-
But when Sir James Mackintosh's History of
nd appeared, I looked in vain for a reassertion of
me scepticism respecting Richard's guilt; on the
ary, he seems to confess it. For my own part, I
that Richard was infamously abused after his
, by the Lancasterians, and afterwards by the
rs; neither do I believe that he was a hunch-back;
till I have my suspicions both as to the perfect
ity of his shoulders, and the perfect morality of his
ict.
he wretched taste of the public for many years
cted this sublime drama. In the days of Better-
ll the powers of that great actor could not give
popularity to RICHARD III. Cibber at last brought
the stage in a patched state, containing a portion
e original play, but mixed up with matter from
Shakespearian plays; and, strange to say, eked
ith some of Cibber's own stuff. Yet with all this
Cibber's edition of 'Richard III.' kept possession
e stage for one hundred and twenty years. In
when Garrick came out at Goodman's Fields, his
ance of the line, 'Off with his head! so much for
ingham!' drew thunders of applause, and these
s set the first seal on Garrick's popularity. That
nevertheless, was not Shakespeare's, but Cibber's.
have not before me Cibber's misadaptation to the
of 'Richard III.;' but only that of John Kemble,
fear that Kemble did little to restore the original;
it is certain that he did nothing material. The
ey called 'Richard III.,' till lately acted on our
ls, commences with Richard III. stabbing Henry

VI. with his own hand. This might be well enough for the third part of HENRY VI., but it had no right to a place in the tragedy of RICHARD III. Shakespeare's object in the latter piece was to produce from Richard's character an impression of terror, not of disgust; and the Poet, therefore, exhibits on the stage none of the murders occasioned by Richard, except that of Clarence, whose previous guilt mitigates our anger at his fate, although he moves our pity. Clarence's dream, a piece of poetry which Charles Fox justly compared to the death-scene of Alcestis, in Euripides, is omitted in Kemble's edition of this drama. The complaint was, that Shakespeare's play was too long, and the remedy to which they resorted was to thrust in interpolations." CAMPBELL.

Coleridge directs that this play should be "contrasted with RICHARD II. Pride of intellect is the characteristic of Richard, carried to the extent of even boasting to his own mind of his villainy, while others are present to feed his pride of superiority. Shakespeare here, as in all his great parts, developes in a tone of sublime morality the consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being. In Richard there is a predominance of irony, accompanied with apparently blunt manners to those immediately about him, but prolonged into a more set hypocrisy towards the people as represented by their magistrates."

The criticism of the German critic, Ulrici, is as usual refined to the very verge of ingenious paradox, while, at the same time, it contains original and impressive views of high import. After stating his critical objection to the play as a work of dramatic art, that Richard stands absolutely alone in the drama, and that the inferiority and feebleness of all the other personages destroys that mutual action and reaction, so powerful in real life, and so necessary to dramatic vividness, he thus proceeds to a higher tone of moral speculation:—

"But it should be remembered, that immobility and sameness, unnatural heaping of all the weights into one scale,—want of organic interaction and co-operation between the body and the several parts, and consequently the greatest corruption in the political organization of society, constitute the very character of that form of tyranny in which an age of sufferings necessarily closes. But now the elucidation of the essence of *tyranny* is the *historical* import of the present drama, and the *poetical* element of the ground-idea is in this, as in all others of Shakespeare's pieces, with singular tact associated with it. Therefore, it is not to be denied, that this artistic defect was the price with which the Poet was forced to purchase the opportunity of depicting the ground-idea of his piece with greater force, depth, and truth. Tyranny is the historical phase of selfishness, and, consequently, of evil, in its highest possible consummation. A single *ego* arrogates to himself the power of the collective mind and energy; an individual, in spite of his finiteness, makes himself a whole nation; indeed humanity itself, and its supreme ruling power. This is the interpretation of Richard's words, 'I am myself alone,' with which the tyrant from his birth announces himself, and which reveals also his perfect consciousness of his true nature. Richard knows himself to be a tyrant; he *knows* himself and is *willing* to be a despot. This trait in his poetical character was necessary, since it is inconsistent with the Christian view to represent an individual as a *mere* machine in the hands of a superior and constraining power. This truth is at once the reason and the justification of the reflections which Richard makes upon himself and his own circumstances, in the many soliloquies which have been so frequently censured as unnatural. They are a necessary part of the character of a tyrant in Christian times; they are but the true utterance of his clear internal convictions, and Richard must speak with himself, since in his terrible isolation he has none else with whom he can hold communion." * * * * * *

"The family of Henry the Sixth is utterly extinct;

of the House of York none survive but the childless Richard, and a daughter of Edward the Fourth who is to form the link of union between the old and the new times. Thus must it ever be. The avenger—the founder of a new era—must come of a different blood; but at the same time he must form a true intermedium between the past and the future, and must furnish a real appeasing of history. Such was the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry the Seventh, and the husband of Elizabeth of York, the daughter of Edward, of the house of Lancaster, (Gaunt,) but not by descent from Henry the Fourth. He appears a pious harmless youth, and by no means a highly-gifted or eminent character. For an age so morally corrupt was unable to offer any opposition to the tyranny of Richard, much less to provide a deliverer *from within itself*. The true deliverer was *God*. It is as his captain that Richmond accounts himself,—it is not in himself, in his forces, or in circumstances that he places his hope; the conviction that he is but working the will of God, alone gives him energy for his enterprise. He is the man whom God has sent, and of whom the age stands in need; who alone is justified in acting as he does: it is God's arm that strengthens and protects him. With wonderful judgment has the Poet indicated all this by the unequalled scene of the fifth act, where the ghosts of the members of the royal family whom Richard had murdered rise one by one. As already observed, such ghostly apparitions belong not properly to the historic drama; history itself knows nothing of such things. The Poet, it is true, represents them but as the vivid visionary shapes which issue from the troubled conscience in one case, and of the pure consciousness on the other, but still in both cases he regards them as voices from God to encourage the innocent and to shake the resolution of the guilty. They therefore possess a perfect poetic reality, and it is no excuse for the Poet to urge that it is but as a dream that he has introduced them. However, the true poet has alway a good reason for his irregularities, and in the present case his excuse is obvious. The Poet does not paint history with the accuracy of a portrait—he also *invents* it; his invention, however, is but the very kernel and essence of history, which never attains to actual and *immediate* manifestation, even because its inmost heart is wrapped in the infinity of the divine ruler of the world. It is therefore necessary to show forth explicitly in the drama, what in history *appears* mediately and implicitly, being concealed beneath the very results to which it gives rise. This apparent offence, therefore, against history—by its application it ceases to be such—is made use of by the Poet for the clear realization of his leading idea, which has nothing less for its subject-matter than the elucidation of the true relation of history to God; or, in other words, the truths that God alone can restore sinful man, and that the penalty which his strict unyielding justice inflicts, is at the same time the proof of his protecting love. The history of the world, in short, is the *gracious* dispensation of this love and mercy, or, as the same idea is expressed by Henry, a little before he sees the spirits—

> O thou! whose captain I account myself,
> Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
> Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
> That they may crush down with a heavy fall,
> Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries.
> Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
> That we may praise thee in thy victory!"

That his prayer is heard he is assured by the spirits, whose speech concludes with the words:—

> God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
> And Richard fall in height of all his pride!"

Mr. Collier gives the following account of the dramas on this subject preceding Shakespeare's, which shows conclusively that the idea thrown out by some of the commentators, that he used them as the groundwork of his own tragedy, is quite unfounded:—

"It is certain that there was an historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III. anteri to that of Shakespeare. T. Warton quoted Harrir ton's 'Apologie for Poetry,' prefixed to his translati of Ariosto in 1591, respecting a tragedy of 'Richa the Third,' acted at St. John's, Cambridge, which wo 'have moved Phalaris, the tyrant, and terrified all ty annous-minded men;' and Heywood's 'Apology for A tors,' (1612,) repeats the words of Harrington. Bo those authors referred to a Latin drama on the story Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Ca bridge before 1583. Stevens followed up his quotati from Heywood by the copy of an entry in the Static ers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an En lish play on the same subject. When Stevens wro it was not known that such a drama had ever be printed; but in 1821 Boswell reprinted a large fragme A perfect copy of this rare play is in the collection the Duke of Devonshire, with the following title-page:

"'The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Where is showne the death of Edward the fourth, with t smothering of the two young Princes in the Towe With a lamentable ende of Shore's wife, an examp for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction a ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York As it was played by the Queenes Maiesties Playe London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be s by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Mark neare Christ Church door. 1594.'

"The piece, as a literary composition, deserves lit remark; but as a drama it possesses several pecul features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of t kind, and was evidently written several years before came from Creede's press. It opens with a singu dialogue between Truth and Poetry:—

> *Poetrie.* Truth, well met.
> *Truth.* Thankes, Poetrie: what makes thou upon a stage?
> *Poet.* Shadowes.
> *Truth.* Then, will I adde bodies to the shadowes.
> Therefore depart, and give Truth leave
> To show her pageant.
> *Poet.* Why, will Truth be a Player?
> *Truth.* No; but Tragedia like for to present
> A Tragedie in England done but late,
> That will revive the hearts of drooping mindes.
> *Poet.* Whereof?
> *Truth.* Marry, thus.

"Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument the play; but before the Induction begins, the gh of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the sta delivering two lines as he went, which we give p cisely as in the original copy now before us:—

> *Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,*
> *Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta!*

"The drama itself opens with a scene represent the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is then forward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, w a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by charact imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife pl a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish w the battle of Bosworth Field, but is carried on sub quently, although the plot is clearly at an end. T conclusion is as remarkable as the commenceme After the death of Richard, Report (a personificati like some of those in the old Moralities) enters, a holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audien of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long sce between Richmond, the Queen mother, Princess Eli beth, etc., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with t personages of the play, detail the succession of eve and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the cession of Elizabeth. The Queen mother then com forward, and pronounces a panegyric upon Elizabe ending thus:—

> For which, if ere her life be tane away,
> God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye;
> For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
> Your hope is gone on whom did peace depend.

"As in this epilogue no allusion is made to the Spa ish Armada, though other public events of less pro nence are touched upon, we may infer that the dra was written before 1588.

The style in which it is composed deserves observa-
it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse,
as was penned before Marlowe had introduced
mprovements, and Shakespeare had adopted and
nced them,) partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets,
tanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre,
h seems to have been popular even before prose
employed upon our stage. In every point of view
ay be asserted, that few more curious dramatic
exist in our language. It is the most ancient
ed specimen of composition for a public theatre, of
h the subject was derived from English history.
Boswell asserts that the 'True Tragedy of Richard
Third' had 'evidently been used and read by Shake-
e;' but we cannot trace any resemblances, but such
ere probably purely accidental, and are merely
l. Two persons could hardly take up the same
d of our annals, as the groundwork of a drama,
ut some coincidences; but there is no point, either
e conduct of the plot or in the language in which it
thed, where our great dramatist does not show his
ureless superiority. The portion of the story in
h the two plays make the nearest approach to each
, is just before the murder of the princes, where
rd strangely takes a page into his confidence re-
ing the fittest agent for the purpose.
n the 'Memoirs of Edward Alleyn,' it is shown
Henslowe's company, subsequent to 1599, was
r in possession of a play upon the story of Richard
or that some of the poets he employed were en-
l upon such a drama. From the sketch of five
s, there inserted, we may judge that it was a dis-
performance from the 'True Tragedy of Richard
Third.' By an entry in Henslowe's Diary, dated
June, 1602, we learn that Ben Jonson received 10*l.*
rnest of a play called 'Richard Crookback,' and
rtain additions he was to make to Kyd's 'Spanish
edy.' Considering the success of Shakespeare's
ARD III., and the active contention, at certain pe-
, between the company to which Shakespeare be-
d, and that under the management of Henslowe,
y be looked upon as singular, that the latter should
been without a drama on that portion of English
y until after 1599; and it is certainly not less sin-
, that as late as 1602 Ben Jonson should have been
pied in writing a new play upon the subject. Pos-
, about that date Shakespeare's RICHARD III. had
revived with the additions; and hence the employ-
of Jonson on a rival drama, and the publication of
hird edition of Shakespeare's tragedy after an in-
l of four years."

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may be added that, as the unhorsing of Richard is
ary to the old historical account, his well-known
n his last battle-field, so popular on the stage, and
h has been reëchoed by succeeding dramatists,—
horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—is to
aced to this rude old play, where it is thus given:—

The Battle enters, Richard wounded with his Page.

g. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse!
re. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.
g. Fly, villain! Look I as though I would fly?—No! first
etc. $

ssibly, too, the substitution of the ghost-scene, in
of Richard's dream of devils, related by Hall,
t have been suggested by one of the lines in Richard's
peech before the battle, in the old play; and as this
e most elaborated speech it contains, it is here ex-
ed:—

ng. The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
daily cares, the nightly dreams,
wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
horror of my bloody practice past,
es such a terror to my wounded conscience,
, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
inks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
m I have slain in reaching for a crown.
ence complains and crieth for revenge;
ephews' bloods, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
headless peers come pressing for revenge;
every one cries, Let the tyrant die.

The sun by day shines hotly for revenge;
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge:
The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge;
The planets change their courses for revenge;
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge;
The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge;
The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge;
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge;
And all, yea, all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge:
But to conclude, I have deserv'd revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend;
Being alone, I dread the secret foe;
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein;
My bed is uncoth, rest refrains my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be
Than thousand deaths unto a damned death!
How! was't death, I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.
But you, villains, rebels, traitors as you are,
How came the foe in, pressing so near?
Where, where slept the garrison that should 'a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyalty quite laid a-bed.
Then vengeance, mischief, horror with mischance,
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betray'd your prince by your untruth!

To such a performance, it is evident Shakespeare's Richard could have owed little beyond such straggling hints. Knight justly remarks:—"There is not a trace in the elder play of the *character* of Shakespeare's Richard: in that play he is a coarse ruffian only—an unintellectual villain. The author has not even had the skill to copy the dramatic narrative of Sir Thomas More in the scene of the arrest of Hastings. It is sufficient for him to make Richard display the brute force of the tyrant. The affected complacency, the mock passion, the bitter sarcasm of the Richard of the historian, were left for Shakespeare to imitate and improve."

The purely historical materials are wholly drawn, as before stated, from Sir Thomas More's (afterwards the celebrated Chancellor) "History of Edward the Fifth," and "Richard the Third," as they were embodied, in full, in the chronicles both of Hall and Hollingshed; the latter part of Richard's reign, which was unfinished in the manuscript, being supplied in them from other sources.

The comparison of these historical narratives with the incidents and characters as Shakespeare has dramatized them, presents two distinct questions for the consideration of the critical student of SHAKESPEARE. The first is the long-contested question, how far is the Richard of More, of Hall, and of Shakespeare, to be received as the authentic representation of the real Richard? Another point, which has attracted much less attention, is how much of the Poet's own original mind has been infused into the character and narrative that he adopted,—whether he has merely given dramatic life to his chronicle narrative, as in HENRY V.; or whether, as in HENRY IV., he has restamped its persons and incidents with his own original conceptions? We have but brief space to consider either of these questions, the first of which has alone filled volumes.

More's narrative comes down to us with the highest authority that almost contemporary history can have, from the author's talents, integrity, and means of information. He was born under Richard III.; his father was a judge of the King's bench, in the next reign; and he was brought up in the family of Archbishop Morton, a living actor in all the scenes of Richard's reign, and who is known to the dramatic reader as Shakespeare's Bishop of Ely, and the "Morton who is fled to Richmond." More's narrative was some time after adopted, in full, by Hall, in his Chronicle; and Hall was not an ordinary compiler, but a barrister, and a member of parliament, who lived near enough to the times to have access to the best living sources of information, when many actors and more witnesses of those scenes were still surviving. The adoption of the same general view of the history and the character of Richard, by Hollingshed, Stowe, Lord Bacon, and, we may add, by Shakespeare, a generation or two later, shows at least that

that view accorded with the tradition of the events of the civil wars, which being in the middle ages associated with family and local recollections, monuments, buildings, armour, etc., is in itself of no slight weight. Nay, the abhorrence of Richard seems to have been so universal, that there is no trace of his having left any remnant of partisans,—any lingering friends. While Byron and Napoleon could find reason to doubt whether the crimes of Nero had not been exaggerated, or mixed with better qualities, because after his fall and death there were found former friends to strew his grave with flowers, in defiance of danger and denunciation; there was no faithful hand, of those who had once served Richard, to wipe off the stains from the escutcheon of the last of the royal Plantagenets.

In the universal opinion of his own and of the next two or three generations, Richard was undoubtedly identified with the cruel uncle of the "Babes in the Wood," the most popular and touching ballad of our traditionary literature, which Turner and our best English antiquarians agree had its origin in, and was a disguised recital of Richard's treatment of his two nephews. It has been thought that all this is sufficiently accounted for by the policy of Henry VII. and the succeeding Tudors, whose interest it was to blacken the memory of the last of the preceding dynasty. It may be so; but it is remarkable that the first defence of Richard's memory came from the court. This was by Sir George Buck, in his "History of Richard III." He was Master of the Revels under James I., and was the official licenser and inspector of the stage, during the last years of Shakespeare. His book was not published until 1646. In this book, says Buck's contemporary, Fuller, (himself among the best authorities of old English history,) "he eveneth Richard's shoulders, smootheth his back, planeth his teeth, maketh him in all points a comely and beautiful person. Nor stoppeth he here, but proceeding from his naturals to his morals, maketh him as virtuous as handsome; concealing most, denying some, defending others of his foulest facts, wherewith in all ages since he standeth charged on record. For mine own part, I confess it no heresy to maintain a paradox in history; nor am I such an enemy to wit as not to allow it leave harmlessly to disport itself for its own content, and the delight of others. But when men do it cordially, in sober sadness, to pervert people's judgments, and therein go against all received records, I say singularity is the least fault that can be laid to such men's charges. Besides, there are some birds (sea-pies by name) who cannot rise except it be by flying against the wind, as some hope to achieve their advancement by being contrary and paradoxical to all before them."—(FULLER's *Church History of Britain*, book iv.)

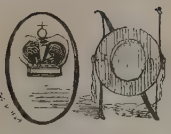
Buck's work was preserved from oblivion by being reprinted, in the next century, in Kennet's collection of English history, and by his authority being adopted partially by Carter, in his history of England. But as Smollet and Hume adhered to the old authorities, it made no impression on the general opinion. About eighty years ago this theory was revived by Horace Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts," where Buck's arguments are reproduced, and others added, with all the grace, acuteness, and ingenuity that characterize all Walpole's writings. Since that time, a more accurate examination of contemporary authorities, many of them unknown to former historians, has given the best grounds to believe that there was much exaggeration in imputing to Richard's own personal agency many of the crimes of his party as the deaths of Henry VI. and his son Edward, a that of Clarence. Sharon Turner, in his laborious a impartial history, is led by these considerations to reje almost all of Richard's imputed crimes, except the d position and murder of his nephews, which he is co strained to admit.

Still later, (1841,) a female historian, Caroline Halsted, has published a very interesting and ingenio work on "Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and Ki of England," with the avowed design of "weeding fr the pages of history the fabulous tales which have be long associated with his memory," and of "rescuing character as a prince from those unjust charges whi alone derogate from the acknowledged superiority his regal career."

I cannot enter further into the discussion of this co troversy, and can only express my decided opinion th while it is very probable that Richard was charged w the guilt of several crimes which he was too wise commit where he had no reasonable motive of polic yet the general traditional detestation of his memo in the three or four succeeding generations, while t memory of the civil wars was still fresh, is so well certained, as to be conclusive that the older historic accounts of him are substantially true.

On the second inquiry, which regards only t degree of dramatic invention to be ascribed to t Poet, in this brilliant delineation of the most splen theatrical villain of any stage, the decision is more vious, and may be stated in few words. More h given the dramatist nearly all his incidents, and ma of those minor details of Richard's person, manner, a character, which give life and individuality to his p trait. He, and the subsequent chroniclers who bu upon his work, had shown Richard as a bold, ab ambitious, bad man—they had described him as m cious, deceitful, envious, and cruel. The Poet has ma the usurper a nobler and loftier spirit than the historia had done, while he deepened every dark shadow guilt they had gathered around his mind or his ac The mere animal courage of the soldier he has rais into a kindling and animated spirit of daring; he h brought out his wit, his resource, his talent, his mounti ambition, far more vividly than prior history had e hibited them. His deeds of blood are made to appe not as in the Tudor chronicles, as prompted by gratuito ferocity or envious malignity, but as the means employ by selfish ambition for its own ends, careless of t misery which it inflicts, or the moral obligations which it tramples. The Richard of Shakespeare h no communion with his kind—he feels himself at on aloof from others and above them—he is "himse alone;" and he therefore neither partakes in the hatre nor the love or pity, of "men like one another." A cordingly, every thing that gives the poetic cast a dramatic life and spirit to the character,—every thi that elevates Richard above the cruel, artful, co blooded tyrant of the old historians—all that mingle sort of admiring interest with our abhorrence of hi and invests the deformity of his nature with a terrib majesty,—is the Poet's own conception; and he p duces these effects not by the invention of new incide but by the pervading spirit with which he has animat the language and sentiments, and the vivid colouri he has thus thrown over the old historical represen tion.

King Henry VIII.



King Henry

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

STATE AND HISTORY OF THE TEXT—INTERVAL BETWEEN HENRY VIII. AND THE PREVIOUS ENGLISH HISTORICAL DRAMAS—ITS STYLE, VERSIFICATION, ETC.—OPINIONS OF COMMENTATORS ON THE PRECISE DATE OF ITS PRODUCTION, ETC.

THIS play is first found in the folio collection of 1623, where it appears as the last in the division of "Histories," with the title of "The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight." No trace of any prior separate division has been discovered, and the reprints of the folio offer no variations from the first text. The aid of an earlier arate edition, so useful in some of the plays, and so desirable in others, is here missed only from the light night throw upon the internal literary history of the drama, its precise date of composition, and the alter-ns and additions, if any, that it may have received from its author. Otherwise we may well be contented h the single old edition, as it appears to have been printed from a carefully made copy, and evidently one that been prepared for theatrical use, as is shown by the elaborate minuteness of the stage-directions. Although re are some ten or twelve errors of the press or the manuscript, and several of them of difficult solution, yet e are not such as seriously to affect the sense or the poetic expression of the passages, where they occur, or nake us very solicitous in the choice between the several conjectural emendations that have been suggested. modern reprints, however, have been very generally deformed (as Mr. Knight first pointed out) by more nt verbal errors, which have been transferred from one edition to another. Thus, in the song in the third act, passage, which in the old copies stands thus—

> To his music, plants and flowers
> Ever spring; as sun and showers
> There had *made* a lasting spring,—

invariably printed, in the modern editions, until corrected in the Pictorial—

> There had *been* a lasting spring.

careful collation of Messrs. Knight and Collier, in their respective editions, has enabled the present editor to d those errors. In the correction of the older misprints or obscurities, he has followed his own judgment, ing as little as possible from the original edition, but differing often from one or other, and once or twice n all of his predecessors.

Ve have had occasion to show that Shakespeare's several English "Histories" did not correspond, in the order omposition, with the chronological succession. But HENRY VIII., as it closes the historical scenes, was as ainly written the last of them. All the indications of style and thought concur with external proof to show there was a considerable interval between its production and the latest of the other English histories. The cs differ a good deal as to the precise period of its first representation; but taking the earliest date assigned, ut 1602,) that interval was the period of the most rapid development of the peculiarities as well as of the er of Shakespeare's genius—being marked by the production of two or three of his most brilliant comedies, rell as of OTHELLO, and of the enlargement and improvement of HAMLET, from a mere drama of scenic inte- and effect, to a tragedy of high poetry and philosophy. In my own view, HENRY VIII. manifests itself to be still later date, and to have been written in later years, when the great Poet's genius, prolific as ever, was nclined to repose alike from the merriment of his youthful comedies, and the stern meditation or the wild ion of MACBETH and LEAR—to portray man more in his social and political relations, or to moralize his scene calmer contemplation,—in short, in the epoch of the TEMPEST, and the Roman tragedies.

he subject was, probably enough, primarily selected as a suitable vehicle for theatrical pomp, at some period n the popular taste happened to demand that sort of gratification. But it also afforded a proper sequel to the eding scenes of "Histories," as exhibiting England in a state of peace, its chiefs and rulers assuming habits manners widely differing from the Warwicks and Hotspurs of the preceding generations, and the fluctuations olitical fortune, the rise and downfall of the great, produced by quite other causes than warlike resolution. here was no pervading interest to give a tragic unity to the piece, the author is contented to paint the vicissi- s of fortune in Henry's court, as history had given him the outline, and as his own observation of similar char- rs and occurrences enabled him to fill up that outline with life and truth. Thus this drama naturally approxi- es to grave ethical comedy, and, though it presents scenes of pathos and of death, it may yet be designated as gh historical comedy, just as in RICHARD III. we find the historical tragedy, and in HENRY IV. the historical -comedy. Its interest as well as its ethical teaching are such as would naturally occur to an author who had ed long upon political changes and cabals, such as an observer might have watched, in the days of Leicester, Essex, and Raleigh. Although all the characters are given with spirit and life-like effect, yet as Henry could

not be made a hero, and would not be allowed to be exhibited as the hateful tyrant of the drama, the interest
well as the moral lesson of the whole consists in the varying, yet always purifying and elevating effects of overwhel
ing misfortune, upon widely different characters—upon Buckingham, honest, brave, and accomplished, but haugh
and insolent, with all the faults of such a character brought out by high station,—upon Wolsey, a man of tale
and learning, who has risen by base arts, and used power selfishly and arrogantly,—upon Katharine, gentle a
true-hearted, in her prosperity sympathizing with the wrongs of the humble, and bold in indignation against t
powerful wrong-doer. The proud noble and the ambitious priest are both of them made wiser and better
affliction, while the virtues of Katharine are raised, by the same purifying process, into a saintly holiness and el
vation. Scarcely any play of Shakespeare's contains so many passages and expressions, which have becon
familiar to every reader, as occur in these scenes. The rest of the play is of feebler interest, and is read as
graphic display of the habits and manners of the times; but it derives its main value from being the necessary fra
to the three exquisite cabinet pictures of the falls of Buckingham, of Wolsey, and of Katharine.

The language, far less bold and hazardous than the great tragedies in efforts to crowd a mass of thought in
the briefest and most burning words, yet so far partakes of that character as to indicate that this play belongs
the same or a later period, and not to that of the author's earlier style. It is singularly elliptical, so as oft
to suggest the general sense clearly, while the precise construction of the sentence is perplexing. Its peculiariti
of versification have also been often remarked, as carefully avoiding the pause at the end of lines, and overflo
ing the regular rhythm with added syllables,—not as in other plays, in a single line or two, here and there, b
in long passages, and apparently on some system. The explanation of this peculiarity has been given, with adm
rable taste and acuteness, by a critic in the Pictorial edition, whose own words it would be unjust not to extract:-

"The Roman plays, decidedly among the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versificati
which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the HENRY VIII. this freedom is carried muc
further. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them wi
the slightest pause at the end of each line:—the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect
measured prose than of blank-verse. As an example of what we mean, we will write a sentence of fourteen lin
as if it had been printed as prose:—

Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gla
ded in 't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me ma
a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now prese
here together; that 's say, I meant to rectify my conscience.—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the revere
fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd.

"If the reader will turn to the passage, (act ii. scene 4,) he will see that many of the lines end with particle
and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointe
out with this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson 'tampered' with the versification. We hold th
notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakespeare's which has a more decided character
unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakespeare worked
this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of th
scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the license of versification, brought the dialogue, whenev
the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, th
HENRY VIII. is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a 'truth.' It belongs to his ow
country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and th
versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality."

It has been above mentioned that different opinions have been maintained by the commentators, as to the pr
cise date of the first production of this play. There are three classes of opinions on this point, and this controvers
includes another collateral question, as to the theory maintained by Stevens, Malone, and others, that the prologu
parts of Cranmer's speech in the last scene, and possibly some other passages, were written by Ben Jonson, whe
the play was revived, in 1613, it having been originally written by Shakespeare, and acted before the death
Queen Elizabeth. This first theory is that of Dr. Johnson, Stevens, Malone, and most of the English comment
tors of the last century, who assign the date of HENRY VIII. to the later years of Elizabeth, before 1602, and th
added lines to a revival in 1613. Collier maintains another theory, denying the agency of Ben Jonson, or an
other dramatist than the original author, in any part of it, (which is indeed utterly without evidence,) and assig
the whole play to the first years of James I., about 1604. The last opinion, which I do not doubt to be the co
rect one, is that formerly maintained by Chalmers, and since very elaborately and, in my judgment, conclusivel
argued by Knight, that this drama was one of Shakespeare's later works, of the epoch of CORIOLANUS, JULIU
CÆSAR, and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—that it was originally represented precisely in its present form, and tha
neither Ben Jonson nor any other dramatist than Shakespeare had a hand in any part of it. The reader who
desirous of examining more particularly into the question, which is one of the most interesting of the minor Shake
spearian controversies, will find the substance of the several arguments of the older critics, of Collier and
Knight, in an abridged form, at the end of the play.

HISTORICAL MATERIALS.

The chief primary source of the incidents, and much of the dialogue of this play, was Cavendish's "Life o
Wolsey." He was a faithful follower of the Cardinal's, whom Henry had the magnanimity not only to pardo
but to reward for his fidelity to his fallen patron. To this simply eloquent narrative, Shakespeare was largel
indebted, though he knew it only at second hand, and in an imperfect form. It was not printed as the authe
left it, in his time, but had been embodied, in substance, by Hollingshed and Stowe, in their chronicles, from th

uscript. It has since been separately printed,—first imperfectly, in 1641; but the most complete edition is published in 1825, by Mr. Singer. Hall himself is also an original authority, having been a barrister, and in iament under Henry VIII. Hollingshed contains nearly the same matter. The Poet has closely followed these orities in the incidents, and often in the language. This play contains a striking proof that Shakespeare, in ecting his materials, did not confine himself to any single author, and fully refutes the notion of the critics he last century who believed that he was too idle or too ignorant to look beyond Hollingshed for English ory. Much of the last act is drawn from the "Acts and Monuments of the Church," by Fox—better known ox's "Book of Martyrs,"—which was first printed in folio, in 1663, and was a popular book, in spite of its size. ie Poet's youth. He has deviated from history in placing the birth of Queen Elizabeth after Queen Katharine's h, for in fact Elizabeth was christened in 1533, and Katharine did not die till 1536. This has been accounted by some of those critics who suppose the play to have been written and reprinted in Elizabeth's time, as arising a desire to prevent any idea of doubtful legitimacy in the future queen, as having been born while the sove-n's former wife still lived; yet, as Anne Bullen's marriage is made to precede Katharine's death, this would n an over-refined thought. It is more likely, that this being a play of character, rather than of passion, the or felt that it was nearer to grave comedy than to proper tragedy, and transposed his incident so as to leave al impression of splendour and joy, rather than one of solemnity, such as would have been produced had the e ended with Katharine's placid death.

may also be considered as something like a variance from historic truth, that the incidents are brought into h closer apparent connection, as to time, than history warrants; for the drama comprises a period of twelve s, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry VIII., (1521,) and ending with the christening of Eliza-. in 1533.

Queen Katharine.

ARCHITECTURE, COSTUME, AND DECORATIONS.

The reign of Henry VIII. is admirably fitted for a drama of show and splendour, as well in magnificence a variety of costume and decoration, as in architectural and scenic embellishments. The play was probably ori nally written with a view to this very purpose, and it has kept its place on the English stage by continual revive always with increased cost and splendour. The ancient English stage, as we learn from many sources, was n deficient in its means of show in dress and costume; and in this respect is probably excelled by the Kemble a Macready school of decoration far more in historic accuracy than in mere pomp. Its power of scenic display, the ordinary theatres, we know to have been but humble, and almost every thing was left to the imaginations spectators—a circumstance, by the way, to which we are probably indebted for many exquisite descriptive p sages in the old dramatists, prompted originally by the necessity of aiding the imaginations of the audience, whe the modern author would now depend on the aid of the scene-painter. Yet when plays were presented at cou (as this of Henry VIII. was,) the taste and skill of such an artist as the famous architect, Inigo Jones, who d charged such duties under James I., was able, as we learn from many old writers, to give the scene nearly much effect of illusion, and to leave as little to the imagination, as in the gigantic theatres of modern days. Hen VIII.'s reign was, in all circumstances of parade, a gorgeous epoch. The noblest remains of mediæval architectu which still adorn England, indeed mostly date from an anterior period; but all the grand creations of that wo derful development of architectural taste and science, so far above the times, then existed in perfect beauty; a the beautiful decorated ecclesiastical and collegiate edifices, which had been planned and begun under the ri houses of the latter Plantagenets and Henry VII., were either just finished, or were completed under Henry VI The peaceful reign of Henry VII. had also led to an improved and more palatial style of residence for the ki and his nobles than the old sullen castles where the Plantagenets and the Warwicks had kept their state. Su were the royal palace at Richmond, Wolsey's at Hampton Court, and others.

Henry VIII., with more talent, more energy, and power of will, yet resembled his successor, George IV., many points; and among them in his taste for pageantry and gorgeous parade—in "his palaces, his ladies, and l pomp." His nobles partook of, or imitated his tastes. Commerce, manufactures, and the arts, which had receiv a rapid impulse during the preceding century, supplied the means for such display, far beyond any thing with the reach of the kings and barons of England, of former generations, perhaps quite as fond of parade, but mo limited in their means of gratifying their tastes. Some commercial wealth had grown up in London, and its ri citizens, on occasions of civic pomp, imitated or vied with the show of the nobles.

Yet there still remained much the same external difference between the conditions, habits, dress, dwellin etc., of the humbler class and those of their glittering superiors, that marked the preceding reigns. The comfo less cottages of the farming population, and the narrow, filthy streets and wooden houses of the metropolis, st presented a squalid contrast to the magnificence of the contiguous cathedrals, castles, convents, or palaces.

Mr. Planché gives us the following curious notices of the costume of the characters of this drama:—

"The male costume of this reign has been rendered familiar to children by the portraits of 'Bluff King Ha copied from the paintings by Holbein, and the female costume scarcely less so by those of his six wives. Hen VIII. was thirty years of age at the period at which the play opens (the impeachment of Buckingham havi taken place in 1521,) and forty-two at the time it is supposed to close. The best authorities for the dress of t monarch and his nobles at the commencement of this play would be the old painting of the meeting of Hen and Francis, preserved at Windsor Castle, and the bas-reliefs representing the same occurrence, at Rouen. T profusion of feathers in the latter—a fashion of the previous reign, and still raging in 1520—adds to the picturesq effect of the general costume. For the later period, the full-length by Holbein engraved in Lodge's Portraits, the print by Vertue, in which Henry is seen granting a charter to the barber-surgeons, are preferable. Of Wols there is a painting by Holbein at Oxford, engraved in Lodge's work. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' d scribes him as issuing out in his cardinal's habit of fine scarlet or crimson satin, his cap being of black velvet: a in a MS. copy of that work, are three very curious drawings, representing—1st, The cardinal's progress on h way to France, with his archers, spearmen, cross, pillar, and purse bearers, etc.; 2ndly, The cardinal surrenderi the great seal to the dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk; and 3rdly, Dr. Butts sent by the king and Anne Bullen to t sick cardinal with tokens of favour. The gentlemen in the cardinal's train wore black velvet livery-coats, t most part with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen following were clad in French tawn livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats the letters T and C under t cardinal's hat.

"In Lodge's beautiful work, portraits will be found of the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, Cromwell, Sir Thom More, and Sir Anthony Denny, by Holbein; and Cranmer by Flick. There is also a portrait of the accomplish Henry Earl of Surrey, by Titian, who represented him in a magnificent suit of armour, giving a splendid spe men of the military costume of the period. The sumptuary law passed in the twenty-fourth year of Henry reign, shows the materials of which the dresses were made, which were, indeed, at this time of the most cost kind. The royal family alone were permitted to use the fur of the black jennet; and sables could only be wo by noblemen above the rank of a viscount. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordere 'with gold sunken work,' were forbidden to any person beneath the quality of a baron or knight's son or heir and velvet dresses of any colour, furs of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold, were prohibited to a persons possessing less than two hundred marks per annum. The sons and heirs of such persons were permitte the use of black velvet or damask, and tawny-coloured russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were confine to the use of persons possessing at least one hundred marks per annum; and the wearing of plaited shirts, ga nished with gold, silver, or silk, was permitted to none below the rank of knighthood. The hair was cut remark ably close, a peremptory order having been issued by Henry to all his attendants and courtiers to 'poll their heads Beards and moustaches were worn at pleasure.

"The portraits of Anne Bullen and Queen Katharine convey a sufficient idea of the costume of ladies of rank this period. The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne, are picturesque an

coming. The other head-dress, which was probably the often-talked-of 'French hood,' is better known, nearly Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the preceding reign; t instead of the neck being bare, it was covered almost to the throat by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much e the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different terial from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in nt to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to the prevailing fashion France or Holland. Anne of Cleves is described as wearing a gown made round without any train, after the tch fashion; while the train of Catherine Parr is stated to have been more than two yards long. Anne Bullen, ile Countess of Pembroke, danced at Calais with Francis I. in a masque consisting of seven ladies besides rself, who were attired in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold compassed with crimson sel satin, formed with cloth of silver, lying loose and knit with laces of gold. They were brought into the mber with four damsels in crimson satin, with tabards of fine cypress. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' s—'I have seen the king suddenly come thither (i. e. to the cardinal's) in a mask, with a dozen other maskers garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin; their hairs and beards, of fine gold wire, silver, or some of black silk, with sixteen torchbearers and drums all in satin.' A minute account is given by ll of the coronation of Anne Bullen; and also by Cavendish. We must not confound the procession from the wer to Westminster, on the day previous to the coronation, with that introduced in the play, which is the pro-sion from the palace to the Abbey. On the first occasion she wore a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a ntle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of n stones. On the second (that in the play) she wore a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, coif and circlet as before. The barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were 'all in nson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves.' The ladies, 'being lords' wives,' that followed , 'had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice (fur) with bars of borders (i. e. rows of nine) according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice out the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered, (with ermine,) so that by the powderings their degree was own. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves, without trains, only ged with lettice.' The queen's gentlewomen were similarly attired with the last. The lord chancellor wore a e of scarlet, open before, and bordered with lettice. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, l powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day high ward of England. The knights of the Bath wore 'violet gowns, with hoods purfled with miniver, like ctors.'"

Cardinal Wolsey.

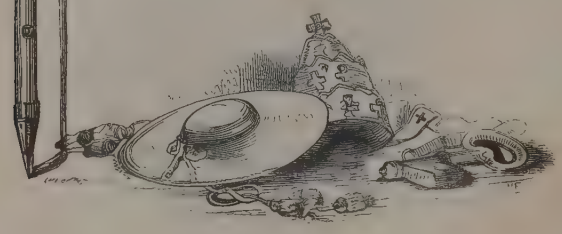
PERSONS REPRESENTED

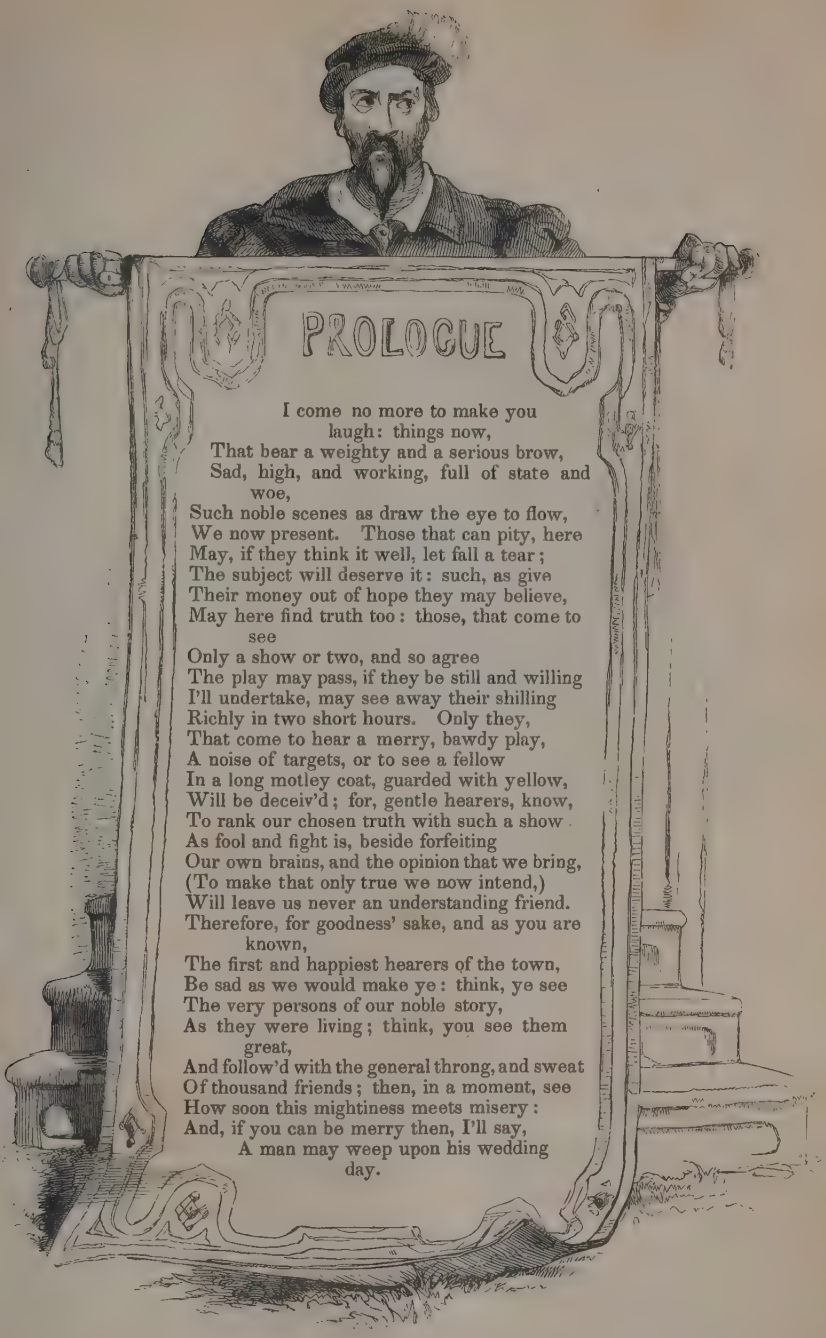
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
CROMWELL, Servant to WOLSEY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
Secretaries to WOLSEY.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to QUEEN KATHARINE
Three other Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the KING
Garter King at Arms.
Surveyor to the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Doorkeeper of the Council Chamber
Porter and his Man.
Page to GARDINER.
A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to KING HENRY, afterwards divorced
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen
An Old Lady, Friend to ANNE BULLEN.
PATIENCE, Woman to QUEEN KATHARINE.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows, Women attending upon the QUEEN; Spirits which appear to her Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

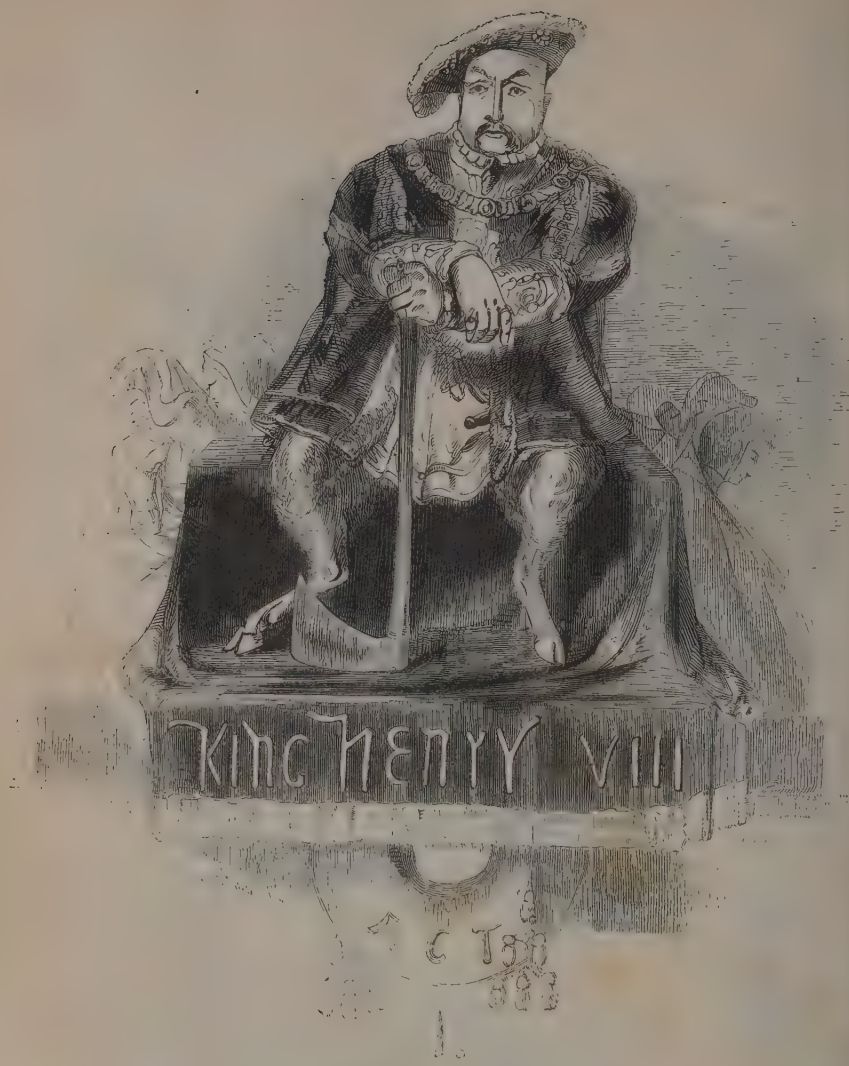
SCENE—Chiefly London and Westminster: once at Kimbolton





PROLOGUE

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.



SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clu
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones co
have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now marri
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages we
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams, too,

ıs'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
pride upon them, that their very labour
to them as a painting: now this mask
cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
e it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
l in lustre, were now best, now worst,
resence did present them; him in eye,
him in praise; and, being present both,
ıs said, they saw but one: and no discerner
t wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns
so they phrase 'em) by their heralds chal-
leng'd
noble spirits to arms, they did perform
nd thought's compass; that former fabulous
story,
now seen possible enough, got credit,
Bevis was believ'd.

ck. O! you go far.

r. As I belong to worship, and affect
nour honesty, the tract of every thing
ld by a good discourser lose some life,
ch action's self was tongue to.

ck. All was royal:
ıe disposing of it nought rebell'd;
r gave each thing view; the office did
ıctly his full function. Who did guide?
ın, who set the body and the limbs
is great sport together?

r. As you guess.
certes, that promises no element
ch a business.

ck. I pray you, who, my lord?

r. All this was order'd by the good discretion
e right reverend cardinal of York.

ck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
freed
ı his ambitious finger. What had he
ɔ in these fierce vanities? I wonder
such a keech can, with his very bulk,
up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
keep it from the earth.

r. Surely, sir,
e's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
ks successors their way, nor call'd upon
ıigh feats done to the crown; neither allied
ninent assistants, but, spider-like,
f his self-drawing web,—O! give us note!—
force of his own merit makes his way;
; that heaven gives for him, which buys
ce next to the king.

er. I cannot tell
t heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
e into that; but I can see his pride
through each part of him: whence has he
that?
from hell, the devil is a niggard;
ıs given all before, and he begins
w hell in himself.

ck. Why the devil,
this French going-out, took he upon him,
ıout the privity o' the king,) t' appoint
should attend on him? He makes up the file
the gentry; for the most part such
hom as great a charge as little honour
ıeant to lay upon: and his own letter,
honourable board of council out,)
fetch him in he papers.

er. I do know
ıen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that
rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *(the purse borne before him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worth's a noble's blood.

Nor. What! are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' the king:
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.
Nor. Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a Sergeant at Arms before h and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo, you, my lord
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasu
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothi
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will heaven
Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—
O! my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—T king [*To* ABERGAVENN
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasu
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bod
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O! Nicholas Henton?
Bran. H
Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great c dinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd alread
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.
[*Exeu*

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *Cardinal* WOLSE *the Lords of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVEL *Officers, Attendants. The King enters leani on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of i
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' t level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

King takes his state. The Lords of the uncil occupy their several places. The Cardi- l places himself under the King's feet on his ght side.

ise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter e Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK, *d* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The King riseth om his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth r by him.*

Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
r name to us; you have half our power:
other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
eat your will, and take it.

Kath. Thank your majesty.
you would love yourself, and in that love
unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
dignity of your office, is the point
y petition.

Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Kath. I am solicited not by a few,
those of true condition, that your subjects
in great grievance. There have been commissions
down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
ll their loyalties: wherein, although,
good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
bitterly on you, as putter-on
ese exactions, yet the king our master,
se honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not
uage unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
sides of loyalty, and almost appears
ud rebellion.

r. Not almost appears,
th appear; for upon these taxations,
clothiers all, not able to maintain
many to them 'longing, have put off
spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
for other life, compell'd by hunger
lack of other means, in desperate manner
ng th' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
danger serves among them.

Hen. Taxation!
rein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
that are blam'd for it alike with us,
v you of this taxation?

ol. Please you, sir,
w but of a single part, in aught
ains to the state; and front but in that file
re others tell steps with me.

Kath. No, my lord,
know no more than others; but you frame
gs, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
hose which would not know them, and yet must
orce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
reof my sovereign would have note, they are
pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
hard an exclamation.

Hen. Still exaction!
nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
is exaction?

Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them: their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber:
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the Secretary.*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him,
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardi
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard hi
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux fr
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou th

Surv. Not long before your highness sped France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubte
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour

The Tower from the Thames.

hear from him a matter of some moment:
om after, under the confession's seal,
solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
chaplain to no creature living, but
me, should utter, with demure confidence
s pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor's heirs,
ll you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
ll govern England."
Kath. If I know you well,
were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,
charge not in your spleen a noble person,
spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
, heartily beseech you.
Hen. Let him on.—
forward.
urv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
ld my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him,
ruminate on this so far, until
org'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
as much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!
an do me no damage:" adding further,
t had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
uld have gone off.
Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
ere's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?
urv. I can, my liege.
Hen. Proceed.
urv. Being at Greenwich,
r your highness had reprov'd the duke
ut sir William Blomer,—
Hen. I remember,
uch a time: being my sworn servant,
duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?
urv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
part my father meant to act upon
usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
le suit to come in's presence, which if granted,
ie made semblance of his duty, would
e put his knife into him."
Hen. A giant traitor!
Vol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
this man out of prison?
Kath. God mend all!
Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?
urv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
ther spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
s,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
father, by as much as a performance
s an irresolute purpose.
Hen. There's his period,
sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
him to present trial: if he may
l mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
him not seek't of us. By day and night,
s traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of them: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r-lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O! 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,

Presence Chamber in York Place.

For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests; then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y'are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.
Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

ce you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
o women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em wak-
ing;
y, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
l thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN, *and another Lady.*
chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
ad it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad; in love
too;
he would bite none: just as I do now,
would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
e penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
s away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that no-
ble lady,
gentleman, that is not freely merry,
not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
l to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:
me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
l save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
n beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
dies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
ose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall
have 'em
k us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
re's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within; chambers discharged.*
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit a Servant.*
Wol. What warlike voice,
l to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
all the laws of war y'are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
r so they seem: they've left their barge, and
landed;
l hither make, as great ambassadors
om foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
give them welcome; you can speak the French
tongue:
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—
[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
they pray'd
To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair con-
duct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which
I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their plea-
sures.
[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King takes* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd. O,
beauty!
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord,—
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me.
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[*Chamberlain goes to the Maskers, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your
grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal.
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,—
The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness'
women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—
Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—
Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,
Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

Henry the Eighth.

Act II.

Scene I.—*A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

Gent. Whither away so fast?
Gent. O!—God save you.
n to the hall, to hear what shall become
the great duke of Buckingham.
Gent. I'll save you
at labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
bringing back the prisoner.
Gent. Were you there?
Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd.
Gent. You may guess quickly what.
Gent. Is he found guilty?
Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
Gent. I am sorry for't.
Gent. So are a number more.
Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?
Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
me to the bar; where, to his accusations
pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
ny sharp reasons to defeat the law.
e king's attorney, on the contrary,
g'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
nfessor to him; with that devil-monk,
nton, that made this mischief.
Gent. That was he,
at fed him with his prophecies?
Gent. The same.
these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
ould have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
not:
d so his peers, upon this evidence,
ve found him guilty of high treason. Much
spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
as either pitied in him, or forgotten.
Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,
to hear
s knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
ith such an agony, he sweat extremely,
d something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
t he fell to himself again, and sweetly
all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
Gent. I do not think, he fears death.

Gent. Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
Gent. Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.
Gent. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
Gent. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
Gent. Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir* Thomas Lovell, *Sir* Nicholas Vaux, *Sir* William Sands, *and common People.*

Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy shall make my grave.
Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it,
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken

VAUX. The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready

ever from the world. I had my trial,
d, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
ttle happier than my wretched father:
t thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
l by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
nost unnatural and faithless service!
aven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
s from a dying man receive as certain:
ere you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
sure, you be not loose; for those you make
friends,
d give your hearts to, when they once perceive
e least rub in your fortunes, fall away
e water from ye, never found again
where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
y for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
my long weary life is come upon me.
ewell: and when you would say something that
is sad,
ak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive
me! [*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM, *&c.*
Gent. O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
ar, too many curses on their heads
at were the authors.
Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
an ensuing evil, if it fall,
ater than this.
Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
at may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?
Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
trong faith to conceal it.
Gent. Let me have it:
not talk much.
Gent. I am confident:
shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
uzzing of a separation
ween the king and Katharine?
Gent. Yes, but it held not;
when the king once heard it, out of anger
sent command to the lord mayor straight
stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
at durst disperse it.
Gent. But that slander, sir,
ound a truth now; for it grows again
sher than e'er it was, and held for certain
e king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
some about him near, have out of malice
the good queen possess'd him with a scruple,
at will undo her: to confirm this, too,
rdinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
all think, for this business.
Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
d merely to revenge him on the emperor,
not bestowing on him, at his asking,
e archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but is't
not cruel,
at she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
ll have his will, and she must fall.
Gent. 'Tis woful.
e are too open here to argue this;
t's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Ante-Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My Lord,—The horses your lordship
t for, with all the care I had, I saw well cho-
, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and
handsome, and of the best breed in the north.
When they were ready to set out for London, a
man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main
power, took them from me; with this reason,—his
master would be served before a subject, if not be-
fore the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."
I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so.
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one
day.
Suf. Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself
else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the
league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage:
And, out of all these, to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,
And every true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in.
And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

NORFOLK *opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

NOR. Pray God, he be not angry.

Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* CAMPEIUS.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.
Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy: go.
[*To* NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK.
Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though for his place: } *Aside.*
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one have at him.
Suf. I another.
[*Exeunt* NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK.
Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom

ove all princes, in committing freely
ur scruple to the voice of Christendom.
no can be angry now? what envy reach you?
e Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
st now confess, if they have any goodness,
e trial just and noble. All the clerks,
ean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
ve their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
ited by your noble self, hath sent
e general tongue unto us, this good man,
is just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
nom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
d thank the holy conclave for their loves:
ey have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
u are so noble. To your highness' hand
nder my commission; by whose virtue,
ne court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
rdinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
he unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
thwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
dear in heart, not to deny her that
voman of less place might ask by law,
holars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
nd him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
u are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
r ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They walk and whisper.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
en of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
d fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
ot him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
at he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
at's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
ere's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
r he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
command him, follows my appointment:
ill have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
e live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit* GARDINER.
e most convenient place that I can think of,
r such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
ere ye shall meet about this weighty business.—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord!
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O! 'Tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither:—here's the pang that pinches;
His highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again?
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty:
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady

Old L. You would not be a queen?

Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:
[*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,

That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*]—I'll to the king
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence no.
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect;
No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray do not deliver
What here you've heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the Bishops of* LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals,* WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS; *two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.
Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.
[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you; if in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam!
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge:
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.
Gent. Ush. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help!
They vex me past my patience.—Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound
There must I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. Y'are excus'd;
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On mine honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating,
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
I stood not in the smile of Heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

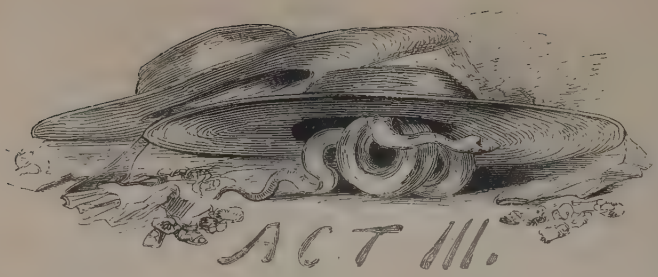
K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person

Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

Hall at Blackfriars. Trial Scene.



SCENE I.—*The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

The QUEEN, *and her Women, as at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.
Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.
Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near.—[*Exit Gentleman.*]—What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness.
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears.

But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser vants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong you virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king love you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly.
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt*

Palace at Bridewell.

SCENE. II.—*Ante-Chamber to the King's Apartment.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.
Nor. O! fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O! how? how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to't.
Nor. All men's.
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha! louder.
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: you he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord! for thy justice.
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you: since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come hom
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Asid*

K. Hen. Have I not made yo
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me
If what I now pronounce you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal grace
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than cou
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honou
more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
(Though all the world should crack their duty t
you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, an
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him papers*

And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardina*
WOLSEY: *the Nobles throng after him*
smiling, and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
This paper has undone me!—'Tis th' account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this?—"To the Pope?"
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay:
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara

Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws: let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.
Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down. O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

York Place.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.
2 *Gent.* And so are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Then, two judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms; and on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove; crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk with the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know:
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee
[*Looking on the Queen.*
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past,
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

Scene 1.—A Street in Westminster

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king,
Has made him, master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, *Dowager, sick; led between* Griffith, *and* Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him:
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
[*Sad and solemn music*
Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverend curt'sies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in

her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for.
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

THE VISION

They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon:
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH, *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord!
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late:
'Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope, she will deserve well; and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE

Christ Church, Oxford.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him; met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: y'are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they moved
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER, *and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror: all's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance, further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God, and your majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.]—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

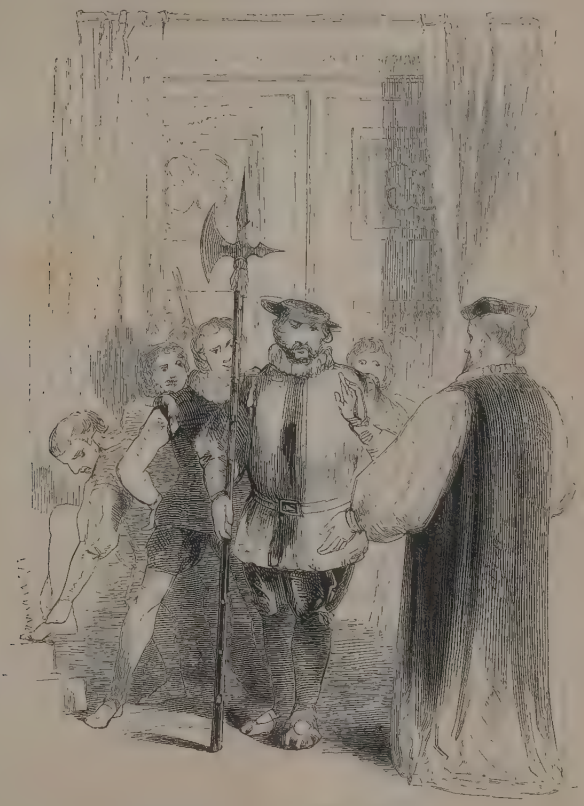
Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit King.*
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.



BUTTS. The king shall understand it presently

Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad, came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. 'Tis Butts, [*Aside.*
The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow councillor
'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain*, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business o more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highnes pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower:
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I than you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'Tis my undoing. Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers
To men that understand you, words and weakness
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. Would you were half so honest
Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not thei fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stand agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?
Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely trouble-some.
Let some of the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his life in value with him.
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence:
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man,—[*To* CRANMER.]—sit down. Now, let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me,
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him:
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him: if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.
You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man! those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.
[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.
Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?
Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.
[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.
Man. What would you have me do?
Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.
Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.
Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friend o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Y'are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Leicester Abbey.

SCENE IV.—*The Palace at Greenwich.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts: then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen, [*Kneeling.*
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Crom. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The King kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

Palace at Greenwich. Returning from the Christening.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

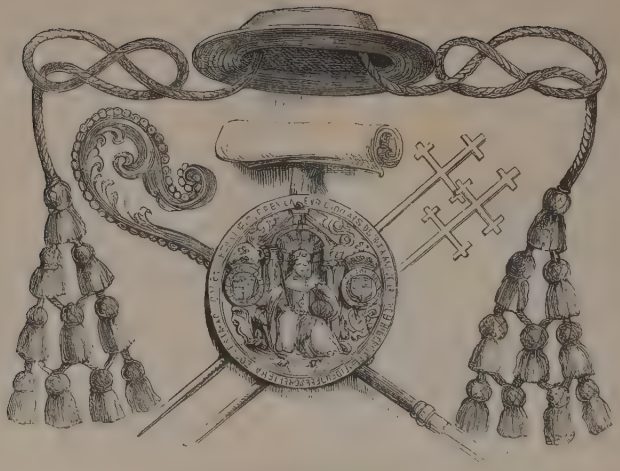
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
(She must, the saints must have her,) yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding:
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

Group of Christening Gifts.

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"that's witty,"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.



Great Seal, Cardinal's Hat, etc.

NOTES ON KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Prologue.

"*— a long* motley *coat,* guarded *with yellow*"—The variegated dress of a professed fool of old was called "motley." "Guarded" means *faced,* or *ornamented.*

"*To rank our chosen truth with such a show,*
As fool and fight is, besides forfeiting," etc.

"This is not the only passage in which Shakespeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army; and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all opinion of truth, and leave him never an understanding friend. *Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle."—Johnson.

"*— the* opinion *that we bring*"—"Opinion" in the sense of *reputation,* as in Henry IV.:—"Thou hast redeemed thy lost *opinion.*" Malone, who thus explains the sense, adds, with less reason, "This sentiment could never have fallen from the modest Shakespeare." He therefore pronounces, that he has no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, when the piece was revived, in 1613.

"— happiest *hearers of the town*"—"Happy" is here used in one of its ancient Roman significations, for *propitious, favourable;* as in Virgil, Eclogue V.—"*Sis bonus, O, felix que tuis.*" This Stevens pronounces to have been a sense of the word "unknown to Shakespeare, and familiar to Jonson," and therefore conclusive to show "that old Ben was the author of the prologue." Frequent occasion has been taken, in this edition, to point out the numerous and original Latinisms used by Shakespeare, which prove conclusively that he had at least that acquaintance with the Latin language and poetry, that was acquired in the ordinary grammar-schools of his day—"small Latin," as Ben Jonson calls it, but still a little. (See at end of notes on Midsummer-Night's Dream.)

Act I.—Scene I.

"*Those suns of glory*"—Pope has borrowed this phrase, in his "Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus," (verse xxii.:)—

Those *suns of glory* please not till they set.

"*— as they grew together*"—i. e. As *if* they grew together. We have the same image in our author's Venus and Adonis:—

—— a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face *grows* to face.

"*— Each following day*
Became the next day's master," etc.

"*Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendour of all the former shows."—Johnson.

"*All* clinquant"—i. e. All *glittering, shining.* Clarendon uses the word in the same application, in his account of a Spanish Fête; and the Poet's contemporary, the moralist Owen Feltham, exhorts against "those *clinquant* sparklings that dance and dangle in the rays and jubilations of human life."

"*— wag his tongue in* censure"—Modern use of words would give this line a different sense from that which it bore in the author's time; "censure" being used for *opinion, judgment,* whether favourable or adverse. The meaning is this:—"No critical observer would venture to pronounce his judgment in favour of either king."

"*— Bevis was believ'd*"—The story of the old romance of "Bevis of Southampton." Bevis (or *Beavois*) was a Saxon, who was for his prowess created, by William the Conqueror, Earl of Southampton.

"*As I belong to worship*"—i. e. As I am of the more worthy and honoured class, and in that honour love and seek honesty, so I assure you that "the course of these triumphs, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. The commission for regulating them was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place."

"Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide?"

Knight alone, of the modern editors, preserves the old distribution of the dialogue, which is adhered to in the present edition. All other editors, from Theobald to Collier, give to Norfolk the sentence beginning "All was royal," and then make Buckingham ask the question, "Who did guide?" etc. Theobald made the change, and Warburton says it was improperly given to Buckingham, "for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity." But (remarks Knight) what *information* does he communicate? After the eloquent description by Norfolk of the various shows of the pageant, he makes a general *observation* that "order" must have presided over these complicated arrangements—"gave each thing view." He then asks, "Who did guide?"—who made the body and the limbs work together? Norfolk then answers "As you guess," (which words have been transferred to Buckingham by the revisers of the text,)—according to your guess, *one* did guide:—"one, certes," etc.

"—*that promises no* ELEMENT"—"Elements" are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge; and Wolsey did not give reason to think that he had any talent or skill, of the most imperfect sort, for such business.

"—*such a* KEECH *can, with his very bulk*"—"Stevens thinks this term has a peculiar application to Wolsey, as the son of a butcher;—as a butcher's wife is called in HENRY IV., (Part II.,) 'Goody *Keech*.' But Falstaff, in the First Part, is called by Prince Henry 'a greasy tallow *keech*.' A 'keech' is a *lump of fat*; and it appears to us that Buckingham here denounces Wolsey, not as a butcher's son, but as an overgrown, bloated favourite, that—

——can, with his very *bulk*,
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun."

KNIGHT.

"*Out of his self-drawing web,*—O! GIVE *us note!*—
The force of his own merit makes his way," etc.

"This passage is ordinarily printed thus:—

—— spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, *he gives* us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way, etc.

'O! give us note!' the original reading, is one of Shakespeare's happy parentheses to break a long sentence, and meaning only, *mark what I say*. The whole speech is intended to render the ironical close emphatic. Wolsey is without ancestry, without the credit of great service, without eminent assistants; but, spider-like, deriving everything from himself, the force of his own self-sustained merit *makes* his way—his course—his good fortune—a gift from heaven, which buys, etc. If we were to receive the passage in the sense of the revisers of the text, we ought to read 'his own merit makes *its* way.' To 'make way,' in SHAKESPEARE, is to *go away*, as in the TAMING OF THE SHREW:—

While I *make way* from hence to save my life.

To *make way*, in the colloquial sense of *to get on in the world*, is, we think, a forced and unauthorized meaning of the words before us. That Wolsey should *give note* that he made way only by his own merit would have been utterly at variance with the stately pomp and haughtiness of his ambition."—KNIGHT.

Collier adopts the alteration "*He gives* us note," and supposes that, in the original manuscript, it had been written "*A* gives us note," 'a being a familiar abbreviation of *he*, in old dialogue. Still this does not make out any appropriate sense, equally clear with that of the older reading.

"To *whom as great a charge as little honour*," etc.

"This is ordinarily read—

—— for the most part such,
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour, etc.

'To,' the preposition of the original, appeared to the editors a redundancy, because we have 'lay *upon*.' But if *lay upon* has not here the force of a compound verb, examples of redundant prepositions are most common in SHAKESPEARE; for example, in CORIOLANUS:—

In what commodity is Marcius poor *in*?

The feeble expletive *too*, with its unmetrical pause, appears to us a corruption, though unnoticed altogether by the editors."—KNIGHT.

"—*and his own letter,*
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in he papers."

"The construction of this passage is difficult; the meaning is in Hollingshed:—'The peers of the realm, receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand, without consent of the whole board of the council.' In Wolsey's letter the 'board of council' was 'out,' (omitted;) the letter alone 'must fetch *him* in [whom] he *papers*,'—whom he sets down in the paper. Ben Jonson, in his 'English Grammar,' gives examples of a similar 'want of the relative,' adding, 'in Greek and Latin this want were barbarous.' Among other instances he has the passage of the 118th Psalm—'the stone the builders refused:'—a parallel case with the sentence before us." KNIGHT.

"*What did this vanity*"—i. e. "What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion."—JOHNSON.

"—*the hideous storm that follow'd*"—"Monday the xviii of June was such an *hideous* storme of winde and weather, that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—HOLLINGSHED.

"—*both full of disdain*"—This is the old explanatory stage-direction.

"*This butcher's cur*"—The common rumour ran that Wolsey was the son of a butcher; but his faithful biographer, Cavendish, says nothing of his father being in that trade: he tells us that he was an "honest poor man's son."

"—*A beggar's book*
Out-worths a noble's blood."

That is, "The literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility."—JOHNSON.

Although the Duke is afterwards called by the King "a learned gentleman," and is known from contemporary authority to have had a taste for letters, yet it is not out of character that he should here use the insolent and narrow tone of his order in those times.

"*He* BORES *me with some trick*"—The ancient colloquial figurative meaning of "bore" was very different from its modern use. It signified, to defraud by some trick. Thus, in the "Life and Death of Lord Cromwell," 1602—(a play attributed, without any show of reason or authority, to Shakespeare,)—we find, "One that hath gulled you, that hath *bored* you, sir."

"—SUGGESTS *the king*"—i. e. *Tempts* or *incites* the king; as Shakespeare often uses "suggest."

"*Something* MISTAKEN *in't*"—i. e. *Misapprehended*; "mistaken" by you.

"—*device and* PRACTICE"—i. e. *Artifice*. So in OTHELLO, (act v.):—

Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave.

"*I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts OUT,
By darkening my clear sun."

The original reads thus: "this instant cloud puts *on*." This is retained by Collier, who thus attempts to show its meaning:—"The meaning seems to be merely this,

though it has somewhat puzzled the commentators: 'I am now only the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose figure, formerly unobscured, this instant puts on a cloud, which shadows my clear sun.'" Knight thus comments on the same reading:—"This passage is not easy to be understood. Is the comparison a single or a double one? Douce says it is *double:* 'Buckingham is first made to say that he is but a shadow; in other terms, a dead man. He then adverts to the *sudden* cloud of misfortune that overwhelms him, and, like a shadow, obscures his prosperity.' Johnson treats the comparison as *single:* 'I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose post and dignity is assumed by the cardinal that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place by darkening my clear sun.' Offering another explanation, Johnson would read *puts out;* and Stevens inclines to *pouts on.* We think the comparison is *continuous,* though not exactly single: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham—Buckingham is no longer a reality; but *even* this figure of himself is absorbed, annihilated, by the instant cloud. The metaphor, however, forgets that—

> The *shadow* proves the *substance* true."
>
> KNIGHT.

I cannot perceive that any satisfactory explanation of the old reading has been offered. Johnson, who also confessed the lines, as they stood, were to him "inexplicable," suggested that *on* was a misprint for "out," which alteration Sir W. Blackstone adopts, and thus explains:—"By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, 'puts *out*' for 'puts *on*,' a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines: 'I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham;' and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." Finding nothing so satisfactory as this conjecture, it has been adopted in the text, though with great reluctance to vary from the original edition.

SCENE II.

> "*This tractable obedience is a slave*
> *To each incensed will.*"

"The meaning (says Malone) appears to be, things are now in such a situation that resentment and indignation predominate, in every man's breast, over duty and allegiance."

"*There is no primer* BUSINESS"—The first impression of this play has "no primer *baseness.*" The context seems clearly to show that the author wrote "primer *business,*"—i. e. no matter of state more requiring instant attention. *Baseness,* though it may give an intelligible sense, does not agree with the context; for the Queen does not assail Wolsey in this manner, but speaks of him in very guarded terms. Though *baseness* is retained by Knight, who brands the other as a feeble reading, I have, with most other editors, adopted the alteration which was first suggested by Warburton.

"*By sick interpreters* (ONCE *weak ones*")—i. e. By sick interpreters, who are *sometimes* weak ones. "Once," for *at some one time or other,* is used by several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, as Drayton and Leicester, and by the author himself, in the MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR:—"I pray thee, *once* give my sweet Nan this ring."

"*By a vain prophecy of Nicholas* HENTON"—This is the name in the original text, which modern editors generally alter to "Nicholas *Hopkins,*" which the chroniclers give as the monk's name. But it appears that Hopkins was sometimes styled *Hinton,* or *Hintonensis,* as being of the convent of Hinton, near Bristol. It is proper, therefore, to retain the name, as it shows that Shakespeare did not content himself with literally following the single volume of Hollingshed before him, as is assumed and argued upon by Malone and others, but read such histories bearing on his subject as he had access to, though he commonly followed Hall or Hollingshed in the main.

"*— the* CONFESSION'S *seal*"—The old copies, from the misprint of the first folio, read "*commission's* seal," for "confession's seal." Theobald made the correction, which is supported by Hollingshed, who says, "the monk bound the chaplain under the *seal of confession.*"

"*— put his knife into him*"—The materials for this scene, drawn originally from Hall, whether through his successor and copyist, Hollingshed, or directly from him, were derived from the official legal documents, and correspond precisely with the report of the Duke's trial, in the Year-book, (13 Henry VIII.) Hall, who was a lawyer, probably consulted the original manuscript, as the reports were not printed during his time. This particular charge is thus stated in the old law French:—"*Donques autrefoits il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male il voul' estre Roy; et auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger.*" After stating the Duke's confession and execution, the case concludes, in a fashion very unlike our modern reports, with a prayer for the Duke's soul, and a brief eulogy on his character:—"*Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince et prudent et mirror de tout courtesie.*" It is worthy of notice, that this last phrase is also applied by the Poet to the Duke. In act ii. scene 1, the commons are said to call him, "bounteous Buckingham—the mirror of all courtesy."

"*By day and night*"—Stevens doubts whether this is an oath, or merely means "always, at all times;" like Falstaff's "Thine own true knight—By day or night." But the context shows that it is evidently an adjuration, like Hamlet's—

> By day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

SCENE III.

> "*— one would take it,*
> *That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin*
> AND *springhalt reign'd among them.*"

The old editions thus print the last two lines:—

> —— the spavin,
> *A* springhalt reign'd among them.

This the modern editors all retain. The only sense of these words, and that strangely expressed, is that the "spavin," which is a "springhalt," reigned among them. But the spavin and the springhalt (the old name for what, in modern veterinary phrase, is the *string-halt*) are two diseases so different, not only in nature but in external effect, that they would not be confounded by any one who used the terms at all, much less by one so well skilled in horse-flesh as Shakespeare often proves himself to have been. The spavin is of two sorts, both radical diseases amounting to unsoundness, in jockey law and usage. The *bog* or *blood-spavin* is an enlargement, in different stages of disease, of the bag containing a mucous substance on the inside of the horse's hock at its bending. The *bone-spavin* is a more serious affection of the bones of the hock-joint; and all the forms of spavin produce lameness in different degrees. The springhalt of the old farriers, or the stringhalt of modern veterinary science, is a peculiar involuntary twitching of one or both of the hind-legs, caused by a convulsive motion of the muscles that move them. The seat and cause of the disease have not been well ascertained. It has been pronounced by high authority to be "an irregular action of nervous energy," but does not amount to unsoundness; for, though unpleasant to a rider, it is generally connected with more than ordinary strength and endurance. Now, it would seem that Shakespeare meant that his satirical old lord should sneer at the several affectations of walk and manner among the mimics of foreign fashion, by likening them to different forms of horse disease,—some having the lameness and stiff gait of spavined horses; others, the jerking and twitching nervousness of those affected with the springhalt.

I do not, therefore, doubt that in the first impression, or the manuscript copy from which it was printed, *A* springhalt was an error of the printer or copyist, for "And,"—with the same capital beginning the line.

"*Of fool, and feather*"—The text may receive illustration from Nashe's "Life of Jack Wilton," (1594:)—"At that time (viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.) I was no common squire, no undertrodden torchbearer; *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in my belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had beene pluckt out, a paire of side pained hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant, like a round sticke, etc., my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe like a thornbacke or an elephant's eare; and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*," etc. Douce observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps, as may be seen in a print of Jordan's after Voert; and which is alluded to in the ballad of "News and no News:"—

And feathers wagging in a fool's cap.

"*Short* BLISTER'D *breeches*"—i. e. Breeches puffed or swelled out like *blisters*. Some editors have thought it should be "*bolster'd* breeches,"—i. e. stuffed out like bolsters.

SCENE IV.

"—*all this noble* BEVY"—So Spenser, in the "Fairy Queen:"—

A lovely *bevy* of fair ladies sat.

Drayton, and Milton, ("a bevy of fair dames,") with other poets, having thus employed the word in this connection, "bevy" has come to signify a *company* of ladies; but its original application was to flocks of birds; and it is still the technical sporting phrase for a flock of quails.

"*As first, good company*"—We retain the old punctuation, which has been altered into "first good," and understood to mean, what we should now call "first-rate company." On the contrary, the author made Guildford mention "good company" first, and "good wine" and "good welcome" as second and third, omitting the formal enumeration. Collier rightly remarks, "It would not be easy to point out an instance where 'first good' is used in the sense of the *best*."

"—*if I make my play*"—i. e. If I may choose my game and my partner, at my own fancy.

"—CHAMBERS *discharged*"—"Chambers" were short pieces of *ordnance*, used on joyous occasions, contrived to carry a large charge of powder, and make a loud report.

"—*and gracefully salute him*"—These are the words of the old stage-direction. Modern editors say "twelve maskers," and "sixteen torch-bearers," which is taken from the account in Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," and added, without authority, to the original stage-direction.

"*You have found him, cardinal*"—Cavendish, in relating this scene, states that Wolsey selected "Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the King's person in that mask than any other." On this, "the King plucked down his visor and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant cheer and countenance that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the King to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much"

"*Your grace,*
I fear, with dancing is a little heated."

On being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take the seat of honour, the King said "he would first go and change his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the King's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths, every man sitting still until the King and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the King took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the King's majesty and to all the rest through the tables; wherein I suppose were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised.—Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the King, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

"—*Let the music* KNOCK IT"—i. e. Let the music *play*. "Knock it" seems to have been derived from beating time, or perhaps from beating the drum.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

"—*build their* EVILS *on the graves of great men*"—As in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, (act ii. scene 2,) "evils" is used in its ancient and now obsolete sense, for *foricæ*.

"'*Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with:*
No black envy shall make my grave."

These short lines are not introduced without a meaning. With those pauses in the delivery that properly belong to one speaking under such circumstances, they add to the pathos. They are ordinarily printed after the uniform metrical fashion of the modern editors:—

'Gainst me I *can't* take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace.

"—*till my soul forsake*"—Rowe here stuck in *me*—"till my soul forsake *me*." It is not difficult to see that Shakespeare had a different metaphysical notion from that of his editors: the *me* places the individuality in the body alone.—KNIGHT.

"*When I came hither, I was lord high constable,*
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun."

The Duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford by descent from his personal ancestors, and Bagot on the female side; but he is said to have affected the surname of Bohun, because he was lord high constable by inheritance of tenure from that family.

SCENE II.

"*From princes into pages*"—"This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants."—JOHNSON.

"—*The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively*"—"The old stage-direction shows the simplicity of contrivance in our old theatres; for according to it, the Lord Chamberlain having gone out, the King himself drew the traverse curtain across the back of the stage, and exhibited himself to Norfolk and Suffolk, sitting, and reading pensively. The words are, 'Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.'"—COLLIER.

"*I be not found a talker*"—The meaning appears to be, "Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk."

"*I'll venture one have at him*"—The first edition has "I'll venture one; have at him." The next old edition in folio has "*I* venture one *heave* at him," which last is the reading preferred by Stevens, and commonly adopted. It gives a good sense, and may be right; but as "have at him" is idiomatic old English, not yet absolete, for *to attack*, and is used in this very connection in act iii. scene 2, where Seymour begins his charge upon Wolsey with "Have at you," I rather think that the

author here used the compound phrase as a noun. Knight, as usual, adheres to the first folio, and thus explains its words:—"It appears to us that Norfolk means by 'I'll venture *one*,' I'll risk myself; and that Suffolk is ready to encounter the same danger—'I *another*.'"

"*Have their free voices*"—Malone asserts that the word "sent," in the next line, is understood after "have," in this passage. To say that all the learned clerks "have their free voices" is sufficiently intelligible; and in the folio (1623) "voices" is followed by a period, the sense being complete.

"*Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,*
That he ran mad, and died."

That is, kept him in foreign parts. The fact is from Hollingshed, who says, "Aboute this time the King received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secrecie and weight, admitting him in the room of Dr. Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassades, and the same oftentymes not much necessarie, by the Cardinalles appointment, at length he toke such greefe therwith, that he fell out of his right wittes."

Scene III.

"— *if that* QUARREL, *fortune, do divorce*"—This is the old reading: Hanmer substituted *quarreller*, which does not improve the meaning. Warburton understood "quarrel" as an *arrow*, from her "striking so deeply and suddenly." A "quarrel" was the name of the large arrow, with a square head, (whence the name,) used in cross-bows. Fairfax, Spenser, and other poets, use the word. Yet "quarrel" is not elsewhere thus used by our Poet, nor does it in that sense well apply here. I am satisfied that it is used for *quarreller*—"the act for the agent," (as Johnson says.) Stevens thinks we should read, "If that quarrel fortune *to* divorce,"—taking "fortune" as a verb:—"If any quarrel *chance* to separate pomp from its bearer." One serious objection to this is, that in the old copies "fortune" is printed with a capital, as a noun, after the old mode.

"*She's a stranger now again*"—i. e. The revocation of her husband's love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriended stranger.

"— *your soft* CHEVERIL *conscience*"—"Cheveril" is *leather* made of kid-skin, and easily stretched. The allusion was common. Stevens quotes from the "Histriomastix," (1610,)—

The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law.

"— *Pluck* OFF *a little*"—Johnson would read, "Pluck *up* a little;" but the explanation of Stevens seems the true one—viz. "*descend* a little." Anne declares she would not be a queen, nor a duchess; and the old lady then proceeds to "pluck off a little" from rank, and to assert that Anne would consent to be a countess, if she had the opportunity.

"*You'd venture an* EMBALLING"—The word "emballing" has occasioned dispute: Stevens would read *empalling*, and Whalley *embalming*, in reference to the balm or oil of consecration. "Emballing" seems, as Johnson suggested, to have reference to the *ball*, one of the ensigns of royalty.

"*Would for Carnarvonshire*"—Anne would not be a queen "for all the world;" but you would (says the old lady) "for little England;"—I would "for Carnarvonshire"—for one Welsh county.

"— *and high* NOTE'S"—In the original, "high *notes*." We understand it "that high *note is* taken," etc.

"— *from this lady may proceed a gem*
To lighten all this isle?"

The carbuncle was supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark. In the description of a palace in "Amadis de Gaule," (1619,) it is said, "In the roof of a chamber hung two lamps of gold, at the bottoms whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the room that there was no need of any other light."

"— *forty pence*"—"'Forty pence' was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks*, and *nobles*. 'Forty pence,' or *three-and-fourpence*, is half a noble, and is still an established legal fee."—STEVENS.

Scene IV.

"— *Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands*"—This minute stage-direction is given as it appears in the old editions, and its costume, etc., are supported by the contemporary authorities. The "two great silver pillars," borne by gentlemen, and the "two priests, bearing each a silver cross," were both of them regular parts of Wolsey's pomp; one of them being symbolic of his archbishopric, the other of his authority as cardinal-legate. The "Treatous," a contemporary satire, by Roy, thus described his pomp:—

With worldly pompe incredible,
Before him rideth two prestes stronge;
And they bear two crosses right longe,
Gapynge in every man's face:
After them folowe two laye men secular,
And each of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
In their hondes steade of a mace

"*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King*," etc.

"Because she could not come directly to the King, for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the King, kneeling down at his feet," etc. —CAVENDISH'S *Life of Wolsey*.

"— *against mine honour* AUGHT,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person," etc.

There is a license of construction here—one of the many elliptical expressions with which the play abounds. "Aught" is required to be repeated—"*Aught* against your sacred person."

"*Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may*
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd," etc.

Cavendish states that, at the close of this speech, Katharine "rose up, making a low court'sey to the King, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the King being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of 'Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court,' etc. With that quoth Master Griffith, 'Madam, ye be called again.'—'On, on, (quoth she,) it maketh no matter; for it is no indifferent court for me; therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.'—And thus she departed out of that court, without any further answer at that time or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after."

"Q. KATH. *Lord cardinal,*
To you I speak."

Mrs. Siddons, in her famous personation of the Queen, here introduced an ingenious refinement, which was so effective on the stage, that it has since become identified with the scene, being not only adopted by her successors in the part, but has been spread widely beyond the walls of the theatre, by critical eulogy, (Campbell's "Life of Siddons, and Boaden's "Life,") and has been perpetuated by the pencil and the graver. I think it is evident that the Poet only meant a strong and direct appeal to Wolsey, such as could not be mistaken by him or others for a moment. The innovation—it may almost be called an interpolation of Mrs. Siddons—was a thought that might deserve to have been in the author's intent, though I do not think it was. It is thus described,

in a criticism on Mrs. Siddons, by the late Mr. Terry. After dwelling upon her majesty of deportment in the trial-scene, and her "clear and intelligent harmony of unlaboured elocution, which unravels all the intricacies of language, illuminates obscurity, and points and unfolds the precise truth of meaning to every apprehension," he thus proceeds:—"But we dwell with the strongest admiration upon the extraordinary sublimity of her feelings and expressions, when Wolsey opposes her request of delay. Vexed to the uttermost by the artifices with which her ruin is prosecuted, and touched with indignation at the meanness and injustice of the proceeding, she interrupts Campeius, with the intention of accusing Wolsey, and of refusing him for her judge; and calls, in a resistless tone of command, 'Lord Cardinal!' Campeius, who had been urging immediate trial, imagines it addressed to him, and comes forward as if to answer. Here Mrs. Siddons exhibited one of those unequalled pieces of acting, by which she assists the barrenness of the text, and fills up the meaning of the scene. Those who have seen it will never forget it; but to those who have not, we feel it impossible to describe the majestic self-correction of the petulance and vexation which, in her perturbed state of mind, she feels at the misapprehension of Campeius, and the intelligent expression of countenance and gracious dignity of gesture with which she intimates to him his mistake, and dismisses him again to his seat. And no language can convey a picture of her immediate re-assumption of the fulness of majesty, glowing with scorn, contempt, anger, and the terrific pride of innocence, when she turns round to Wolsey, and exclaims, 'To *you* I speak!' Her form seemed to expand, and her eyes to burn beyond human. Wolsey obeys the summons, and requests to know her pleasure; and she proceeds to make the charge, and her refusal."

"*I utterly* ABHOR, *yea, from my soul,*
REFUSE *you for my judge*," etc.

These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law. "*Detestor* and *Recuso*;—the former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than *I protest against.*"—(*Blackstone.*) The words are Hollingshed's:—"and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse,* and forsake such a judge." Just before, the Queen has said to Wolsey—

You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,—

which, it is worthy of remark, is again in the technical language of the common law, in objecting to a juryman.

"*You* SIGN *your place and calling*"—"Sign" is here used in the sense of *denote,* or *show.* He gave the external signs of his holy order and rank in outward meekness, while his heart was full of pride.

"*Where powers are your retainers; and your* WORDS,
Domestics to you, serve your will," etc.

"You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue; and *words,* therefore, are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms:—Having now got *power*, you do not regard your *word.*"—JOHNSON.

Tyrwhitt, followed by Singer and other editors, reads *wards* for "words." They think that the Queen means to say, that the great and powerful were among his retainers, and that his *wards* (young nobility, of whom wardship was given to him by the crown) were made domestics about his person. This was the fact, and was a main charge against Wolsey.

"— *Thus* HULLING *in*
The wild sea of my conscience," etc.

To *hull* is to be driven to and fro by the waves.

"*My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer!*
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know," etc.

Cranmer being at this time absent on an embassy, the King apostrophizes him. Cranmer's absence appears not only from history, but the author's intention is shown in the last scene of the next act, where Cromwell mentions his return. Some of the editors of the last century, not noticing this, supposed that Cranmer had been present, and was called back as he was going; and add, without authority, "The King speaks to Cranmer."

ACT III.—SCENE I.

"*Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;*
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working."

The relation of the interesting interview between Wolsey, Campeius, and Katharine, is founded originally on the narrative of Cavendish, who says that the Queen "came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence." This excellent biographer was present at the early part of the meeting; for he subsequently, after the principals had withdrawn, says, "We in the other chamber might sometime hear the Queen speak very loud; but what it was, we could not understand."

"— *in the presence*"—i. e. In the chamber of royal audience.

"*They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;*
But all hoods make not monks."

"Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office; but all hoods make not monks:" in allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* to which Chaucer also alludes:—

Habite ne maketh monke ne frere;
But a clene life and devotion,
Maketh gode men of religion.

"— *If your business*
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly," etc.

This is obscurely expressed, but seems to mean, "If your business is with me, and relates to the question of my marriage, out with it boldly."

"*They that must* WEIGH OUT *my afflictions*," etc.

The commentators here say that "weigh out" is for *outweigh,* as in MACBETH "overcome" is put for *come over.* I do not perceive the fitness of this sense in this place, if indeed "weigh out" is ever thus used. I understand it to mean *deliberate upon, ponder over.* This she expects from her distant friends, to whom she looks for counsel, which she cannot hope from any Englishman.

"*The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye*," etc.

"If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal.*"—JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

"— *how he* COASTS,
And HEDGES, *his own way.*"

"To *coast* is to hover about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge,—not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions."

"*He is return'd, in his opinions, which*
Have satisfied the king for his divorce," etc.

These words are of doubtful sense, and may be taken in either of two ways. Stevens interprets them thus:—"Suffolk means to say Cranmer is returned in his opinions, (i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad,)-which [sentiments] have satisfied the King, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion. Or perhaps the passage (as Tyrwhitt observes) may mean, He is returned in effect, having sent his opinions, (i. e. the opinions of divines, etc., collected by him.")

"*Enter the King, reading a Schedule*"—That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakespeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. (See the story related of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, in Hollingshed.)

"*Yet* FIL'D *with my abilities*"—i. e. "My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd* (that is, have gone an equal pace with) my abilities."—JOHNSON.

So in a preceding scene:—

—— front but in that *file*
Where others tell steps with me.

The folios have "*fill'd* with my abilities,"—an obvious misprint, though adhered to by Collier.

"— *notwithstanding that your bond of duty,*
As 'twere in love's particular," etc.

"Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be *a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor."—JOHNSON.

"*More than mine own: that am, have, and will be*," etc.

Here the commentators are at loss. Knight's usual ingenuity, in finding a meaning for the original text, is baffled, and he allows that "there is certainly some corruption in this passage, for no ellipsis can have taken this obscure form." Collier says, "We can do no more than reprint exactly the old text, with the old punctuation; as if Wolsey, following 'that am, have, and will be' by a long parenthesis, had forgotten how he commenced his sentence. Something may have been lost, which would have completed the meaning; and the instances have been frequent where lines, necessary to the sense, have been recovered from the quarto impressions. Here we have no quarto impressions to resort to, and the later folios afford us no assistance, as they reprint the passage as it stands in the folio, (1623,) excepting that the two latest end the parenthesis at 'break.'"

"— *the* CHIDING *flood*"—To *chide*, in its earlier sense, was to *brawl*, to make a sharp or loud *noise*. Thus, in the MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM—"Never did I hear such gallant *chiding*,"—i. e. such a cry of the hounds.

"*Dare* MATE *a sounder man than Surrey*"—i. e. Dare *match* myself as an *equal*.

"*To be thus* JADED"—i. e. *Overcrowed, overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*:—"Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse*: It would anger a saint, or *crestfall* the best man living, to be so used."

"— DARE *us with his cap, like* LARKS"—"It is well known (says Stevens) that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them." This practice of daring larks by mirrors is still pursued, in order to attract them to the gun.

"— *the* SACRING *bell*"—The "sacring" bell, in the Roman Catholic Church, is the small bell sounded on the elevation, or at the approach, of the Host, and during other ceremonies.

"*May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!*"

This refers to the general power of the chancellor as guardian of infants, one of the most ancient portions of his jurisdiction. "A tomb of tears (says Johnson) is very harsh." Stevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. (V. Lib. iv. Epig. 59.) Drummond, in his "Teares for the Death of Moeliades," has the same conceit:—

The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
A crystal tomb to him, through which his worth appears.

"*Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal*
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

This was actually said by the Cardinal, when on his death-bed, in a conversation with Sir William Kingston; the whole of which is very interesting:—"Well, well, Master Kingston, (quoth he,) I see the matter against me how it is framed, but *if I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs*. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty." When Samrah, deputy-governor of Bassorah, was deposed by Moawiyah, the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner:—"If I had served God so well as I served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." A similar sentiment also occurs in the "Earl of Murton's Tragedie," by Churchyard, (1593.) Antonio Perez, the disgraced favourite, made the same complaint. Mr. Douce has also pointed out a remarkable passage in Pitscottie's "History of Scotland," in which there is a great resemblance to these pathetic words of the Cardinal. James V. imagined that Sir James Hamilton addressed him thus in a dream:—"Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God as I was to thee, I had not died that death."

ACT IV.— SCENE I.

["*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets*"]—The stage-direction, respecting the exit of the procession, in the old copy immediately follows the description of the procession itself; but it is clear that it passes over the stage while the two gentlemen are conversing about it. In the folio it runs thus:—"Exeunt, first passing over the stage in order and state, and then a great flourish of trumpets."

SCENE II.

"*O, Griffith! sick to death:*
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden."

"This scene is above any other part of Shakespeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic,—without gods or furies, or poisons or precipices; without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery."—JOHNSON.

"— *he stepp'd before me,* HAPPILY"—"Happily," though of old used as we now use it, was also taken sometimes for *perhaps, haply*—a confusion of senses that might have originally arisen from carelessness. It seems used in this last sense here.

"*He could not sit his mule*"—Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey "rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups." The rich caparisons of his mule seem to have made a great impression on the public mind, as the contemporary satires are full of allusions to their splendour.

"— *with easy* ROADS"—"Roads," or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses, stages*, or *journeys*. From whence also was formed *out-rodes, in-rodes*, etc.

"*Of an unbounded* STOMACH"—"Stomach" is here used for *pride*, or *haughtiness*. The following character of Wolsey, from Hollingshed, shows how nearly Shakespeare followed the very words of his original:—"This Cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitiful, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and saie untruth, and was double both in speech and mean-

ing: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his body, and gave the clergy evil example."

"TIED *all the kingdom*"—There is a great controversy among the commentators, whether this word means *limited*—infringed the liberties—(as in preceding scenes complaints are made of the "slavery" he imposed, how he "*maim'd* the jurisdiction of the bishops," etc.,)—or should be corrected to *tythed*. This last is Farmer's opinion, who supports it by a passage from Hall, in which Wolsey claims from the Lord Mayor a tythe of the citizens' substance, and his "treasure equal to the king's" is mentioned, and the means of its acquisition. We incline to think that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the Cardinal.

"*Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.*
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one," etc.

The old copies introduce a period after "honour," which cannot be right, according to the obvious meaning of the passage: Wolsey could not have been a *ripe* scholar "from his cradle." Besides, the words of Hollingshed (or rather those of Edmund Campion, whom he quotes) support the above punctuation:—"This Cardinal was a man undoubtedly *born* to honour." The ordinary reading, after the old punctuation, is—

—— From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.

"*The Vision*"—This vision is here described exactly in the whimsical terms of the original edition.

"*The* MODEL *of our chaste loves*"—"Model," it has been already observed, signified, in the language of our ancestors, a *representation*, or *image*. Thus, in the "London Prodigal," (1609:)—

Dear *copy* of my husband! O let me kiss thee!
[*Kissing a picture.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"— *and left him at* PRIMERO"—"Primero" was a game at cards, frequently mentioned by old writers, French, Italian, and English, and appears to have been the favourite game, in high life, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

"— *your* LATE *business*"—i. e. The business which occupies you at so late an hour.

"INCENS'D *the lords o' the council*"—"Incens'd," or *insensed*, in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed, informed;* still in use in Staffordshire, (England.) It properly signifies to *infuse into the mind;* to *prompt*, or *instigate*. "*Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia:* Juno *incenseth* the senators' minds with secret envy against," etc.—COOPER.

"*Have broken with the king*"—i. e. Have bróken *silence;* told their minds to the King.

"*Enter Sir Anthony Denny*"—The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's "Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs," etc., (1553.) Here we have another evidence of the error of the notion so often repeated by the commentators, that Shakespeare was too idle or too ignorant to go beyond the single authority of Hollingshed. Compared with the facilities of reference and research enjoyed by a modern author, (take Sir Walter Scott for example,) his range was very narrow; but it is evident that his reading was various, and that he referred to the best authorities and materials within his reach.

"— *you a brother of us*"—"You (says Johnson) being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred."

"*Without* INDURANCE"—"Indurance," which Shakespeare found in Fox's narrative, means here *imprisonment:*—"One or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his *indura* it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation, than for any malice conceived against him."

SCENE II.

"*Enter the King and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*"

That is, an interior window, looking into the lobby of the council-chamber. Probably the balcony at the back of the stage was made to answer the purpose of a window. It was furnished with curtains, and these are afterwards drawn by Butts, at the command of the King Stevens observes that "the suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the inside of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, etc. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Archbishop Parker, (1573:)—'And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, *at a window opening thereinto*.' Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakespeare's scenery in this instance would be obscure."

"*The Council-chamber*"—This is not to be considered a new scene, but the continuation of scene 2; and in order that the place might represent the council-chamber, we are informed in the old stage-direction that "A Council-table is brought in with chairs and stools."

"*In our own naturcs frail,* AND *capable*
Of our flesh; few are angels," etc.

This is the old reading; and the meaning is, that men are frail, and liable to or capable of the weaknesses belonging to flesh and blood. Malone changes it to—

In our own naturcs frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels.

"*This is the king's ring*"—"It seems to have been a custom, began probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, (long considered as an incident of romance,) is generally known, and now as generally credited."—REED.

"*They are too thin and* BARE *to hide offences.*"

That is, the commendations above-mentioned are too thin and bare; the intention of them is too palpably seen through. The old copy reads, "thin and *base;*" the emendation was suggested by Malone, and it seems self-evident, though Collier retains *base*. In a line or two lower down, in the same speech, Rowe's correction of "this" for *his*—("his place becomes thee not,")—appears also to be justified by the context, when the King bids Cranmer "sit down."

"— *you'd spare your spoons*"—"It was the custom, (says Stevens) long before the time of Shakespeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name." There is a pleasant though apocryphal anecdote on this point, connected with the names of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is contained in one of the Harleian Manuscripts, called "Merry Passages and Jests:"—"Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children; and after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy?—'No. faith, Ben, (says he,) not I; but I have been con-

sidering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolved at last.'—'I pr'ythee what?' (says he.)—'I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a dozen good *latten* (Latin) spoons; and thou shalt translate them.'" *Latten* is the now obsolete name for brass, or iron, tinned over. The collector of these anecdotes gives the respectable name of Donne as his authority for the foregoing incident.

Scene III.

"—*her pink'd* porringer"—i. e. Her pink'd *cap*. In the Taming of the Shrew, Petruchio complains of a cap bought for Katharine, that it looked as if it had been "moulded on a *porringer*."

"—*who cried out, clubs!*"—The cry of "Clubs!" was sure to draw together the London "truncheoneers;" and the appearance of the "hope of the Strand" cannot fail to remind us of the heroic apprentices of the watch-maker of Fleet-street, in that inimitable picture of ancient manners, the "Fortunes of Nigel."

"—*no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers*," etc.

Among much commentary on this passage, where the true sense is after all but a matter of antiquarian curiosity, I am best satisfied with Dyce's remarks. He considers it a fling at the Puritans:—"No audience unless it consisted of such weak persons as those who formed the assembly at the Tribulation, on Tower-hill, (some well-known place of meeting for the Puritans,) or the members of the Limehouse meeting, could endure it."

"—*some of 'em in* Limbo Patrum"—"Limbo Patrum" was the term for the place where the patriarchs, etc., await the resurrection; but "limbo" was then, and is still, the cant name for any place of confinement.

"—*baiting of* bombards"—"Bombards" were large leathern vessels, for holding liquor.

Scene IV.

"— Saba *was never*
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue," etc.

"Saba" is the word of the old editions, which the later editors alter to *Sheba*, as the name of the queen of the eastern country, who came to admire the wisdom of Solomon. *Sheba*, however, was not her name, but that of her country,—while, for some reason or other, the old English and Latin poets, who mention her, always call her "Saba;"—perhaps taken from the Latin Vulgate, where her land is called "Saba," Peele and Marlowe both speak of her as "wise Saba," "sage Saba." This name, therefore, is one of those vestiges of old English custom, such as we should not alter to modern fashion any more than we should substitute a phrase of our own day for an obsolete expression of an old poet.

"—*the greatness of his name*
Shall be, and make new nations," etc.

These lines probably allude to the plantation and settlement of Virginia.

"*Would I had known no more! but she must die,*
(She must, the saints must have her,) yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass," etc.

This is universally printed thus:—

—— but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin
A most unspotted lily shall she pass, etc.

The punctuation in the text is adopted from a suggestion of Mr. Dyce, in his "Remarks;" as the ordinary one makes Cranmer regret his prophetic foresight of Elizabeth's being destined to the common end of mortals. But, as here pointed, he only expresses a regret very proper in his mouth and Henry's presence, that the royal line should not be continued by the princess.

"The play of King Henry VIII. is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written."—Johnson.

Anne Bullen.

Upon the contested question of the precise date of this play, there are three several opinions. That of the critics of the last generation is thus well stated by Singer:—

"It is the opinion of Johnson, Stevens, and Malone, that this play was written a short time before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th March, 1602-3. The eulogium on King James, which is blended with the panegyric of Elizabeth in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the succession of the Scottish monarch to the throne; for Shakespeare was too well acquainted with courts to compliment, in the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor,—of whom, history informs us, she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning King James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the awkward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

"After having lain by some years, unacted, probably on account of the costliness of its exhibition, it was revived in 1613, under the title of 'All is True,' with new decorations, and a new prologue and epilogue; and this revival took place on the very day, being St. Peter's, on which the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The fire was occasioned, as it is said, by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance, called *chambers*, in the scene where King Henry is represented as arriving at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the theatre. Dr. Johnson first suggested that Ben Jonson might have supplied the prologue and epilogue to the play, upon the occasion of its revival. Dr. Farmer, Stevens, and Malone, support his opinion; and even attribute to him some of the passages of the play.

"Mr. Gifford has controverted this opinion of Jonson having been the author of the prologue and epilogue of this play, and thinks the play which was performed, under the title of 'All is True,' was a distinct performance, and not Shakespeare's HENRY VIII. To this it has been answered, 'That the prologue, which has always accompanied Shakespeare's drama, from its first publication in 1623, manifestly and repeatedly *alludes* to the *title* of the play which was represented on the 29th June, 1613, and which we know to have been founded on the history of King Henry the Eighth, affords a strong proof of their identity. And though Sir Henry Wotton mentions it as a new play, we have Stowe and Lorkin who call it '*The* play of Henry the Eighth.'

"'That the prologue and epilogue were not written by Shakespeare is, I think, clear from internal evidence,' says Mr. Boswell, to whose opinion I have no hesitation in subscribing; but it does not follow that they were the production of Ben Jonson's pen. That gentleman has shown that there was no intention of covertly sneering at Shakespeare's other works in this prologue; but that this play is opposed to a rude kind of farcical representation on the same subject, by Samuel Rowley. This play, or interlude, which was printed in 1605, is probably referred to in the entry on the books of the Stationers' Company:—'Nathaniel Butter, Feb. 12, 1604, That he get good allowance for the *Enterlude of King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the warden's hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy.' Stowe has observed that 'Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story;' but there is no evidence that it was in a dramatic form: it may have been something historical, and not by the dramatic poet of that name; as Stowe cites the authority of Robert Greene, with Robert Brun, Babian, etc., in other places of his chronicle."

Mr. Collier (Introduction to HENRY VIII.) thus states his views:—"We are satisfied that this play came from the Poet's pen after James I. had ascended the throne.

"Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer's prophecy, in act v. scene 4, is quite decisive. There the Poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor.

"Ingenuity cannot pervert those lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and were the work of Ben Jonson, on some revival of the play in the reign of James I. There is not the slightest evidence for either proposition. Any person, reading Cranmer's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an entireness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was not dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. Malone and others made up their minds that HENRY VIII. was produced before the death of Elizabeth; and finding the passage quoted directly in the teeth of this supposition, they charged it as a subsequent addition, and fixed the authorship of it upon a different poet.

"As to external evidence, there has never been sufficient importance given the memorandum in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

> "'12 Feb. 1604
> "'Nath. Butter] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print it; and then procure the wardens hande to it for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy.'

"Chalmers asserted that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of 'When you see me you know me,' 1605; but the 'enterlude' is expressly called in the entry 'K. Henry 8th,' and we feel no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. The memorandum seems to have been made, not at the instance of the bookseller, but of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, in order to prevent a surreptitious publication of the play. The '12 Feb. 1604,' was, according to our present reckoning, the 12 Feb. 1605, and as no edition of HENRY VIII. is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, we may infer that Butter failed in getting 'good allowance' with 'the wardens' hands to it.'

"The Globe Theatre was destroyed on 29th June, 1613, the thatch with which it was covered having been fired by the discharge of some small piece of ordnance. Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, states that the play then in representation was 'Henry VIII.;' but Sir Henry Wotton, who is particular in his description of the calamity, asserts that the play was called 'All is True.' There is little doubt that he is right, because a ballad, printed on the occasion, has the burden of 'All is True' at the end of every stanza. The question then is, whether this was Shakespeare's HENRY VIII. under a different title, or a different play? Sir Henry Wotton informs us in terms that it was 'a new play,' and as he was right in the title, we may have the more faith in his statement respecting the novelty of the performance.

"In the instance of HENRY VIII., as of other works by our great dramatist, there is ground for believing that there existed a preceding play on the same story. Henslowe's Diary states that two plays were written in 1601, on the life of Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the reign of Henry VIII. These plays consisted of a first and second part, the one called 'The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,' and the other, 'Cardinal Wolsey.'

"The earliest entry relating to 'Cardinal Wolsey,' (the second play in the order of the incidents, though the earliest in point of production,) is dated 5th June, 1601, when Henry Chettle was paid 20*s.* 'for writing the book of Cardinal Wolsey.' On the 14th July he was paid 40*s.* more on the same account, and in the whole, between 5th June and 17th July, he was paid 5*l.*, as large a sum as he usually obtained for a new play.

"We have no testimony of the success of 'Cardinal Wolsey,' of which Chettle was the sole author; but

we are led to infer it, because soon afterwards we find no fewer than four poets engaged upon the production of the drama under the title of 'The Rising of Cardinal Wolsey,' which, doubtless, related to his early life, and to his gradual advance in favour. These four were Drayton, Chettle, Munday, and Wentworth Smith; and so many pens, we may conjecture, were employed, that the play might be brought out with despatch, in order to follow up the popularity of the second part of the same 'history.' Another memorandum in Henslowe's Diary tends to the same conclusion, for it appears that the play was licensed piece-meal by the Master of the Revels, that it might be put into rehearsal as it proceeded, and represented immediately after it was finished.

"Henslowe expended an unusual amount in getting up the drama. On the 10th August, 1601, he paid 21*l.* for 'velvet, sattin, and taffeta' for the dresses, a sum equal now to about 100*l.* Upon the costumes only, in the whole, considerably more than 200*l.* were laid out, reckoning the value of money in 1601 at about five times its value at present."

Collier thence concludes, "that Shakespeare wrote HENRY VIII. in the winter of 1603–4, and that it was first acted at the Globe soon after the commencement of the season there, towards the close of April, as soon as a theatre open to the weather could be conveniently employed. The coronation procession of Anne Bullen forms a prominent feature in the drama; and as the coronation of James I. and Anne of Denmark took place on the 24th July, 1603, we may reasonably suppose that the audiences at the Globe were intended to be reminded of that event, and that the show, detailed with such unusual minuteness in the folio of 1623, was meant as a remote imitation of its splendour. The words 'aged princess,' (no part of the imputed addition by Ben Jonson,) would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth."

My own opinion fully concurs with that of Mr. Knight, who thus argues the question:—

"And first, of the external evidence. The Globe was burnt down in June, 1613. The cause of this accident, and the circumstances attending it, are minutely related by several witnesses. In Winwood's 'Memorials' there is a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated from London the 12th July, 1613, which describes the burning,—'which fell out by a peal of chambers.' This conflagration took place on the previous 29th June. The play acted on this occasion was one on the story of Henry VIII. Were the 'chambers' (small cannon) which produced the misfortune those fired according to the original stage-direction in the fourth scene of the first act of Shakespeare's KING HENRY VIII. '*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged!*' In the Harleian Manuscripts there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated 'this last of June, 1613,' in which the writer says, 'No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage his company were acting at the Globe *the play of Henry VIII.*, and there shooting off certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd.' But this does not establish that it was Shakespeare's play. Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th July, 1613, gives an account of a '*new play*, called *All is True*, representing *some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale.'—(*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.*) Here is a *new play* described 'representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;' and the passage of Shakespeare's play in which the 'chambers' are discharged, being the 'entry' of the king to the 'mask at the cardinal's house,' is the same to the letter. But the title which Wotton gives the *new play* is '*All is True.*' Gifford thinks this shows that the play at the Globe in June, 1613, was not Shakespeare's. But others call the play so represented 'Henry VIII.' Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, 'and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before.' He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing:—'the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the Eighth.' When Howes wrote, was the title '*All is True*' merged in the obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakespeare's other historical plays? The Prologue to HENRY VIII. especially keeps in view such a title as Sir Henry Wotton has mentioned:—

> Such as give
> Their money out of hope they may believe,
> May here find *truth* too.
>
> Gentle hearers, know,
> To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show
> As fool and fight is, etc.
>
> To make that only *true* we now intend.

Boswell has a theory that this Prologue had reference to another play on the same historical subject, 'When you see me you know me, or the Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth, etc., by Samuel Rowley,' in which 'the incidents of Henry's reign are thrown together in the most confused manner.' Then the probability is that the HENRY VIII of Shakespeare, and the '*All is True*,' are one and the same play. The next question is, whether Wotton was correct in describing the HENRY VIII. as *a new play*. Chalmers maintains that the *fact* of a play on the subject of Henry VIII. being termed *new* in 1613 is decisive as to the date of its original production at that time. Malone, on the contrary, conjectures that the HENRY VIII. was written in 1601, and *revived* in 1613, with a new title and prologue, 'having lain by some years unacted.' This rests upon no external evidence.

"We proceed to the evidence of its date, furnished by the play itself.

"In the prophecy of Cranmer in the last scene, the glories of the reign of Elizabeth are carried on to that of her successor. This passage would appear to be decisive as to the date of the play, by the introduction of these lines:—

> Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour, and the greatness of his name,
> Shall be, and make new nations.

That the colonization of *Virginia* is here distinctly alluded to is without doubt. The first charter was granted in 1606; the colony was planted in 1607, in which year *James* Town was built; another charter was given to the colonists in 1612, and a lottery was granted for the encouragement of the colony, which was struggling with difficulties. That James took an especial interest in this settlement, and naturally enough was recognized as the founder of 'new nations,' may be readily imagined. In the inscription upon a portrait of the king, which belonged to Lord Bacon, he is styled '*Imperii Atlantici conditor.*' This part of Cranmer's prophecy, therefore, would fix the date of the play after the settlement of Virginia. But that part of the prophecy relating to James, is held to be an addition upon a revival of the play in 1613.

"'These lines,' says Dr. Johnson, 'to the interruption

by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interpolation of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did know she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause.' Is it so? The presumed interpolation immediately follows these lines:—

> In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
> Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, etc.

The Poet then adds—

> Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
> The bird of wonder *dies* * * * * *
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
> *(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)*
> Who, from the *sacred ashes* of her honour,
> Shall star-like rise.

Is it true, then, that he 'first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know she was to die? Of the seventeen lines which relate to James, the first eleven never lose sight of Elizabeth. Her 'blessedness,' her 'honour,' her 'fame,' were to descend to her 'heir.' The *extension* of the dominion of England, under James,—the only passage in which 'the greatness of his name' is separated from that of Elizabeth,—occupies the rest of the prophecy; and that the thread which connects the whole with Elizabeth may not be dropped even while those six lines are uttered, Cranmer *returns* to the close of her life, which in two-thirds of the previous lines he had constantly inferred:—

> She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> An aged princess, etc.

"But it is held, that Shakespeare did not write these lines; that Ben Jonson wrote them; that Shakespeare might compliment Elizabeth in her lifetime, but that he would not flatter James, who was 'a contemptible king.' Shakespeare had reason to be grateful to James for personal kindnesses; but there is not a word here of James's *personal* qualities. The lines apply to the character of his government—its 'peace, plenty, love, truth, terror'—the extension of its growth to 'make new nations.' Would Jonson, had he written this passage, have forgotten than James was prouder of his reputation as a scholar than as a king; Bacon had not hesitated to say to him, 'There has not been since Christ's time any king or temporal monarch which has been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human?' We have no hesitation in accepting the passage as one that Shakespeare might not have blushed to have written, and which derogates nothing from the independence of his character. Shakespeare, in the age of Elizabeth, would never have written—

> She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> *An aged princess.*

She, of all sovereigns, would least have endured to be called *aged;* she, of whom, in her seventieth year, the French ambassador writes, 'Her eye is still lively, she has good spirits, and is fond of life, for which reason she takes great care of herself; to which may be added an inclination for the Earl of Clancarty, a brave, handsome Irish nobleman. This makes her cheerful, *full of hope and confidence respecting her age.*' About a year before this time it is held that the HENRY VIII. was written, and that it originally included the close of Cranmer's prophecy, 'An aged princess!' 'But she must die!' Shakespeare must indeed have been a bold man to have ventured upon such truths.

"But let us yield the question of interpolation to those who assert that the HENRY VIII. was written in the time of Elizabeth. It is held that the play was written to please Elizabeth. The memory of Henry VIII., perhaps, was not cherished by her with any deep affection; but would she allow the frailties, and even the peculiarities, of her father, to be made a public spectacle? Would she have borne that his passion for her mother should have been put forward in the strongest way by the Poet—that is, in the sequence of the dramatic action—as the impelling motive for his divorce from Katharine? Would she have tolerated the masque-scene, immediately succeeding that in which Katharine is told by her husband, 'You have half our power?' Would she have endured that her father, upon his next appearance after the meeting with Anne Bullen, when he exclaims—

> The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty
> Till now I never knew thee!—

that he should be represented in the depth of his hypocrisy gloating over his projected divorce, with,

> But conscience, conscience,
> O! 'tis a tender place, *and I must leave her?*

Would she have been pleased with the jests of the old lady to Anne upon her approaching elevation—and all to be instantly followed by the trial-scene,—that magnificent exhibition of the purity, the constancy, the fortitude, the grandeur of soul, the self-possession, of the 'most poor woman and a stranger' that her mother had supplanted; contrasted with the heartless coldness, salved over with a more heartless commendation of his injured wife, from the hypocritical tyrant. Finally, would she have licensed the exhibition of her father's traditionary peculiarities, in addition to the portraiture, which cannot be mistaken, of his sensual, arrogant, impatient, and crafty character? Would she have laughed at his perpetual 'ha!'—or taken away Burbage's license? Would she have wept over the touching sorrow of the dying Katharine; or sent Shakespeare to join the company of his friend Southampton in the Tower? Those who have written on the subject say she would have borne all this; and that the pageant of her mother's coronation, with the succeeding representation of her own christening, capped with the prophecy of her future greatness, were to ensure the harmlessness of all these somewhat explosive materials, and to carry forward the five acts to a most felicitous conclusion—

> This little one shall make it holiday.

"Malone says all that can be said, in the literal way, to prove that such a drama as this would be acceptable to Elizabeth: 'It is more likely that Shakespeare should have written a play the chief subject of which is the *disgraces* of Queen Katharine, the *aggrandizement* of Anne Bullen, and the birth of her daughter, in the lifetime of Elizabeth, than after her death; at a time when the subject must have been highly pleasing at court, rather than at a period when it must have been less interesting. Queen Katharine, it is true, is represented as an amiable character, but still she is *eclipsed;* and the greater her merit, the higher was the compliment to the mother of Elizabeth, *to whose superior beauty she was obliged to give way.*' This is the prosaic mode of viewing the object of Shakespeare,—an object presupposing equal vulgarity of mind in the dramatist and his court audience. We appreciate far more highly Mr. Campbell's poetical creed in this matter:—

"'Shakespeare contrives, though at the sacrifice of some historical truth, to raise the matron Katharine to our highest admiration, whilst at the same time he keeps us in love with Anne Bullen, and on tolerable terms with Henry VIII. But who does not see, under all this wise management, the drift of his design, namely, to compliment Elizabeth as a virgin queen; to interest us in the memory of her mother Anne Bullen; and to impress us with a belief of her innocence, though she suffered as an alleged traitress to the bed of Henry? The private death of Katharine of Arragon might have been still remembered by many living persons, but the death of Anne Bullen was still more fresh in public recollection; and a wiser expedient could not have been devised for asserting the innocence of Elizabeth's mother than by portraying Henry's injustice towards Queen Katharine. For we are obliged to infer that, if the tyrant could thus misuse the noble Katharine, the purest innocence in her lovely successor could be no shield against his cruelty.'

"There is one objection to this theory. Shakespeare wrote for an audience; and an audience is a thing of impulses; it sympathizes with the oppressed, and hates the oppressor. An audience does not '*infer*.' The poet who trusts to an audience perceiving 'the drift of his design,' through the veil of a dramatic action which moves their feelings entirely in an opposite direction to that in which he intends them to be moved, has, to our minds at least, a different theory of his art from that of Shakespeare.

"The Prologue is fastened upon Jonson, upon the theory that he wrote it after Shakespeare's retirement from the stage, when the old play was *revived* in his absence. We believe in the *one* piece of external evidence,—that a 'Henry VIII.' was produced in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that it was a *new play;* that it was then called 'All is True;'—and that this title agrees with the idea upon which Shakespeare wrote the HENRY VIII. Those who believe that it was written in the time of Elizabeth have to reject this one piece of *external* evidence. We further believe, from the *internal* evidence, that the play, as it stands, was written in the time of James I., and that we have received it in its original form. Those who assert the contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of interpolation; and, further, have to explain how many things which are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent with their theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakespeare, amongst his latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series,—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year—

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe.

Those who take the opposite view hold that the chief object of the Poet was to produce something which might be acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is the obvious one; the contrary belief may be the more ingenious."

To the arguments and authorities so well presented by Mr. Knight, may be added two considerations which seem to me to be entitled to great weight, and, with the other evidence, to fix the date conclusively.

1st. The period to which this play is assigned by other critics (from 1600 to 1603) was one marked by a wonderfully rapid succession of Shakespeare's most brilliant pieces, while it was also the busiest part of his life; it is, therefore, not at all likely that he could have found time for this additional piece; while, on the other hand, there is both the strongest probability and some positive evidence that, after he had retired from London, he still supplied the theatre with new productions, and there is no one of his plays, except his three Roman tragedies, so likely to have been then written as this of HENRY VIII.; for—

2d. The style, versification, and general tone and spirit, (as pointed out in the Introductory Remarks to this play,) all evidently correspond much more nearly with those of his later works, than with those of the period of the TWELFTH NIGHT, or of OTHELLO, or the revised HAMLET, and mark the play as much more likely to have been written in 1613 than before 1603.

I own that such inferences from style and manner may be often erroneous; but where, as in this case, they correspond with so many other points of at least probable evidence, the conclusion from the whole cumulative testimony becomes irresistible.

Duke of Buckingham.